

1935

July

THE WAR TO START WAR

by *NATHANIEL PEFFER*

The American
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THAT WILL BE FINE

by *WILLIAM FAULKNER*

A SCHOOLTEACHER TALKS BACK

WALT WHITMAN, STRANGER

PROPAGANDA ON THE AIR

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HISTORIES OF THE AMERICAN MIND

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THE NEW FICTION

BY FRANCES C. LAMONT ROBBINS

FORD MADDOX FORD's *Ladies Whose Bright Eyes* (Lippincott, \$2.50) is not new. The fine old Tory Romantic wrote this engaging fantasy in his younger and Hueffer days. Mark Twain's Connecticut Yankee leapt back into King Arthur's court and turned things topsyturvy there. Ford's Mr. Sorrell, a London publisher whose trade gives Ford a chance for some pot-shots at one of his pet hates, is thrown by a railroad accident on Salisbury Plain back into the fourteenth century, when the middle ages were sickening for the Renaissance. It is a pleasant scheme since it not only permits a delicate, tender irony, but also allows a skillful writer to use much picturesque detail of the sort which needs no time spent in research upon it, being already familiar to anyone who has done casual reading on the period. Ford plays with medieval household economy, plumbing, costume and personal habits to the delight of himself and his readers; he handles the medieval passion for law-suits amusingly; and he gives a light but sound sketch of the early Renaissance mind. This change from medieval to early Renaissance is deliberate, for the mind is always the body's pioneer, and fourteenth century people were already spiritually bewildered, sceptic and romantic. By 1350 the true medieval man, the mystic realist, had disappeared. The body of Ford's book is fun. The beginning, rewritten, I think, and the end, when the heavy mist of chloroform which has been stealing through the scent of hawthorn bloom and the stench of decaying floor rushes, closes in on Sorrell and brings him back to a twentieth century hospital bed, are not so good. Ford has done too much explaining of how it all happened, and he has appended a moral. He is no convinced modern like Mark Twain; for he finds the fourteenth century as good as the twentieth, only different. Ford's modern man, sans machines, was helpless. All he could do was cure the abbey chickens of the roup because he remembered about "sunshine vitamin." It did not need the moral tag to put him in his place.

Sarabande for Dead Lovers by Helen Simpson (Doubleday, Doran, \$2.50) is a historical novel, in contrast to Ford's fantasy. It does not tell a

new story. Sophia Dorothea of Zelle, wife of the Hanoverian prince who became George the First of England, mother of George the Second but never an English queen, has been a touching heroine since she slipped into oblivion more than two hundred years ago. And the hero is, of course, Count Königsmark, adventurer and soldier of fortune. Their romance is one of history's best mystery stories. Nobody knows just what did happen in Hanover in those days of political intrigue and personal cruelty. Sophia Dorothea, married, a weeping child, to a boorish debauchee, was divorced after eight years and shut up in a pleasant enough castle, so they say, for life; and Königsmark vanished, undoubtedly murdered, but whether by order of the piously outraged husband or of the jealous mistress or by some other agency, no one will ever know. The novel follows the historical outline of the story. Where it becomes original is in its fine recreation of these historical characters and their mental and emotional setting. Miss Simpson is a talented writer. One is glad to find her getting away from the precious type of weirdness which she has chosen to put into some of her books. Her somewhat over-polished style is right for a book dealing with the neo-classical period of society; and her learning and cultivated taste are invaluable in such a book as they were in *The Spanish Marriage*, her sketch of Mary Tudor, published a year or so ago. One reads her *Sarabande* with keen interest in its people, what happens to them and why, and with constant pleasure in its skillful writing.

The Pope from the Ghetto by Gertrude von LeFort (Sheed & Ward, \$2.50) is another sort of historical novel. The story, set in twelfth century Rome, is told as it might have been written in the chronicles of the city, the records of Jewish Congregations, the letters of ecclesiastics and princes, the folk tales of the people. It is an imaginative story set against a historical period, more interesting psychologically than historically, although certain phases of Roman life are extremely well suggested. The period was marked by the Investiture quarrels between Popes and Emperors, when

(Continued on page vi)

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The NEW FICTION

(Continued from page iv)

Gregory the Seventh was instituting the Hildebrandine Reforms and the Papacy was struggling toward the apex of its power. It was the period of Canossa, of Urban and the First Crusade, of petty princes fighting each other and the Church for power in Italy, and of anti-popes, set up first by one party and then by another. It was the very end of the Barbarian Age in south Europe. The story has to do with a Roman Jew turned Christian, of the power that his money gave him, of his ambitions and disappointments, and of his final return to the faith of his fathers; with his son, who became a cardinal and, as Anacletus Second, anti-pope; and, above all, with his wife, Miriam, who was faithful to her race. Miriam is a Biblical type of great woman, a sort of Judith, possessed and uplifted by her faith in her God as a God of Vengeance, a majestic figure, nobly presented. The Roman princes, too, with their barbaric framework, are fine characterizations.

In connection with these two historical novels, I want to speak again of *Dew in April*, reviewed last month very briefly because of lack of space. This novel is really good. Its brave and touching love-story of renegade nun and soldier is not unusual, and the elaborate detail of convent and monastery life in thirteenth century Provence, fascinating to me, may not be of general interest. But the book gets to a surprising extent into the hearts and minds of the thirteenth century people. Study alone would not have produced it. You may study medieval monastic life and produce a lewd modern Gesta Romanorum or a devout life of St. Theresa; you may study the Albigenian Crusade and write a text book on Simon de Montfort's campaigns but it takes something more to know what these intensely interesting people were like and to be able to explain them. A medievalist, knowing that the period is full of valuable lessons for the present, is always gratified when someone comes along who understands it. No age in history is less understood, no word more insistently misused than "medieval." Most of the abuses, cruelties, opinions commonly described as medieval date from the beginning of the industrial revolution.

Kneel to the Rising Sun by Erskine Caldwell (Viking, \$2.). Caldwell probably does not consider himself a conventional writer—far be it! (Continued in back advertising section, p. x)

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THE WAR TO START WAR

BY NATHANIEL PEFFER

SEVENTEEN years ago there came to an end the war to end war. Ten years after that, somewhat superfluously it would seem, all the great nations of the earth bound themselves in a solemn compact never again to resort to arms. Concurrently there have been numerous mutual pledges of nonaggression, international engagements in guaranty of security, and a world-wide ferment of antiwar movements almost revivalistic in intensity and fervor. But in these seventeen years since the Great Crusade, while war has been abolished over and over again, there has not been one year in which armed men of one nationality have not been killing armed men of another nationality for what has been conceived to be a national purpose.

Since 1919 there have been four major wars: between Russia and Poland in 1920; between Greece and Turkey in 1921 and 1922; between China and Japan in 1931, 1932, and 1933; between Paraguay and Bolivia intermittently since 1928 and on a large scale since 1934. It is perhaps most significant of the times that, whereas before 1914, when we still had little hope of abolishing war, any one of these wars

would have galvanized the world, now they have been almost taken for granted. In the last few months sharp battles have been fought in the Gran Chaco between the Paraguayans and Bolivians which a generation ago would have been reported by correspondents mobilized from all parts of the world. Today they do not get space on the first pages of the newspapers. They appear to be the normal procedure, something in the nature of railroad wrecks. This, too, is significant, that in not one of these conflicts has there been a formal declaration of war. To that extent war has been abolished.

I have set out for emphasis these four wars because they have been the most sustained and the most serious. But they are not all. Because the record is more eloquent than any analysis, I wish to draw up what might be called a calendar of war in a world officially warless. Here it is:

1919

The World War broke up into segments of small local wars. Literally they cried peace, but there was no peace. The former

Eastern Front had been reconstituted under another name. The Bolsheviki were fighting in Esthonia, in Finland, in Latvia, against the Allies in the Baltic region, against the Poles in the Ukraine, against White Russians with Allied support in the Caucasus, and against Rumania.

In Asia Minor the Greeks, incited by the British, occupied Smyrna, and there was fighting against the Turks.

The Czechs and Poles fought around Teschen.

Hungary, newly become communist, started a war against Serbia.

Rumania invaded Hungary.

D'Annunzio occupied Fiume.

In Asia the White General Kolchak, with the aid of an inter-Allied expedition including American forces, conducted a campaign across Siberia, being finally defeated by the Reds.

In Korea there was a rising against the Japanese which was crushed with ferocity.

1920

Greek troops took the offensive in Asia Minor, extending their occupation over a large part of Anatolia.

First the Russians, then the Poles, seized Vilna in Lithuania. Russia invaded Poland and then was driven back. The White Russian General Wrangel, supported by the British and French, began a campaign against the Bolsheviki in the Crimea and the Ukraine but was crushed.

In British Somaliland, in Northeast Africa, there was a native uprising, which had to be put down by a British expedition.

The Turks invaded Armenia.

There was a rebellion in Iraq, and the British had to send troops.

A French expedition had to be sent against Syrian Nationalists.

1921

In Anatolia war broke out in earnest be-

tween Turkish Nationalists and the Greek force of occupation.

Poland invaded Upper Silesia.

French planes carried out aerial bombardments in Syria.

The Moroccan tribes revolted against Spain, with sharp engagements at intervals in the course of the year.

Under Arab attacks, British troops were forced to evacuate the Yemen in Arabia.

1922

Turkish troops under Mustapha Kemal took the offensive in Asia Minor and drove the Greeks out of the country after months of bitter fighting, with losses on the scale of World War casualties.

There was continued fighting in Morocco, with Spanish reverses.

There was fighting in Arabia in which the Mohammedan fundamentalist Ibn Saud was victorious.

The British put down native risings in the Kenya colony in Africa.

1923

Italian forces bombarded and took Corfu, off the coast of Greece. The League of Nations "settled" the incident by ordering Greece to pay an indemnity.

Lithuanian troops occupied Memel. The League of Nations "settled" the incident by awarding Memel to Lithuania, but with an autonomous status.

The British were involved in fighting which broke out in Iraq.

1924

The Moroccan rising became general, led by Abd-el Krim, and both France and Spain were engaged in it.

The British suppressed a mutiny in Khartoum, in the Sudan.

Ibn Saud began a general attack in the Hedjaz which lasted intermittently until 1926.

1925

There was a border clash between Greece and Bulgaria. The Greeks took twenty miles of Bulgarian territory but were forced by the League of Nations to evacuate.

Fighting continued throughout the year in Morocco, where the French bore the brunt of the attack against Abd-el Krim.

The Druse rebellion broke out in Syria, and the French bombarded Damascus.

1926

United States Marines were landed in Nicaragua. Desultory fighting against the rebel leader, Sandino, lasted until 1929.

Ibn Saud completed his mastery of the Nejd and the Hedjaz.

The French again bombarded Damascus, destroying a considerable part of the city.

1927

The French crushed Abd-el Krim and brought the war in Morocco to a close.

Military expeditions were landed in China by the Western Powers (including the United States) and Japan to defend foreign possessions against Chinese nationalists.

1928

Fighting broke out between Bolivia and Paraguay in the boundary dispute over the Gran Chaco.

Italy sent a punitive expedition to Libya.

1929

In reprisal for China's seizure of the Chinese Eastern Railway in North Manchuria and imprisonment of Russian officials of the Railway, the Soviet army took the offensive in Manchuria and administered a crushing defeat to the Chinese.

1930-35

These years are too close to need itemizing. There have been two first-class wars and the preliminaries of the next European war. The conflict in the Gran Chaco is unabated. Large forces are engaged on both sides, with losses in proportion. More serious is the war in the Far East, where Japan has invaded and conquered an area more than twice as large as France and, incidentally, has shelled and occupied Shanghai, one of the largest ports in the world. For six months following September, 1931, there was continuous fighting in Manchuria and around Shanghai. In 1933 Japan added the province of Jehol in Eastern Inner Mongolia to its conquered territory, incorporating the whole as the pseudo-independent state of Manchukuo. Since then there has been periodic fighting in Manchukuo, nominally for the suppression of "bandits," as the Japanese call the Chinese guerilla forces that refuse to submit. War casualties have become too much a matter of routine in recent years to be counted, but that the losses in the various Chinese-Japanese encounters exceed 100,000 cannot be doubted.

II

No great argument is required to establish the conclusions from this evidence. We have not abolished war. We have not even curbed it. There has been prohibition, in the connotation of that word familiar in recent American history. The so-called peace efforts from the signing of the Covenant of the League of Nations to the latest international conference (I do not know how many more conferences there will be between the time that this is written and the time it appears, and it does not matter) all may be classified as another "experiment noble in purpose." Perhaps that is unjust

to the Eighteenth Amendment, since those who advocated that amendment were sincere, while those who have sponsored all the enactments, covenants, pledges, and guaranties against war have been palpably insincere. They have not really meant to prohibit war. Acknowledging it to be evil, they have not been willing to deprive themselves of its uses. In the Kellogg Pact, for example, the nations bound themselves not to resort to war to attain national ends, but thereto they attached reservations which made weasel words of the treaty. They exempted defensive purposes, which is to excuse war for any purpose, since there never has been a modern war that was not called defensive by the nation waging it. When the nations entered that reservation, they revealed their real intentions or lack of intentions.

It is undeniable, of course, that on the part of large numbers of individuals who have been actively engaged in the peace movement there has been sincerity and genuineness of purpose. But their psychology and their reading of the way of the world have been fallacious. War is by common consent a curse, and the judgment was impregnably reinforced by the experiences of the years between 1914 and 1918. There was an almost unanimous resolve to rid mankind of the curse, and all over the world men of the finest cut dedicated themselves to that end. And they sought to succeed by means which were thought peculiar to America and which, for that reason, commended themselves so warmly to Americans. They passed a law. War is an evil, so they legislated it out of existence.

There was the Covenant of the League of Nations. There was the World Court. There was the agreement at Locarno. There was the Kellogg Pact. There were numerous resolutions, half-hearted it is true, for disarmament. All were just so many laws.

And as we assume in America that, when a law is passed proscribing an evil, the evil is thereby eliminated, so it was assumed that, war having been forbidden by law, war was thereby ended. The facts show that we were wrong, tragically wrong; but no demonstration should have been necessary. Reasoning from experience should have been enough.

An evil with roots so deeply imbedded in human society and human instincts cannot be eradicated by proclamation, certainly not an evil from which so many elements in society derive both profit and satisfaction. There is much that can be established by legislative enactment, but there is very little that can be eliminated by legislative prohibition, and of that little almost nothing that goes to fundamentals. This, however, is argument from theory, and it is better not to argue from theory when unchallengeable facts are at hand.

The facts are indisputable in 1935. Europe sits uneasy over a volcano. The armament race is on, as of the decade before 1914. In that decade armies and navies alone were involved, and since the main rivalry was between Great Britain and Germany the navy mattered principally. Today the air forces matter most, and Germany's strength in the air has released a competition in planes. History shows that, when you have national rivalries, and the rivals begin girding themselves to make good their own positions, the clash is only a matter of time. In Europe the time factor can be calculated as from five to ten years, or as from five to ten months. Peace in Europe hangs today on an accident, on the parallel of the assassination at Serajevo. Asia is still a stage or two behind Europe but in the same line of development. The prelude to the naval race on the Pacific is on now. Soviet Russia and Japan are at swords' points; the United States and

Japan are unsheathing their weapons. Japan is forging a great empire out of the malleable masses of the East, an empire which will exclude the Western nations and give Japan a military and economic power which will constitute a challenge for world supremacy. Therefore, the Western nations, led by the United States, are standing in Japan's way. The signal for the opening of conflict will be given when Japan takes the step of formally establishing hegemony over northern China.

It is plain that all the legislative prohibitions of war have been ineffectual, and it should be plain that they must be ineffectual. We are where we were before 1914. The steps we so vigorously took and so passionately acclaimed were steps on a treadmill. There was no genuineness of desire or conviction behind all the legislation and resolutions, and, even if there had been, legislation, resolutions, or benevolence of intention are futile if all the underlying international, social, economic, and political conditions remain untouched. If, therefore, there is any real desire to deal with the problem of war we must backtrack on our course and start fresh. The negotiations now under way in Europe can result in a new set of security pacts or, even, armament standstill agreements. They will come to nothing. They will only be repetitive of the old post-1919 formulas. It is sounder to write off everything since Armistice Day, 1918, as sad experience, taking wisdom in recompense for disillusionment.

III

Emancipation from war, if it can be achieved at all, is more than a matter of words. It requires an unshrinking confrontation of what makes war or, rather, what at least prevents its abolition. Clearly, independent and sovereign nationalism is incompatible with peace in a world in

which trade and finance cross boundary lines. Now, nationalism as an institution and nationality as a value may both be worth preserving, even at the cost of periodic wars. I am not arguing that question now. It is too large a question for incidental discussion. Each may reach his own conclusion according to his own reflection and temperament. For my own part, I do not think they are. For one thing, nationalism is not eternal. The Western world lived through the larger part of its history with only a vague sense of nationality. National consciousness has been dominant only since the Napoleonic Wars. As the Catholic Church once served as a bridge between areas inhabited by men of different strains, so another causeway might be found. However that may be, the point is that if we wish to preserve sovereign nationalism, with each nation free to make ultimate decisions for itself, unchecked by any other force than the military power of other sovereign nations, then it is both impossible to prevent war and useless to try. In that case war is the price we pay for sovereign nationality. Thus far we have been in a position of having our cake and eating it too. And that cannot be done in international society any more than in the narrower and lowlier walks of life.

Further, if the national state is to continue in the role of sales agent and investment manager for the business of the nation, then too it is impossible to prevent war. For this also is incompatible with peace. It is all very well to talk high-minded words about the interdependence of nations and lowering trade barriers and co-operation for the common good of all, but the tough fact is that nations are not interdependent. They might be and they could be and perhaps they ought to be; but they are not. To remove all European tariffs, for example, is not just a gesture of magnanim-

ity. It would wipe out a large part of the new manufacturing industry of Czechoslovakia for one thing. Europe might be economically organized on a more scientific and efficient basis then, but the Czech industrialists would doubtless object. So also would many of the German landowners whose agricultural products would lose their home markets. America's tariff wall is beyond doubt an impediment to world recovery and to an international exchange of goods that ultimately would work to the good of the greatest number. But to repeal it outright would penalize specific American interests and groups. Their sacrifice would be to the common good, but also it would be to their own acute discomfort. The same argument holds for currency manipulations. Money has become a barrier to exchange as well as a medium of exchange, but no nation can forego the use of devaluation of its money without suffering a diminution in its export trade. And while an allocation of markets in colonies and undeveloped territories would make for more rational international relations, it would also penalize those nations which now have control of such markets. It would, for example, deprive Japan of the fruits of her conquests in the Far East.

The interdependence of nations is an empty phrase so long as business is organized within national compartments, depends on national governments to act as advance agent and protector, and otherwise is privately controlled. When the American government decides to lower certain tariffs to reopen the channels of international trade, and thereby wipes out a group of American corporations, it is committing an act of confiscation of one group. That might be for the general good, but there is no way now of spreading the loss over those who benefit. What happens, then, in practice is that every nation pur-

sues the advantage of its own nationals at the expense of others. It must under existing circumstances. As I write, there is the beginning of an outcry to bar Japanese textiles from the United States. Great Britain has already done so in various parts of the Empire. Japan is threatening to retaliate by placing a quota on imports from Canada. And so on. But unless national governments take such action, part of the population of each nation will be unemployed and the rest will be taxed to pay doles and work relief.

So long, then, as you have the world organized on a basis of national sovereignty and national competition, you have the elements of national conflict. And so long as you have the elements of national conflict, all treaties pledging security and non-aggression and rules of procedure for international conferences are just declarations that war is disagreeable, or else expressions of pious wishes. These are the conditions that any intelligent approach to the problem of war must face. Passing a law will have just as much effect as it has in American domestic affairs — the effect it has had since 1919, the effect graphically presented in the table set down earlier in this article.

IV

Two conclusions may be drawn from this analysis. One is that war is inevitable; that, so long as men have consciousness of kind and are moved by the instinct to better their material condition, they will strive against each other; and that, as between nations, the only form of strife that brings decision is warfare with lethal weapons. This may be so. Certainly precedent argues in its favor. But I do not myself think that it has been proved. I see no reason to accept this as an immutable fact, as immutable as death or the change

of the seasons. It may be immutable up to the present only because it has been accepted as immutable. No very great effort has yet been made to change the fact or nullify it.

The other conclusion is that we have made the wrong kind of effort. Our approach has been evangelical and emotional and rhetorical. We have passed resolutions and declared high aspirations, but we have not addressed ourselves to the causes of war. We have not even thought about them. That lesson these last fifteen years

have taught us. The peace movement is defunct because it has not been a peace movement. But there is a place for a peace movement. If and when one is launched and fails, then we may draw deductions about the inevitability of war. Now only one deduction can be drawn, and that one irrefutably: we have made a sorry and ignominious mess of our high resolves for all the lofty idealism of phraseology. The most acid comment on our times is the tabloid biography of Mars sketched in the military history of the past seventeen years.

THAT WILL BE FINE

A Story

BY WILLIAM FAULKNER

WE COULD hear the water running into the tub. We looked at the presents scattered over the bed where mamma had wrapped them in the colored paper, with our names on them so Grandpa could tell who they belonged to easy when he would take them off the tree. There was a present for everybody except Grandpa because mamma said that Grandpa is too old to get presents any more.

"This one is yours," I said.

"Sho now," Rosie said. "You come on and get in that tub like your mamma tell you."

"I know what's in it," I said. "I could tell you if I wanted to."

Rosie looked at her present. "I reckon I kin wait twell hit be handed to me at the right time," she said.

"I'll tell you what's in it for a nickel," I said.

Rosie looked at her present. "I ain't got no nickel," she said. "But I will have Christmas morning when Mr. Rodney give me that dime."

"You'll know what's in it anyway then and you won't pay me," I said. "Go and ask mamma to lend you a nickel."

Then Rosie grabbed me by the arm. "You come on and get in that tub," she said. "You and money! If you ain't rich time you twenty-one, hit will be because the law done abolished money or done abolished you."

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So I went and bathed and came back, with the presents all scattered out across mamma's and papa's bed and you could almost smell it and tomorrow night they would begin to shoot the fireworks and then you could hear it too. It would be just tonight and then tomorrow we would get on the train, except papa, because he would have to stay at the livery stable until after Christmas Eve, and go to Grandpa's, and then tomorrow night and then it would be Christmas and Grandpa would take the presents off the tree and call out our names, and the one from me to Uncle Rodney that I bought with my own dime and so after a while Uncle Rodney would prize open Grandpa's desk and take a dose of Grandpa's tonic and maybe he would give me another quarter for helping him, like he did last Christmas, instead of just a nickel, like he would do last summer while he was visiting mamma and us and we were doing business with Mrs. Tucker before Uncle Rodney went home and began to work for the Compress Association, and it would be fine. Or maybe even a half a dollar and it seemed to me like I just couldn't wait.

"Jesus, I can't hardly wait," I said.

"You which?" Rosie hollered. "Jesus?" she hollered. "Jesus? You let your mamma hear you cussing and I bound you'll wait. You talk to me about a nickel! For a nickel I'd tell her just what you said."

"If you'll pay me a nickel I'll tell her myself," I said.

"Get into that bed!" Rosie hollered. "A seven-year-old boy, cussing!"

"If you will promise not to tell her, I'll tell you what's in your present and you can pay me the nickel Christmas morning," I said.

"Get in that bed!" Rosie hollered. "You and your nickel! I bound if I thought any of you all was fixing to buy even a dime present for your grandpa, I'd put in a nickel of hit myself."

"Grandpa don't want presents," I said. "He's too old."

"Hah," Rosie said. "Too old, is he? Suppose everybody decided you was too young to have nickels: what would you think about that? Hah?"

So Rosie turned out the light and went out. But I could still see the presents by the firelight: the ones for Uncle Rodney and Grandma and Aunt Louisa and Aunt Louisa's husband Uncle Fred, and Cousin Louisa and Cousin Fred and the baby and Grandpa's cook and our cook, that was Rosie, and maybe somebody ought to give Grandpa a present only maybe it ought to be Aunt Louisa because she and Uncle Fred lived with Grandpa, or maybe Uncle Rodney ought to because he lived with Grandpa too. Uncle Rodney always gave mamma and papa a present but maybe it would be just a waste of his time and Grandpa's time both for Uncle Rodney to give Grandpa a present, because one time I asked mamma why Grandpa always looked at the present Uncle Rodney gave her and papa and got so mad, and papa began to laugh and mamma said papa ought to be ashamed, that it wasn't Uncle Rodney's fault if his generosity was longer than his pocket book, and papa said Yes, it certainly wasn't Uncle Rodney's fault, he never knew a man to try

harder to get money than Uncle Rodney did, that Uncle Rodney had tried every known plan to get it except work, and that if mamma would just think back about two years she would remember one time when Uncle Rodney could have thanked his stars that there was one man in the connection whose generosity, or whatever mamma wanted to call it, was at least five hundred dollars shorter than his pocket book, and mamma said she defied papa to say that Uncle Rodney stole the money, that it had been malicious persecution and papa knew it, and that papa and most other men were prejudiced against Uncle Rodney, why she didn't know, and that if papa begrudged having lent Uncle Rodney the five hundred dollars when the family's good name was at stake to say so and Grandpa would raise it somehow and pay papa back, and then she began to cry and papa said All right, all right, and mamma cried and said how Uncle Rodney was the baby and that must be why papa hated him and papa said All right, all right; for God's sake, all right.

Because mamma and papa didn't know that Uncle Rodney had been handling his business all the time he was visiting us last summer, anymore than the people in Mottstown knew that he was doing business last Christmas when I worked for him the first time and he paid me the quarter. Because he said that if he preferred to do business with ladies instead of men it wasn't anybody's business except his, not even Mr. Tucker's. He said how I never went around telling people about papa's business and I said how everybody knew papa was in the livery-stable business and so I didn't have to tell them, and Uncle Rodney said Well, that was what half of the nickel was for and did I want to keep on making the nickels or did I want him to hire some-

body else? So I would go on ahead and watch through Mr. Tucker's fence until he came out to go to town and I would go along behind the fence to the corner and watch until Mr. Tucker was out of sight and then I would put my hat on top of the fence post and leave it there until I saw Mr. Tucker coming back. Only he never came back while I was there because Uncle Rodney would always be through before then, and he would come up and we would walk back home and he would tell mamma how far we had walked that day and mamma would say how good that was for Uncle Rodney's health. So he just paid me a nickel at home. It wasn't as much as the quarter when he was in business with the other lady in Mottstown Christmas, but that was just one time and he visited us all summer and so by that time I had a lot more than a quarter. And besides the other time was Christmas and he took a dose of Grandpa's tonic before he paid me the quarter and so maybe this time it might be even a half a dollar. I couldn't hardly wait.

II

But it got to be daylight at last and I put on my Sunday suit, and I would go to the front door and watch for the hack and then I would go to the kitchen and ask Rosie if it wasn't almost time and she would tell me the train wasn't even due for two hours yet. Only while she was telling me we heard the hack, and so I thought it was time for us to go and get on the train and it would be fine, and then we would go to Grandpa's and then it would be tonight and then tomorrow and maybe it would be a half a dollar this time and Jesus it would be fine. Then mamma came running out without even

her hat on and she said how it was two hours yet and she wasn't even dressed and John Paul said Yessum but papa sent him and papa said for John Paul to tell mamma that Aunt Louisa was here and for mamma to hurry. So we put the basket of presents into the hack and I rode on the box with John Paul and mamma hollering from inside the hack about Aunt Louisa, and John Paul said that Aunt Louisa had come in a hired buggy and papa took her to the hotel to eat breakfast because she left Mottstown before daylight even. And so maybe Aunt Louisa had come to Jefferson to help mamma and papa get a present for Grandpa.

"Because we have one for everybody else," I said, "I bought one for Uncle Rodney with my own money."

Then John Paul began to laugh and I said Why? and he said it was at the notion of me giving Uncle Rodney anything that he would want to use, and I said Why? and John Paul said because I was shaped like a man, and I said Why? and John Paul said he bet papa would like to give Uncle Rodney a present without even waiting for Christmas, and I said What? and John Paul said A job of work. And I told John Paul how Uncle Rodney had been working all the time he was visiting us last summer, and John Paul quit laughing and said Sho, he reckoned anything a man kept at all the time, night and day both, he would call it work no matter how much fun it started out to be, and I said Anyway Uncle Rodney works now, he works in the office of the Compress Association, and John Paul laughed good then and said it would sholy take a whole association to compress Uncle Rodney. And then mamma began to holler to go straight to the hotel, and John Paul said Nome, papa said to come straight to the

livery stable and wait for him. And so we went to the hotel and Aunt Louisa and papa came out and papa helped Aunt Louisa into the hack and Aunt Louisa began to cry and mamma hollering Louisa! Louisa! What is it? What has happened? and papa saying Wait now. Wait. Remember the nigger, and that meant John Paul, and so it must have been a present for Grandpa and it didn't come.

And then we didn't go on the train after all. We went to the stable and they already had the light road hack hitched up and waiting, and mamma was crying now and saying how papa never even had his Sunday clothes and papa cussing now and saying Damn the clothes; if we didn't get to Uncle Rodney before the others caught him, papa would just wear the clothes Uncle Rodney had on now. So we got into the road hack fast and papa closed the curtains and then mamma and Aunt Louisa could cry all right and papa hollered to John Paul to go home and tell Rosie to pack his Sunday suit and take her to the train; anyway that would be fine for Rosie. So we didn't go on the train but we went fast, with papa driving and saying Didn't anybody know where he was? and Aunt Louisa quit crying a while and said how Uncle Rodney didn't come to supper last night, but right after supper he came in and how Aunt Louisa had a terrible feeling as soon as she heard his step in the hall and how Uncle Rodney wouldn't tell her until they were in his room and the door closed and then he said he must have two thousand dollars and Aunt Louisa said where in the world could she get two thousand dollars? and Uncle Rodney said Ask Fred, that was Aunt Louisa's husband, and George, that was papa; tell them they would have to dig it up, and Aunt Louisa said she had that terrible feeling and she

said Rodney! Rodney! What—and Uncle Rodney begun to cuss and say Dammit, don't start sniveling and crying now, and Aunt Louisa said Rodney, what have you done now? and then they both heard the knocking at the door and how Aunt Louisa looked at Uncle Rodney and she knew the truth before she even laid eyes on Mr. Pruitt and the sheriff, and how she said Don't tell pa! Keep it from pa! It will kill him. . . .

"Who?" papa said. "Mister who?"

"Mr. Pruitt," Aunt Louisa said, crying again. "The president of the Compress Association. They moved to Mottstown last spring. You don't know him."

So she went down to the door and it was Mr. Pruitt and the sheriff. And how Aunt Louisa begged Mr. Pruitt for Grandpa's sake and how she gave Mr. Pruitt her oath that Uncle Rodney would stay right there in the house until papa could get there, and Mr. Pruitt said how he hated it to happen at Christmas too and so for Grandpa's and Aunt Louisa's sake he would give them until the day after Christmas if Aunt Louisa would promise him that Uncle Rodney would not try to leave Mottstown. And how Mr. Pruitt showed her with her own eyes the check with Grandpa's name signed to it and how even Aunt Louisa could see that Grandpa's name had been—and then mamma said Louisa! Louisa! Remember Georgie! and that was me, and papa cussed too, hollering How in damnation do you expect to keep it from him? By hiding the newspapers? and Aunt Louisa cried again and said how everybody was bound to know it, that she didn't expect or hope that any of us could ever hold our heads up again, that all she hoped for was to keep it from Grandpa because it would kill him. She cried hard then and papa had to stop at a branch and get

down and soak his handkerchief for mamma to wipe Aunt Louisa's face with it and then papa took the bottle of tonic out of the dash pocket and put a few drops on the handkerchief, and Aunt Louisa smelled it and then papa took a dose of the tonic out of the bottle and mamma said George! and papa drank some more of the tonic and then made like he was handing the bottle back for mamma and Aunt Louisa to take a dose too and said, "I don't blame you. If I was a woman in this family I'd take to drink too. Now let me get this bond business straight."

"It was those road bonds of ma's," Aunt Louisa said.

We were going fast again now because the horses had rested while papa was wetting the handkerchief and taking the dose of tonic, and papa was saying All right, what about the bonds? when all of a sudden he jerked around in the seat and said, "Road bonds? Do you mean he took that damn screw driver and prized open your mother's desk too?"

Then mamma said George! how can you? only Aunt Louisa was talking now, quick now, not crying now, not yet, and papa with his head turned over his shoulder and saying Did Aunt Louisa mean that that five hundred papa had to pay out two years ago wasn't all of it? And Aunt Louisa said it was twenty-five hundred, only they didn't want Grandpa to find it out, and so Grandma put up her road bonds for security on the note, and how they said now that Uncle Rodney had redeemed Grandma's note and the road bonds from the bank with some of the Compress Association's bonds out of the safe in the Compress Association office, because when Mr. Pruitt found the Compress Association's bonds were missing he looked for them and found them

in the bank and when he looked in the Compress Association's safe all he found was the check for two thousand dollars with Grandpa's name signed to it, and how Mr. Pruitt hadn't lived in Mottstown but a year but even he knew that Grandpa never signed that check and besides he looked in the bank again and Grandpa never had two thousand dollars in it, and how Mr. Pruitt said how he would wait until the day after Christmas if Aunt Louisa would give him her sworn oath that Uncle Rodney would not go away, and Aunt Louisa did it and then she went back upstairs to plead with Uncle Rodney to give Mr. Pruitt the bonds and she went into Uncle Rodney's room where she had left him, and the window was open and Uncle Rodney was gone.

"Damn Rodney!" papa said. "The bonds! You mean, nobody knows where the bonds are?"

Now we were going fast because we were coming down the last hill and into the valley where Mottstown was. Soon we would begin to smell it again; it would be just today and then tonight and then it would be Christmas, and Aunt Louisa sitting there with her face white like a whitewashed fence that has been rained on and papa said Who in hell ever gave him such a job anyway, and Aunt Louisa said Mr. Pruitt, and papa said how even if Mr. Pruitt had only lived in Mottstown a few months, and then Aunt Louisa began to cry without even putting her handkerchief to her face this time and mamma looked at Aunt Louisa and she began to cry too and papa took out the whip and hit the team a belt with it even if they were going fast and he cussed. "Damnation to hell," papa said. "I see. Pruitt's married."

Then we could see it too. There were holly wreaths in the windows like at home

in Jefferson, and I said, "They shoot fireworks in Mottstown too like they do in Jefferson."

Aunt Louisa and mamma were crying good now, and now it was papa saying Here, here; remember Georgie, and that was me, and Aunt Louisa said, "Yes, yes! Painted common thing, traipsing up and down the streets all afternoon alone in a buggy, and the one and only time Mrs. Church called on her, and that was because of Mr. Pruitt's position alone, Mrs. Church found her without corsets on and Mrs. Church told me she smelled liquor on her breath."

And papa saying Here, here, and Aunt Louisa crying good and saying how it was Mrs. Pruitt that did it because Uncle Rodney was young and easy led because he never had had opportunities to meet a nice girl and marry her, and papa was driving fast toward Grandpa's house and he said, "Marry? Rodney marry? What in hell pleasure would he get out of slipping out of his own house and waiting until after dark and slipping around to the back and climbing up the gutter and into a room where there wasn't anybody in it but his own wife."

And so mamma and Aunt Louisa were crying good when we got to Grandpa's.

III

And Uncle Rodney wasn't there. We came in, and Grandma said how Mandy, that was Grandpa's cook, hadn't come to cook breakfast and when Grandma sent Emmeline, that was Aunt Louisa's baby's nurse, down to Mandy's cabin in the back yard, the door was locked on the inside but Mandy wouldn't answer and then Grandma went down there herself and Mandy wouldn't answer and so Cousin Fred climbed in the window and Mandy

was gone and Uncle Fred had just got back from town then and he and papa both hollered, "Locked? on the inside? and nobody in it?"

And then Uncle Fred told papa to go in and keep Grandpa entertained and he would go and then Aunt Louisa grabbed papa and Uncle Fred both and said she would keep Grandpa quiet and for both of them to go and find him, find him, and papa said If only the fool hasn't tried to sell them to somebody, and Uncle Fred said Good God, man, don't you know that check was dated ten days ago? And so we went in where Grandpa was reared back in his chair and saying how he hadn't expected papa until tomorrow but by God he was glad to see somebody at last because he waked up this morning and his cook had quit and Louisa had chased off somewhere before daylight and now he couldn't even find Uncle Rodney to go down and bring his mail and a cigar or two back, and so thank God Christmas never came but once a year and so be damned if he wouldn't be glad when it was over, only he was laughing now because when he said that about Christmas before Christmas he always laughed, it wasn't until after Christmas that he didn't laugh when he said that about Christmas. Then Aunt Louisa got Grandpa's keys out of his pocket herself and opened the desk where Uncle Rodney would prize it open with a screw driver, and took out Grandpa's tonic and then mamma said for me to go and find Cousin Fred and Cousin Louisa.

So Uncle Rodney wasn't there. Only at first I thought maybe it wouldn't be a quarter even, it wouldn't be nothing this time, so at first all I had to think about was that anyway it would be Christmas and that would be something anyway. Because I went on around the house, and so

after a while papa and Uncle Fred came out, and I could see them through the bushes knocking at Mandy's door and calling, "Rodney, Rodney," like that. Then I had to get back in the bushes because Uncle Fred had to pass right by me to go to the woodshed to get the ax to open Mandy's door. But they couldn't fool Uncle Rodney. If Mr. Tucker couldn't fool Uncle Rodney in Mr. Tucker's own house, Uncle Fred and papa ought to know they couldn't fool him right in his own papa's back yard. So I didn't even need to hear them. I just waited until after a while Uncle Fred came back out the broken door and came to the woodshed and took the axe and pulled the lock and hasp and steeple off the woodhouse door and went back and then papa came out of Mandy's house and they nailed the woodhouse lock onto Mandy's door and locked it and they went around behind Mandy's house, and I could hear Uncle Fred nailing the windows up. Then they went back to the house. But it didn't matter if Mandy was in the house too and couldn't get out, because the train came from Jefferson with Rosie and papa's Sunday clothes on it and so Rosie was there to cook for Grandpa and us and so that was all right too.

But they couldn't fool Uncle Rodney. I could have told them that. I could have told them that sometimes Uncle Rodney even wanted to wait until after dark to even begin to do business. And so it was all right even if it was late in the afternoon before I could get away from Cousin Fred and Cousin Louisa. It was late; soon they would begin to shoot the fireworks downtown, and then we would be hearing it too, so I could just see his face a little between the slats where papa and Uncle Fred had nailed up the back window; I could see his face where he

hadn't shaved, and he was asking me why in hell it took me so long because he had heard the Jefferson train come before dinner, before eleven o'clock, and laughing about how papa and Uncle Fred had nailed him up in the house to keep him when that was exactly what he wanted, and that I would have to slip out right after supper somehow and did I reckon I could manage it? And I said how last Christmas it had been a quarter, but I didn't have to slip out of the house that time, and he laughed, saying Quarter? Quarter? did I ever see ten quarters all at once? and I never did, and he said for me to be there with the screw driver right after supper and I would see ten quarters, and to remember that even God didn't know where he is and so for me to get the hell away and stay away until I came back after dark with the screw driver.

And they couldn't fool me either. Because I had been watching the man all afternoon, even when he thought I was just playing and maybe because I was from Jefferson instead of Mottstown and so I wouldn't know who he was. But I did, because once when he was walking past the back fence and he stopped and lit his cigar again and I saw the badge under his coat when he struck the match and so I knew he was like Mr. Watts at Jefferson that catches the niggers. So I was playing by the fence and I could hear him stopping and looking at me and I played and he said, "Howdy, son. Santy Claus coming to see you tomorrow?"

"Yes, sir," I said.

"You're Miss Sarah's boy, from up at Jefferson, ain't you?" he said.

"Yes, sir," I said.

"Come to spend Christmas with your grandpa, eh?" he said. "I wonder if your Uncle Rodney's at home this afternoon."

"No, sir," I said.

with powder on their faces where they had been crying, and Grandpa; it was papa helping him take a dose of tonic every now and then all afternoon while Uncle Fred was downtown, and Uncle Fred came back and papa came out in the hall and Uncle Fred said he had looked everywhere, in the bank and in the Compress, and how Mr. Pruitt had helped him but they couldn't find a sign either of them or of the money, because Uncle Fred was afraid because one night last week Uncle Rodney hired a rig and went somewhere and Uncle Fred found out Uncle Rodney drove over to the main line at Kingston and caught the fast train to Memphis, and papa said Damnation, and Uncle Fred said By God we will go down there after supper and sweat it out of him, because at least we have got him. I told Pruitt that and he said that if we hold to him, he will hold off and give us a chance.

So Uncle Fred and papa and Grandpa came in to supper together, with Grandpa between them saying Christmas don't come but once a year, thank God, so hooray for it, and papa and Uncle Fred saying Now you are all right, pa; straight ahead now, pa, and Grandpa would go straight ahead awhile and then begin to holler Where in hell is that damn boy? and that meant Uncle Rodney, and that Grandpa was a good mind to go downtown himself and haul Uncle Rodney out of that damn poolhall and make him come home and see his kinfolks. And so we ate supper and mamma said she would take the children upstairs and Aunt Louisa said No, Emmeline could put us to bed, and so we went up the back stairs, and Emmeline said how she had done already had to cook breakfast extra today and if folks thought she was going to waste all her Christmas doing extra

IV

Then it began to get dark and they started to shoot the fireworks downtown. I could hear them, and soon we would be seeing the Roman candles and skyrockets and I would have the ten quarters then and I thought about the basket full of presents and I thought how maybe I could go on downtown when I got through working for Uncle Rodney and buy a present for Grandpa with a dime out of the ten quarters and give it to him tomorrow and maybe, because nobody else had given him a present, Grandpa might give me a quarter too instead of the dime tomorrow, and that would be twenty-one quarters, except for the dime, and that would be fine sure enough. But I didn't have time to do that. We ate supper, and Rosie had to cook that too, and mamma and Aunt Louisa

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work they never had the sense she give them credit for and that this looked like to her it was a good house to be away from nohow, and so we went into the room and then after a while I went back down the back stairs and I remembered where to find the screw driver too. Then I could hear the firecrackers plain from downtown, and the moon was shining now but I could still see the Roman candles and the skyrockets running up the sky. Then Uncle Rodney's hand came out of the crack in the shutter and took the screw driver. I couldn't see his face now and it wasn't laughing exactly, it didn't sound exactly like laughing, it was just the way he breathed behind the shutter. Because they couldn't fool him. "All right," he said. "Now that's ten quarters. But wait. Are you sure nobody knows where I am?"

"Yes, sir," I said. "I waited by the fence until he come and asked me."

"Which one?" Uncle Rodney said.

"The one that wears the badge," I said.

Then Uncle Rodney cursed. But it wasn't mad cussing. It sounded just like it sounded when he was laughing except the words.

"He said if you were out of town on a visit, and I said Yes sir," I said.

"Good," Uncle Rodney said. "By God, someday you will be as good a business man as I am. And I won't make you a liar much longer, either. So now you have got ten quarters, haven't you?"

"No," I said. "I haven't got them yet."

Then he cursed again, and I said, "I will hold my cap up and you can drop them in it and they won't spill then."

Then he cursed hard, only it wasn't loud. "Only I'm not going to give you ten quarters," he said, and I begun to say You said—and Uncle Rodney said, "Because I am going to give you twenty."

And I said Yes, sir, and he told me how to find the right house, and what to do when I found it. Only there wasn't any paper to carry this time because Uncle Rodney said how this was a twenty-quarter job, and so it was too important to put on paper and besides I wouldn't need a paper because I would not know them anyhow, and his voice coming hissing down from behind the shutter where I couldn't see him and still sounding like when he cursed while he was saying how papa and Uncle Fred had done him a favor by nailing up the door and window and they didn't even have sense enough to know it.

"Start at the corner of the house and count three windows. Then throw the handful of gravel against the window. Then when the window opens—never mind who it will be, you won't know anyway—just say who you are and then say 'He will be at the corner with the buggy in ten minutes. Bring the jewelry.' Now you say it," Uncle Rodney said.

"He will be at the corner with the buggy in ten minutes. Bring the jewelry," I said.

"Say 'Bring all the jewelry,'" Uncle Rodney said.

"Bring all the jewelry," I said.

"Good," Uncle Rodney said. Then he said, "Well? What are you waiting on?"

"For the twenty quarters," I said.

Uncle Rodney cursed again. "Do you expect me to pay you before you have done the work?" he said.

"You said about a buggy," I said. "Maybe you will forget to pay me before you go and you might not get back until after we go back home. And besides, that day last summer when we couldn't do any business with Mrs. Tucker because she was sick and you wouldn't pay me the nickel because you said it wasn't your fault Mrs. Tucker was sick."

Then Uncle Rodney cussed hard and quiet behind the crack and then he said, "Listen. I haven't got the twenty quarters now. I haven't even got one quarter now. And the only way I can get any is to get out of here and finish this business. And I can't finish this business tonight unless you do your work. See? I'll be right behind you. I'll be waiting right there at the corner in the buggy when you come back. Now, go on. Hurry."

V

So I went on across the yard, only the moon was bright now and I walked behind the fence until I got to the street. And I could hear the firecrackers and I could see the Roman candles and skyrockets sliding up the sky, but the fireworks were all downtown, and so all I could see along the street was the candles and wreaths in the windows. So I came to the lane, went up the lane to the stable, and I could hear the horse in the stable, but I didn't know whether it was the right stable or not; but pretty soon Uncle Rodney kind of jumped around the corner of the stable and said Here you are, and he showed me where to stand and listen toward the house and he went back into the stable. But I couldn't hear anything but Uncle Rodney harnessing the horse, and then he whistled and I went back and he had the horse already hitched to the buggy and I said Whose horse and buggy is this; it's a lot skinnier than Grandpa's horse? And Uncle Rodney said It's my horse now, only damn this moonlight to hell. Then I went back down the lane to the street and there wasn't anybody coming so I waved my arm in the moonlight, and the buggy came up and I got in and we went fast. The side curtains were up and so I couldn't see the

skyrockets and Roman candles from town, but I could hear the firecrackers and I thought maybe we were going through town and maybe Uncle Rodney would stop and give me some of the twenty quarters and I could buy Grandpa a present for tomorrow, but we didn't; Uncle Rodney just raised the side curtain without stopping and then I could see the house, the two magnolia trees, but we didn't stop until we came to the corner.

"Now," Uncle Rodney said, "when the window opens, say 'He will be at the corner in ten minutes. Bring *all* the jewelry.' Never mind who it will be. You don't want to know who it is. You want to even forget what house it is. See?"

"Yes, sir," I said. "And then you will pay me the——"

"Yes!" he said, cussing. "Yes! Get out of here quick!"

So I got out and the buggy went on and I went back up the street. And the house was dark all right except for one light, so it was the right one, besides the two trees. So I went across the yard and counted the three windows and I was just about to throw the gravel when a lady ran out from behind a bush and grabbed me. She kept on trying to say something, only I couldn't tell what it was, and besides she never had time to say very much anyhow because a man ran out from behind another bush and grabbed us both. Only he grabbed her by the mouth, because I could tell that from the kind of slobbering noise she made while she was fighting to get loose.

"Well boy?" he said. "What is it? Are you the one?"

"I work for Uncle Rodney," I said.

"Then you're the one," he said. Now the lady was fighting and slobbering sure enough, but he held her by the mouth. "All right. What is it?"

Only I didn't know Uncle Rodney ever did business with men. But maybe after he began to work in the Compress Association he had to. And then he had told me I would not know them anyway, so maybe that was what he meant.

"He says to be at the corner in ten minutes," I said. "And to bring all the jewelry. He said for me to say that twice. Bring all the jewelry."

The lady was slobbering and fighting worse than ever now, so maybe he had to turn me loose so he could hold her with both hands.

"Bring all the jewelry," he said, holding the lady with both hands now. "That's a good idea. That's fine. I don't blame him for telling you to say that twice. All right. Now you go back to the corner and wait and when he comes, tell him this: 'She says to come and help carry it.' Say that to him twice, too. Understand?"

"Then I'll get my twenty quarters," I said.

"Twenty quarters, hah?" the man said, holding the lady. "That's what you are to get, is it? That's not enough. You tell him this, too: 'She says to give you a piece of the jewelry.' Understand?"

"I just want my twenty quarters," I said.

Then he and the lady went back behind the bushes again and I went on, too, back toward the corner, and I could see the Roman candles and skyrockets again from toward town and I could hear the firecrackers, and then the buggy came back and Uncle Rodney was hissing again behind the curtain like when he was behind the slats on Mandy's window.

"Well?" he said.

"She said for you to come and help carry it," I said.

"What?" Uncle Rodney said. "She said he's not there?"

"No, sir. She said for you to come and help carry it. For me to say that twice." Then I said, "Where's my twenty quarters?" because he had already jumped out of the buggy and jumped across the walk into the shadow of some bushes. So I went into the bushes too and said, "You said you would give——"

"All right; all right!" Uncle Rodney said. He was kind of squatting along the bushes; I could hear him breathing. "I'll give them to you tomorrow. I'll give you thirty quarters tomorrow. Now you get to hell on home. And if they have been down to Mandy's house, you don't know anything. Run, now. Hurry."

"I'd rather have the twenty quarters tonight," I said.

He was squatting fast along in the shadow of the bushes, and I was right behind him, because when he whirled around he almost touched me, but I jumped back out of the bushes in time and he stood there cussing at me and then he stooped down and I saw it was a stick in his hand and I turned and ran. Then he went on, squatting along in the shadow, and then I went back to the buggy, because the day after Christmas we would go back to Jefferson, and so if Uncle Rodney didn't get back before then I would not see him again until next summer and then maybe he would be in business with another lady and my twenty quarters would be like my nickel that time when Mrs. Tucker was sick. So I waited by the buggy and I could watch the skyrockets and the Roman candles and I could hear the firecrackers from town, only it was late now and so maybe all the stores would be closed and so I couldn't buy Grandpa a present, even when Uncle Rodney came back and gave me my twenty quarters. So I was listening to the firecrackers and thinking about how

maybe I could tell Grandpa that I had wanted to buy him a present and so maybe he might give me fifteen cents instead of a dime anyway, when all of a sudden they started shooting firecrackers back at the house where Uncle Rodney had gone. Only they just shot five of them fast, and when they didn't shoot any more I thought that maybe in a minute they would shoot the skyrockets and Roman candles too. But they didn't. They just shot the five firecrackers right quick and then stopped, and I stood by the buggy and then folks began to come out of the houses and holler at one another and then I began to see men running toward the house where Uncle Rodney had gone, and then a man came out of the yard fast and went up the street toward Grandpa's and I thought at first it was Uncle Rodney and that he had forgotten the buggy, until I saw that it wasn't.

But Uncle Rodney never came back and so I went on toward the yard to where the men were, because I could still watch the buggy too and see Uncle Rodney if he came back out of the bushes, and I came to the yard and I saw six men carrying something long and then two other men ran up and stopped me and one of them said Hell-fire, it's one of those kids, the one from Jefferson. And I could see then that what the men were carrying was a window blind with something wrapped in a quilt on it and so I thought at first that they had come to help Uncle Rodney carry the jewelry, only I didn't see Uncle Rodney anywhere, and then one of the men said, "Who? One of the kids? Hell-fire, somebody take him on home."

So the man picked me up, but I said I had to wait on Uncle Rodney, and the man said that Uncle Rodney would be all right, and I said But I wanted to wait

for him here, and then one of the men behind us said Damn it, get him on out of here, and we went on. I was riding on the man's back and then I could look back and see the six men in the moonlight carrying the blind with the bundle on it, and I said Did it belong to Uncle Rodney? and the man said No, if it belonged to anybody now it belonged to Grandpa. And so then I knew what it was.

"It's a side of beef," I said. "You are going to take it to Grandpa." Then the other man made a funny sound and the one I was riding on said Yes, you might call it a side of beef, and I said, "It's a Christmas present for Grandpa. Who is it going to be from? Is it from Uncle Rodney?"

"No," the man said. "Not from him. Call it from the men of Mottstown. From all the husbands in Mottstown."

VI

Then we came in sight of Grandpa's house. And now the lights were all on, even on the porch, and I could see folks in the hall, I could see ladies with shawls over their heads, and some more of them going up the walk toward the porch, and then I could hear somebody in the house that sounded like singing and then papa came out of the house and came down the walk to the gate and we came up and the man put me down and I saw Rosie waiting at the gate too. Only it didn't sound like singing now because there wasn't any music with it, and so maybe it was Aunt Louisa again and so maybe she didn't like Christmas now any better than Grandpa said he didn't like it.

"It's a present for Grandpa," I said.

"Yes," papa said. "You go on with Rosie and go to bed. Mamma will be there soon. But you be a good boy until

she comes. You mind Rosie. All right, Rosie. Take him on. Hurry."

"Yo don't need to tell me that," Rosie said. She took my hand. "Come on."

Only we didn't go back into the yard, because Rosie came out the gate and we went up the street. And then I thought maybe we were going around the back to dodge the people and we didn't do that, either. We just went on up the street, and I said, "Where are we going?"

And Rosie said, "We gonter sleep at a lady's house name Mrs. Jordon."

So we went on. I didn't say anything. Because papa had forgotten to say anything about my slipping out of the house yet and so maybe if I went on to bed and stayed quiet he would forget about it until tomorrow too. And besides, the main thing was to get a holt of Uncle Rodney and get my twenty quarters before we went back home, and so maybe that

would be all right tomorrow too. So we went on and Rosie said Yonder's the house, and we went in the yard and then all of a sudden Rosie saw the possum. It was in a persimmon tree in Mrs. Jordon's yard and I could see it against the moonlight too, and I hollered, "Run! Run and get Mrs. Jordon's ladder!"

And Rosie said, "Ladder my foot! You going to bed!"

But I didn't wait. I began to run toward the house, with Rosie running behind me and hollering You, Georgie! You come back here! But I didn't stop. We could get the ladder and get the possum and give it to Grandpa along with the side of meat and it wouldn't cost even a dime and then maybe Grandpa might even give me a quarter too, and then when I got the twenty quarters from Uncle Rodney I would have twenty-one quarters and that will be fine.

WALT WHITMAN, STRANGER

BY MARK VAN DOREN

Not the least interesting thing in Bliss Perry's *Walt Whitman* is the last paragraph of the appendix to the second edition. There, in the remotest place possible from the public eye, Mr. Perry preserves these sentences out of a letter written to him in 1907 by a gentleman who remains nameless. "The real psychology of Walt Whitman would be enormously interesting. I think the keynote to it would be found to be a staggering ignorance, or perhaps willful non-perception, of the real physical conditions of his nature. But the truth about him (the innermost truth) escapes from almost every page for those who can read."

Whether after twenty-eight years it has become possible to know the "real" psychology of any man, let alone Walt Whitman, is a question. And whether the third of these sentences is as true as it sounds makes yet another question—which I for one would answer in the negative. But the second sentence is scarcely open to doubt. That Whitman has been a stranger to his readers is proved by the confusions and the disputes into which his critics have fallen, as well as by the further fact that no biography has given an account of him which holds together. He was a stranger to the world he lived in, and he has been a stranger to the world he left. But he was quite as much a stranger to himself, and not alone on physical grounds. If his work is full of contradictions, so was he. If there is

a contradiction between himself and his work, so was there a contradiction between those portions of himself which he knew and did not know. And finally, in the field of those things which he can be supposed to have known, there is a discrepancy between the amount that he knew and the amount that he published. He is one of the most puzzling of all persons who have written about themselves.

This is partly, of course, because he was a great poet. We lose our common sense in the presence of such a man, finding puzzles where there are none. And this is more or less as it should be. For who would want to be omniscient before a great artist of any kind? Who would care to know the last truth about him? Yet in Whitman's case we have more of a mystery than usual. It calls for analysis even while it counsels modesty, and it promises something really valuable in the way of a suggestion as to why Whitman is so rarely read as he should be, so rarely experienced in terms of his poetry. I propose to cite a number of his inconsistencies and to ask what can be deduced from them.

II

There is the fact first of all that he was not the kind of man his poetry seems to say he was. *Leaves of Grass*, celebrating an individual who speaks always in the

first person, makes that individual out to be above all things robust and masculine, a representative male, a bear of a man who hugs all animate existence with a loving length of arm. Is this individual Whitman? Judging by the biographies, no. Whitman was fastidious, eccentric, and feminine. I would not use the last word were it not that John Burroughs, who of all Whitman's friends can be depended on to give the kindest account of him, used it repeatedly. There was "something fine, delicate, womanly in him," said Burroughs. Whitman's skin kept always a kind of infant softness; his shoulders had a pronounced and graceful slope; in all of his photographs, even in those where he is posing as a rough, his body is a series of relaxed curves; he is neither erect nor angular.

His interest in his own clothes went beyond the interest of one who dresses in order to produce a certain effect, as Whitman did. He could absorb himself in the details of their manufacture—prescribing this or that material and requiring that a shirt, for instance, have such and such a feel. His love for a person could express itself through a concern with the way that person also should dress. Loving Peter Doyle, the young Washington horse-car conductor, he could not resist sending him two shirts like his own. "Pete, so your shirts came all safe, and they fit you, do they?—good—The blue shirt (did I write?) is to wear *over*, loose—it is made large for that purpose—I like the looks of them, the blue shirt collar turned down low with a nice black silk handkerchief, tied loose—over a clean white shirt without necktie—I think they are very becoming to young working men. . . . Well, Pete, dear loving boy, I will bid you good bye for this week."

Whitman in his later years wore shirts

with lace-edged collars, opening on a fine neck which he regularly bathed with eau de cologne and which he set off with a large pearl. He was a good cook, and during the Civil War, of course, he was a nurse. So, as time has gone on, he has been recognized as the homosexual that in one degree or another he was. Not that the section of *Leaves of Grass* called "Calamus" was ever anything but the clearest indication of the fact; but it had remained possible that "Calamus" was a work of the dramatic imagination, as Shakespeare's *Sonnets* are assumed to be. Now it does not seem possible. Too many details of the biography point to a special personality in Whitman which fits the homosexual hypothesis, and any fresh reading of "Calamus" against the background of the book of which it is a part brings this personality into perspective.

"Calamus" celebrates the love of man for man, and other sections, particularly "Children of Adam," celebrate the love of men and women for each other; but "Calamus" is the only one of all these sections which is convincing as love poetry. The other loves are "athletic" and abstract; they come to us in splendid verse, but there is never in them the note of experience, there is never the hint that he too, the poet, has been in love with the mothers of the race—those tall, full-bosomed, muscular matrons of Whitman's imagination. The love poems about men, on the other hand, are as real as words can be. The words are the right words, and the emotions are those secondary ones—shyness, longing, jealousy—which guarantee the authenticity of an attachment. We no longer hear of Man in the embrace of Woman; we stand where one man stands, lonely, unsure of himself, glancing sideways at another man in the hope of an answering look. We listen to one man:

Who often walk'd lonesome walks, thinking
 of his dear friends, his lovers,
 Who pensive, away from one he lov'd,
 often lay sleepless and dissatisfied at
 night,
 Who knew too well the sick, sick dread lest
 the one he lov'd might secretly be indif-
 ferent to him.

And we are forced to take as literally
 as may be the lines:

Here the frailest leaves of me, and yet my
 strongest—lasting:
 Here I shade and hide my thoughts—I my-
 self do not expose them,
 And yet they expose me more than all my
 other poems.

There would be no good reason for
 speaking of this were it not that Whit-
 man has been at such pains to put himself
 forward as a representative or normal
 American, as indeed the divinely average
 man; and were it not that the gulf which
 opens here opens elsewhere in *Leaves of
 Grass*—opens everywhere, in fact, be-
 tween him and us, and leaves him stand-
 ing strangely on the other side. Across
 such a space we can comprehend better
 than we formerly could his predilection
 for the theme of death.

How does it happen that this famous
 lover of life, this hugger of winds and cat-
 aloguer of professions, loves death to such
 a degree that he writes best of all when
 dealing with it? For his two masterpieces,
 "Out of the Cradle Endlessly Rocking"
 and "When Lilacs Last in the Door-Yard
 Bloom'd," have death for their subject
 matter and rise to hymns in its praise; and
 many another poem is distinguished by
 the presence of the magic word. The
 answer may be in one of the "Calamus"
 poems, "Scented Herbage of My Breast,"
 where Whitman, after exclaiming that the
 leaves of his breast are both a torment and
 a mystery to him, continues in the follow-
 ing words:

Yet you are very beautiful to me, you faint-
 ing roots—you make me think of
 Death,
 Death is beautiful from you—(what indeed
 is finally beautiful, except Death and
 Love?)
 —O I think it is not for life I am chant-
 ing here my chant of lovers—I think it
 must be for Death,
 For how calm, how solemn it grows, to
 ascend to the atmosphere of lovers,
 Death or life I am then indifferent—my
 Soul declines to prefer,
 I am not sure but the high Soul of lovers
 welcomes death most;
 Indeed, O Death, I think now these leaves
 mean precisely the same as you mean.

Love and Death are inseparable in this
 man's mind because one is the satisfaction
 of the other, and the only satisfaction.
 Love as he defined it and as he knew it
 was something that could not be fulfilled
 within the harsh limits of life. There was
 no place for a lover like him, there were
 no answering voices; so he fled for com-
 fort to the "sure-enwinding arms of cool-
 enfolding Death." But not without cast-
 ing many a glance to right and left, still
 seeking an earthly answer to his love.
Leaves of Grass is drenched with long-
 ing. It is one of the loneliest books ever
 written.

And this brings us to another contra-
 diction, for is not the author of *Leaves
 of Grass* famous not only because he
 loved life but because he had it close about
 him in profusion? Who does not know of
 his rides on ferries and on buses in order
 to rub elbows with the crowd; who does
 not instinctively think of him as one who
 touched millions whenever he took a step?
 He did, in his book, and for that matter
 in his life. But the very vehemence of the
 book when it approaches this theme is a
 sign that commerce with people was
 neither easy nor natural for Whitman. He
 carried it on; he did indeed a thriving
 business; but he was burdened with self-

consciousness, he always remembered the fact of his strangeness and uniqueness. Whitman was condemned by his nature to a sense of separateness.

I think this is plain, as certainly it is plain that the men with whom he formed his famous friendships were often appalled by a certain impersonality and unapproachability in the gray figure of their fancy. Thomas Donaldson, who knew him as an old man in Camden, testified that he was not the easily companionable man one might have expected to find him; and John Burroughs went so far as to say that Whitman's eyes were "dumb, yearning, relentless, immodest, human." Emerson called them simply "terrible." One would have expected to hear that Whitman's eyes were all too human.

III

But they were not. Beneath their heavy, drooping lids they told the tale of one who had lived in many boarding houses and ridden in many street cars, of one who had ceased to expect, if indeed he had ever desired, the simple, unembarrassed response of other eyes. They told the tale of one who knew how to live in himself, happily or unhappily. Their coldness, their grayness, their impersonality have nothing at all to do with the man whom most readers believe they find looking at them between the lines of *Leaves of Grass*. But they have much to do with the man who in 1849, after his return from New Orleans and on the eve of the effort which resulted six years later in the first edition of *Leaves of Grass*, walked into a phrenological cabinet on Broadway and had his bumps read.

The reading, as a recent article by Edward Hungerford has made clear, was more than satisfactory. It confirmed him,

since it declared him to be possessed of every human quality in the highest degree, in his resolution to make something out of himself which nature and fate had refused so far to make. The chart of his bumps, by encouraging him to think well of himself, encouraged him also, since his literary ambition was immense, to exalt this self into a figure which should gloriously represent America, and indeed all mankind in the nineteenth century. It is his figure that we know through *Leaves of Grass*. And yet, as I have indicated, we find Whitman there too. For the figure has life, and therefore its imperfections; and these imperfections take the form of inconsistencies and contradictions. They also take the form of a reality showing through in spite of every effort to suppress it. Fortunately for us, Whitman was unable to make himself a perfect dummy. Torn between the desire to reveal and the necessity to conceal himself, he ended by writing a great book not the least of whose fascinations is that its author did not always understand what he was doing, or what truths were gleaming through.

I am not even sure that it is correct to speak of him as conscious of his duality, and therefore conscious of a desire to present himself to the world in a given guise. For all I know he may have believed that he was telling the strictest truth everywhere. He had as much capacity for self-deception as anybody, and he had after all a great nature to deal with—his own. But the analysis does not suffer if that be true. It still yields us a twofold book, most of which is fiction but some of which is revelation of a sort not commonly met with even in an age so given to revelation as ours. Mr. Perry's correspondent doubtless exaggerated when he said that "the innermost truth escapes from almost every page." There are many pages that have

nothing to do with it. But those are not the most interesting pages, and neither do they contain the best poetry. Whitman's best poetry came out of his contradictions, and out of his struggle either to resolve them or remove them. How much he was conscious of the struggle does not matter very much.

The complexity of the thing which Whitman had to say is the key to the greatest of his anomalies, namely the sophistication of his writing. *Leaves of Grass* is still one of the most difficult of modern masterpieces; in an age which produces unintelligible poems, the "Song of Myself," for instance, ranks high. So far, indeed, there is nothing anomalous about it. But in the light of Whitman's evident expectation that his book would become a Bible for average democrats, a gospel not only for poets but for the "powerful uneducated persons" in whose interests he said he wrote it, the paradox becomes startling and pronounced.

It was said early in his career, and it has been said many times since, that *Leaves of Grass* is for no common audience. Certainly no common audience has been interested in it, either as art or as doctrine. The art is so far above the common reader's head as to be almost culpable in its remoteness. And the doctrine is still unknown to any democracy. Masses do not march to Whitman's phrases; school children do not chant him; orators do not invoke him. Whitman, having to recognize the fact before he died, died professing a belief that some day things might be otherwise. But it may be doubted, unless one supposes that a time will come when everybody on earth has the equipment necessary for an appreciation of the oddest subtleties in rhythm and image, and has the patience to read *Leaves of Grass* for its triple meaning.

What uneducated person in 1855, powerful or without power, could have known what Whitman was talking about when in the poem now known as "The Sleepers" he made use of these erotic images?

The cloth laps a first sweet eating and drinking,
Laps life-swelling yolks . . . laps ear of rose-corn, milky and just ripened:
The white teeth stay, and the boss-tooth advances in darkness,
And liquor is spilled on lips and bosoms by touching glasses, and the best liquor afterward.

So far as I know it was not until 1929 that any commentator—and then the Frenchman Jean Catel—elucidated this passage, and proved by references to other passages in Whitman just how extraordinarily erotic it is.

IV

What member of the multitude, in 1855 or in 1934, could take pleasure in hearing from the "Song of Myself" how abnormal the great democrat's endowment was with respect to the sense of touch? Whitman loved crowds, yes, and exposed his body indiscriminately to the caresses of casual contact. But with what a tempest and terror of excitement! And with what denials that he was the sublimely serene acceptor of life he chose to believe he was.

Mine is no callous shell,
I have instant conductors all over me
whether I pass or stop,
They seize every object and lead it harm-
lessly through me.

I merely stir, press, feel with my fingers,
and am happy,
To touch my person to some one else's is
about as much as I can stand.

Is this then a touch? . . . quivering me
to a new identity,

Flames and ether making a rush for my
veins,
Treacherous tip of me reaching and crowd-
ing to help them,
My flesh and blood playing out lightning,
to strike what is hardly different from
myself,
On all sides prurient provokers stiffening
my limbs,
Straining the udder of my heart for its
withheld drip,
Behaving licentious toward me, taking no
denial,
Depriving me of my best as for a purpose,
Unbuttoning my clothes and holding me
by the bare waist,
Deluding my confusion with the calm of
the sunlight and pasture fields,
Immodestly sliding the fellow-senses away,
They bribed to swap off with touch, and
go and graze at the edges of me,
No consideration, no regard for my drain-
ing strength or my anger,
Fetching the rest of the herd around to
enjoy them awhile,
Then all uniting to stand on a headland
and worry me.

The sentries desert every other part of me,
They have left me helpless to a red
marauder,
They all come to the headland to witness
and assist against me.

I am given up by traitors;
I talk wildly. . . . I have lost my wits.
. . . . I and nobody else am the greatest
traitor,
I went myself first to the headland . . .
my own hands carried me there.

You villain touch! what are you doing?
. . . my breath is tight in its throat;
Unclench your floodgates! you are too
much for me.

Blind loving wrestling touch! Sheathed
hooded sharp-toothed touch!
Did it make you ache so leaving me?

What does this mean? The answer is
not elsewhere in *Leaves of Grass*; the
passage has no more context there than it
has here; one must puzzle it out alone.

Well, the psychologists have puzzled it
out—not perfectly, I imagine, but to such
a point as to convince them of what they
had suspected. Whitman, so far from be-
ing an average man, was one of a small
class, the name of which is *erethistic*, and
the nature of which is sufficiently indicated
by the Greek word meaning “to irritate.”
Whitman was one of those persons whose
organs and tissues are chronically in a
state of abnormal excitement, who tremble
and quiver when the rest of us are merely
conscious that we are being interested or
pleased. Or so, here, he represents himself
as being.

How mad he must have been when he
copied this passage out of his private note-
books, inserted it in the first poem of his
first collection, and expected the American
workingman to rise up as if a banner had
been unfurled for his enlightenment and
allegiance! How mad he must have been
thirty years later when, forced to recognize
that *Leaves of Grass* had been a popular
failure, he took refuge in the faith that
some day there would be a population of
souls to whom his message would be as
clear as the Sermon on the Mount! Such
portions of the message as this one at any
rate will never be clear to a reader who
is not capable of being fascinated by the
obscure, the precious, and the unique in
poetry; or to a reader who is not exactly
like Whitman himself.

Like many another modern poet—and
this is why he remains so peculiarly
modern, so especially interesting to French,
German, and English specialists in sym-
bols—he wrote a book the key to which
was his private self, his own least com-
municable experience. To express himself
at all he had to strain the resources of the
English language past that point which
for the average reader is the breaking
point. He had to devise a series of symbols

the reference of which was to something he not only could not but would not discuss in plain terms. No wonder he is not our prophet.

His democratic dogmas—of what validity are they when we consider that they base themselves upon the sentiment of “manly love,” and that manly love is neither more nor less than homosexual love? It might be argued that the genesis of the doctrine is of no consequence if the doctrine itself be plausible or attractive. But is it plausible? I gather not, or Whitman would have become the leader he aspired to be. There is no instinct in the common reader by virtue of which he can respond to these simpering tales of men who hold hands, blush in one another’s presence, long for one another, and ludicrously make eyes as they pass. Men may learn to love each other, but hardly in this way; it is the wateriest of foundations for democracy. So by some saving instinct we have been led to wonder about a man who knows no more about the love of women than this man does, and who, to view him quite generally for the moment, abandons all those reticences by which human nature everywhere is distinguished. We may not be sorry that *Leaves of Grass* was written. We may be very glad. But there can be only one such man. No society can be made out of him. We could not be like him if we would. He has revealed himself to us, and that is all.

V

His reputation, happily, is no longer in the hands of men like Bucke, Burroughs, Carpenter, and O’Connor—men who, though unlike him themselves, took it into their heads while he lived to advertise him as an eminently sane fellow. Their procedure is perhaps understandable. They

did like him, and they knew that most of what was being written about him between 1860 and 1890 was stupid. But it would have been better had they admitted more than they did, had they not insisted that he was neither inverted nor mysterious, had they not proclaimed the possibility of our all being like him some day. To proclaim as much was to pay a prodigious compliment to one who had by an almost superhuman effort managed to convince himself—if he did convince himself—that he came up to standard.

I can imagine that the old man of Camden grew a bit bewildered among his disciples; he must have remembered those years before 1855 when he was struggling to accept himself, and he must have detected a none too subtle irony in the circumstance that now the rest of the human world was being asked to come up to him. He is said to have had his secrets in those last days. May not one of them have been a suspicion that the disciples were as foolish as the world accused them of being? They actually persuaded him, it would appear, that he was more than a poet—he was an evangel, as he himself once claimed when he expressed a willingness to have men read *Leaves of Grass* as if it were something other than poetry. As truth, for instance, and as the plainest possible record of one man’s experiences in nineteenth-century America. The book has its truth, and God knows it is plain enough to those who, as Mr. Perry’s correspondent put it, “can read.” It is hardly, however, the preparation for a New Day.

The disciples are no longer with us to confuse the issue, whatever it is. Dr. Clara Barrus has erected a monument to them in her book on Whitman and Burroughs, a year-by-year chronicle of the deeds done by the champions of Walt; there the

monument is if one wants to look at it, but the Fellowship is still. If anything confuses the issue at the moment it is that other brand of piety which consists in saying: "Whatever else he was he was an artist; it is to the art in his poetry that one should run." Certainly he was an artist of some valuable kind, and certainly his work has its importance as "mere" poetry. But this is not the way to perceive it. The poetry in him is not isolated. It is not a series of tricks which he performed, it is not something which he did after he had done something else. It is probably not accidental at all, as they imply who say he spent much time misusing his powers.

His poetry is as good as it is—as "pure," even—because he was not primarily interested in it. He had something to say in his poetry, something to do. He had to give a certain account of himself, and since this was not easy he had to work hard—feel much, think much, and write out of the deepest, the obscurest parts of his mind. In the course of doing so he happened to write great poetry because he happened to be a great poet. But it was no more an accident than that, and perhaps such things are never accidental. Wordsworth, as T. E. Eliot has recently pointed out, is not to be divided too neatly into a man who had certain moral ideas and a man who had certain capacities in his art. The capacities depended on the ideas, at least for their demonstration. It was because Wordsworth took his morals so seriously that he could write lines which please us now in spite of their message. All one needs to do, I suppose, is to try to imagine a poet writing those lines by themselves, merely in order to please us. He would not please us because he would write other and lesser lines—the sort one writes when one is a pure poet who indites monotonous tetrameters for all time.

The heat in Whitman's poetry was generated there by a sorely perturbed spirit attempting to understand, disguise, and magnify itself. In that best sense the poetry is personal; the whole nature of the man, the apparent part no more than the submerged, is necessary to its understanding as it was necessary to its composition. Though one is never to take Whitman literally, as the disciples did, yet one must know that his words came out of his life. To understand him when he calls himself magnificent is to understand how far from magnificence he actually was, yet how, with the aid of Emerson's *Essays*, he shaped a language to his bold uses when not to have spoken at all would have been to surrender himself to nothingness.

A lazy, eccentric, uneducated, unsuccessful, little-known newspaper man was somehow inspired to fight a battle with his own soul which resulted, so far as the world is concerned at any rate, in a complete victory. He is famous wherever there are people who know how to read and admire him; phrases, epithets, images from his poetry shine in the memory of every person to whom such things are precious; and the vast created fiction of his "self" is measured among the greater things of literature by those who can apply the measure. But the fiction has its truth, and the phrases are such as no writer strikes out of his brain merely from a desire to be known as one who is brilliant. If Whitman is more brilliant than such a man it is because he is so terribly, so desperately in earnest concerning himself. This is not the earnestness of the preacher; it is the earnestness of the soul which has already savored destruction, and which may indeed be lost. It is not merely the seriousness of one who believes what he is saying; it is the seriousness of one who would save himself at any cost.

The criticism of Whitman has so far restricted itself either to estimates of the known man, the man of the biographies, or to appraisals of the art in his poetry. The man of Brooklyn, Washington, and Camden has been damned and adored; the poet has been now praised and now declared preposterous. It is likely that a further step will be taken before long. The man, acknowledged as the oddity that he was, will be neither assaulted nor defended

for that, but will be allowed to bear his silent testimony concerning the way genius takes in order to arrive at its unique, its unarguable end. It will not matter what Whitman was. It is what he did that will matter, and what he did was under the strictest necessity to write poems at once about himself and about the man he wanted to be. The criticism of Whitman will be the biography of two men and a book.



LADY BEFORE BREAKFAST

BY E. B. WHITE

ON THE white page of this unwritten day
 Serena, waking, sees the imperfect script:
 The misspelled word of circumstance, the play
 Of error, and places where the pen slipped.
 And having thus turned loose her fears to follow
 The scrawl of day, illegible and long,
 Lets fall an early tear on the warm pillow,
 Weeping that no song is the perfect song.

By eight o'clock she has rewritten noon —
 For faults in style, in taste, in fact, in spelling;
 Suspicious of the sleazy phrase so soon,
 She's edited the tale before its telling.
 Luckily Life's her darling: she'll forgive it.
 See how she throws the covers off, and starts to live it!

A SCHOOLTEACHER TALKS BACK

ANONYMOUS

I AM a schoolteacher in a small town in the Middle West. I admit this rather reluctantly now because my past experience has made me all too keenly aware of the consequences of such a confession. I know that the moment I make it, you will rapidly change your opinion of me, and an invisible wall of reserve will automatically rise between us. I am no longer a human being to you, a person who sees, hears, feels, loves, hates, thinks, hopes, and fears. Instead, I become a dull, uninteresting person, a paragon of virtue, a member of the third sex, a creature apart; in short — a schoolteacher! You immediately become suspicious, change the topic of conversation, and begin to watch your grammar.

But I insist that if I am different from other people (and perhaps I am) it is because I have been made so by the very citizens who criticize me for being different. They do not seem to realize that I am different because they themselves allow me no freedom in my personal or professional life.

When I look back, my life before I became a teacher seems perfectly normal. I was a child of middle-class parents just about like those in the small town where I now teach. While I attended college, I was no different from the other girls who later became housewives, secretaries, nurses, dietitians, businesswomen, interior decorators, or social workers. I loafed, worked, danced, dated, and talked, just

like the others. When I finished school, I was thrilled to get a job. I was idealistic about my profession in those days. It was not until I became a teacher that I found that not only my work, but also my entire personal life, was to be governed by the people of my community.

I doubt if anyone who has never been a teacher realizes the precariousness of my job. I may be dismissed for almost anything: for failure to go to church, for spending too many week ends out of town, for living in an apartment, for too-strict discipline, for too-lax discipline, for not associating with the natives, for being too friendly with certain natives, for getting into debt, for spending too much money outside the community, for having too many opinions, for not playing favorites with children of school-board members, or for holding a position coveted by some home-town girl. Every one of these causes, to my own personal knowledge, has brought about the dismissal of some teacher. Only God and the school board know what is to be my fate each spring.

I have often tried to get some other kind of work, but apparently too many people believe Henry Adams' statement that anyone who has taught school any length of time is unfit to do anything else. I always have to give some account of the years that have elapsed since my graduation, and the prospective employer loses interest in me the minute he finds out I have taught school. "She might be schoolteacherish,"

he says to himself and promptly shoos me out of his office.

The first restriction that I ran into was the one regarding my living quarters. I have never been free to live where I choose as are the other members of the community. Instead, I must select my living quarters from the superintendent's approved list (a list composed of people who are favorable to the school board's administration) and no other. Furthermore, in this town where I now teach, no more than two high-school teachers are permitted to live in the same house, and we are forbidden to room where there are grade-school teachers. (The idea is to keep us from comparing notes.) So for seven years I have been living within the four walls assigned to me by my superintendents, and it has mattered not a whit to them that my rooms have often been cold and uncomfortable and that the houses have seldom provided suitable facilities for entertaining my guests.

Wherever I have taught, apartments have been considered unwise and have been consequently forbidden. (The average small town disapproves of the privacy of an apartment for us teachers; the feeling seems to be that, free from the watchful eye of the landlady, we might indulge in some forbidden pleasure of almost unspeakable iniquity.) If I should ignore this ban on apartments and agree to share one with several of the other teachers so that our \$1085 salaries might go further, I should no doubt find myself in the predicament of three teachers whom I knew in a neighboring town. These girls, feeling that they could live more comfortably and economically in an apartment, rented one. Their housekeeping arrangements and callers immediately became the subject of local gossip, and when spring came, they were dismissed.

Not only my living quarters, but also my personal life and amusements, are mapped out for me. My dates, if any, are to be had only with the model young men on the approved list. In fact, my predecessor is reported to have lost her position here because she went out with a young fellow not exactly the idol of the community. I remember, too, an acquaintance of mine who was dismissed because she had dates with a young man in the town where she taught while she was known to be engaged to another back home. Furthermore, I dare not go out too often with a young man whom I do not expect to marry because there is a tendency among local matchmakers to consider more than five dates with the same person an engagement.

Some schools, I am told, have unwritten rules that a teacher should not attend school functions with dates no matter how respectable the young men are. This applies not only to dates with young people in town but also to those with members of the faculty. Some schools forbid men and women teachers to go together. Although the teachers here have never actually been forbidden to have dates at school functions, I should never have the courage to do so because of the comments and laughter with which my entrance would be marked. I might add that, on the whole, my male colleagues are a bit luckier than I concerning their association with the opposite sex, but even they set tongues wagging on the slightest provocation. Of course if I should marry, I should no doubt lose my position immediately.

Another personal restriction I dislike is in the realm of friendships. I may not go about with certain young people in the town because they do not come from the "right families" or they have done unconventional things. I may not associate with my students (no matter how much I might

be able to teach them outside of class) because such friendships are frowned upon. I am not encouraged to have close friendships with any of the teachers because we might form trouble-making cliques or we might acquire the habit of talking over school affairs in an undesirable way. For example, my present superintendent really went so far as to ask four of us to stop eating dinner together every evening.

Then there is the ban on smoking. As a teacher I should not dare smoke in public. If I care to indulge at all, it must be furtively down some country lane. (Nor are my male colleagues entirely free in this respect. One young man I know cannot smoke an after-breakfast cigarette because some high-school boys frequent the café where he eats.) Nor is the ban limited to smoking in *public*. It matters not a bit that the daughter of my landlady (who, by the way, is also a government employee) smokes downstairs. If I should light a cigarette here in my room as I write this, the news would be all over town in a week, and I should find myself looking for another job this spring. Many of our high-school girls smoke in restaurants. I, as a teacher, could not get away with it.

I am not arguing that I should be a better teacher if the taboo on smoking were abolished. Nor should I want to smoke at school, because I know that children in their early teens are inclined to misinterpret the things they see their elders doing. What I *do* resent is that I am not given the same freedom of choice the other respectable women of the town enjoy in these days when smoking is showing such a marked increase in popularity.

Naturally, drinking is likewise damned. If I sipped a cocktail, I would, in the language of the small-town gossips, "do anything" (an expression which to them signifies unlimited moral turpitude). I think

I am quite right in saying that none of us teachers would condone drunkenness and that we do not, as a rule, care to drink. However, I am quite well aware that while the sipping of an occasional cocktail would not affect the average woman's reputation, it would irreparably damage mine.

Some restraints seem even more senseless. Although the people of this community, unlike those of some small towns, do not consider it actually sinful to dance, they set a taboo upon all available dance halls and forget to invite me to their own dances. And although the prejudice against card playing is pretty well outgrown, one of my friends here does not dare invite her friends to her rooming house for a bridge party. Likewise, I may not go to Sunday movies, although the school board and many of the mothers and fathers of the community may attend with their children. I also think twice before I go to see one of Mae West's pictures and I am pretty cagey about recommending certain adult movies like *Design for Living*, for example, to people outside my profession.

Apparently even the most harmless of my amusements is under the scrutiny of certain people in the community. I am not exaggerating when I say that, in two towns where I have taught, the public librarians kept in pretty close touch with my reading habits, commenting accordingly upon the tastes of "those who guide the destinies of the young." (Woe unto me if I seek to beguile my spare time with a detective story!) I know that I, as an English teacher, cannot always afford to recommend such authors as Theodore Dreiser, Sinclair Lewis, Upton Sinclair, Eugene O'Neill, Ernest Hemingway, and countless others, because horrified parents have been known to complain when their children were found reading their works. The head of my department recently told me

that, if she put Dreiser on her outside reading lists, every minister in town would complain about it. And once I knew a teacher who was even shy about teaching *Silas Marner*, because she felt that it might be considered a little off-color!

II

The list of restrictions is long in the school where I now teach, a school of approximately a thousand students and thirty teachers. My colleagues and I are all required to eat our lunches at school, even though some of the men live within a block of the building. I am not permitted to receive telegrams, telephone calls, or special delivery letters at school. (Indeed, the story is told of a former teacher who was not given the telegram telling of her mother's death and missed her train to the funeral in consequence.) If I should feel ill, there is no place where I might lie down for a few minutes, nor is there a rest room where I might sit down for a moment's relaxation during my thirty minute recess at noon. I may not talk to teachers in the halls. I am required to be at school by eight in the morning and am frowned upon if I leave before four-thirty in the afternoon. However, I am frequently asked to return by five-thirty to spend the evening taking tickets at some school entertainment. I have a one-week Christmas vacation, which I must make up in June. Nor is the matter of dress entirely within my own hands; such things as fingernail polish, make-up, and coiffures are the objects of caustic comments made by those in authority.

In the community where I work, the popular assumption is that a teacher's life belongs to the community, so I am subject to the whims of the citizens. For example, I am expected to spend most of my

week ends in town. I must attend church regularly, and I am really expected to teach a Sunday-school class in spite of the fact that I have already faced these same youngsters for forty hours during the previous week. If I had a better voice, I should also be expected to sing in the choir. Indeed, the local attitude toward church attendance is so exacting that I have recently caught myself sneaking down a back street to and from breakfast on those mornings when I did not attend church.

Religion might play another part in my life as a teacher. If I were either Catholic or Jewish, I am sure that I should have a hard time getting a job in the average Midwestern small town. I have often thought that I should prefer to join the Episcopal Church, but I am told that a similar prejudice exists against members of that church because some of the natives ignorantly associate the Episcopal church service with Catholicism.

In English classes, where the subject matter of even such harmless poems as "The Ancient Mariner" or "The Lady of the Lake" calls for frequent explanations concerning Catholicism, I find myself in danger of being misquoted and labeled Catholic; and my colleagues in the history department report similar difficulties.

I have little time of my own. I am not only expected to attend church and Sunday school as bidden, but I am supposed to take part in as many outside activities as the community sees fit to ask me to, no matter whether I have time or not. It doesn't matter how many hours I spend outside of school coaching plays, directing a school newspaper or annual, leading young people's groups, or training students for endless contests; if I am called upon to give a book review, judge a group of essays, or help with a local, home-talent show, I must find time for it. Nevertheless, I know that

I shall always be reminded that I really have a soft job because I teach only five days a week.

I am forced to associate almost entirely with other teachers. I have reason to believe that my experience of attending small town churches without being spoken to by any member of the supposedly friendly congregation is not unique. And I hope I do not seem too cynical when I say that in my community most of the town parties to which the other teachers and I are invited are benefit affairs. Never are we invited to those intimate little parties at which people become really acquainted, and even at the large ones most of the friendly advances must be made by the teachers. We are often seated by ourselves and are seldom included in the conversation. Thus we seldom feel free in our association with outsiders.

Another matter which rankles is that of salary. In these days of depression the taxpayer feels that I am getting too much. My colleagues and I get between \$1000 and \$1400 a year, but the taxpayer seldom remembers to divide that sum by twelve before he compares it with his own income. If I ever dare remind him of this, he always replies that I have a longer vacation than he. Yes, but I've never known a teacher who asked for three months of forced unemployment. Personally, I find scraping and saving for vacations one of the most unpleasant things about teaching.

And while I'm on the subject of money, I might remark that no member of the community is ever more consistently solicited for charity than the teacher, nor is there any other profession, except the ministry, perhaps, where employees are expected to go on cheerfully working without any pay at all, as have vast numbers of teachers within the past few years. Not

only am I supposed to contribute to the local church, but I am also expected to give to two orphanages, the Red Cross, the Tuberculosis Association, the Salvation Army, and the Community Chest. In addition to that, I am offered tickets for any number of raffles held for this and that purpose; I am invited to benefit teas and bridges; and I am asked to pay for the privilege of having countless Ladies Aid Societies embroider my name on quilts.

I am also faced with the prejudice against out-of-town and out-of-state teachers. The complaint is that I take my money out of town during vacations. A few years ago some local merchants went so far as to try to influence the school board to pass a ruling saying my colleagues and I should spend our money here where we are employed. Yet the wives and daughters of these same merchants do *their* shopping in cities. This community, like many others, takes an active (and unwholesome) interest in the way my friends and I spend our money. I am criticized for buying a fur coat. If I take pains in the selection of my clothes, they complain that I dress too well; but if I buy less expensive things from the limited stock of the local stores, I am criticized for looking dowdy. Automobiles owned by teachers are frowned upon here, even though the other transportation facilities are abominable. If I should take a trip to Europe, as one of my friends did, I should be regarded with suspicion. (I am at a loss to explain this logically. For some reason trips abroad never seem to be associated in the small-town mind with education, but rather with having some sort of wicked fling. Perhaps it is a suspicion of the unknown.) And for me to deposit money in the postal savings bank would be nothing short of a crime, because the local bank needs my patronage. This attitude still persists here in spite of the

fact that we lost all our savings in bank failures a few years ago.

My political relationship with my community is peculiar. I am expected to vote; yet it would be unwise for me to exert any active political influence. I have known of several small towns in this state where teachers electioneered for a losing member of the school board and were consequently dismissed by the new board. I teach in a town where there has been considerable labor trouble within the past few years. We teachers are strongly advised to keep our opinions to ourselves. In one mining town in Illinois last year, a teacher engaged actively in a union controversy and was immediately dismissed.

As a matter of fact, soon after I began teaching I concluded that to express an opinion of any kind on any subject, either in the classroom or outside, was dangerous. All the teachers to whom I have ever talked seem to feel the same way. There are, I presume, several reasons for this. In the first place, students are grossly inaccurate in repeating what their teachers have to say. Then, too, most of us can still remember reading about the Scopes trial. I find that a disbelief in the theory of evolution is not confined to Tennessee. I know from my conversation with small-town people that they hold some mighty conservative and misleading opinions. Red-baiting is popular these days, and too few ordinary citizens bother to distinguish between liberal opinion and the most radical.

Yes, not only politics, but also national policies, community issues, religion, prohibition, sex, and evolution are topics which I, as a teacher, had better leave alone. (I am also aware of the fact that I cannot afford to admit the authorship of an article like this.) In this community I should not dare applaud any phase of the policies of Soviet Russia or Fascist Italy, or suggest

that Wall Street and our legal system need reforming. I should not even think it very judicious to express my unmitigated scorn for the soft thinking of some of our early American poets, because they are so revered by certain members of the community. Is it any wonder, then, that modern education is sometimes criticized for side-stepping some of the main issues of our complex civilization and thereby failing to teach life as it really is?

III

Well, all this makes me stop to take a look at myself. What has happened to me in the seven years I have taught school? Have I become schoolteacherish?

I look about me and see teachers who have become sour, who have become either hypocrites or prigs, who are warped through lack of contact with people outside the profession, who have lost all interest in the opposite sex (or at least hope) and have become careless in their appearance, who have grown dull and uninteresting, who have lost poise, who can be identified immediately as schoolteachers and are too often the objects of derision.

I do not want to become like that, and yet I realize that certain unpleasant things have happened to me. Vainly I retain the hope that I am still human, that I still possess a sense of humor, and that I still don't look quite like the typical schoolteacher. Yet I'll have to admit that I don't dress and groom myself so well as I did seven years ago. I know that the constant strain of discipline has made me nervous. I come home each evening completely exhausted by the day's work. Seldom do I feel the urge to write. I have ceased to have vigorous opinions and ideas. My mind has grown slovenly. My vocabulary has degenerated through constant avoidance of

words which high-school students wouldn't understand. I can no longer command unstinted respect and enthusiasm from my students, as I did in my first year of teaching. I am too tired in the evening to read the great number of books which I read in my college days. If I am invited out, I now lack social poise, not only in meeting the opposite sex, but also in talking to women outside my profession. Men seldom seek my company any more, and I should no doubt cut a sad figure on the dance floor. Indeed, I have become so used to obeying the restrictions imposed upon me by my community that even when I am away on a vacation I find myself unable to let loose and have a good time. I have become more or less hypocritical. I have grown selfish and pessimistic, and above all things, I am dissatisfied with my lot. The subtle inertia which makes school-teachers fall into a rut has overcome me, and I sign my contract each spring and stick it out for another year, rather than face the uncertainty of doing something new. Yet I am not dissatisfied because I actually *want* to do indiscreet and immoral things which would hurt my school, but merely because I resent being treated as a child and being told that I *mustn't* do them. In other words, I'd like to be treated as an adult human being once more.

My case, I believe, is not unique. What, then, are to be the social consequences when large numbers of small-town teachers are subjected to similar restraints?

Well, one thing that happens is that many intellectually vigorous, worthwhile men and women shun the teaching profession entirely, because of the lack of freedom in personal life. These are the very people who ought to teach, if the schools are to train young people for good citizenship and fruitful living. Still others who refuse

to lose their individuality go on to larger cities and school systems that place fewer restrictions on personal freedom, shunning the small towns which they could help most if it were not for these ridiculous taboos. Those who, like me, stick it out in the small towns, often fail in dealing with students. I have observed that young people do not arrive entirely by themselves at the conclusion that I, as a teacher, am not human and "wouldn't understand." There exists a subtle conspiracy between parents and children against me, as a teacher. If Johnny doesn't get along well at school, it must be because his teacher is inhuman. This feeling seems to be handed down from generation to generation, and until the parents themselves help break up this prejudice, their children will always be handicapped in their relationships with us teachers. Another (and to me more serious) result of this dehumanizing process is that it robs my colleagues and me of what should be one of our most important functions—the preparation of minds which look to a rapidly changing future rather than to the past.

Yet I cannot truly interpret modern life to my students if I am forced to live as an outsider who may not be permitted to share the normal life of the community. I cannot train them for a coming social order if I am not permitted to question anything in the existing system without being classed as a radical or a dangerous public enemy. I cannot deal intelligently with the problems of a vitally changing world if I am afraid to expound any ideas less than fifty years old. I cannot win the respect of the young, whom I ought to lead, if I am to be a mere namby-pamby.

I believe, then, that citizens defeat their own ends when they force my colleagues and me to become schoolteacherish.

PROPAGANDA ON THE AIR

BY IRVING KOLODIN

WHEN Franklin D. Roosevelt leaned over to the microphone on that historic March fifth of 1933 and said, "My friends," for the first time on the air from the White House, he was inditing more than a few remarks, important as they were at the time, on the Banking Crisis. He was setting a precedent in the dissemination of propaganda by radio which has multiplied and diversified itself in a thousand ways since. Who could have foreseen in that sanctimonious beginning the recent etherial dogfight among the Messrs. Long, Johnson, and Father Coughlin? It used to be said that a statesman was a politician with a job; now it might be said that a statesman is a demagogue with a microphone and a network.

To realize the vast potentialities of propaganda on the air one need merely consider the most recent figures on the distribution of radios in American homes. As a result of a survey embracing over 120,000 field interviews, a table in *Radio Retailing* (March, 1935) set the number at 21,455,799—or, more graphically, established the fact that 69.4% of all the homes in the 48 states are now radio-equipped. Accepting NBC's own estimate of 3.1 persons per family, this gives a potential audience of 66,512,977 to radio—or the power to reach simultaneously well over half of the entire populace. This marks by far the largest number of sets in use, the most considerable potential audience

yet at the disposal of radio, and, together with the vastly increased use of its facilities for propaganda purposes, totals to a situation the like of which has never perplexed our citizens before. Demagoguery has ever flourished in what our forefathers were wont to call "hard times" (thus imputing a measure of spirit-assuaging sacrificial forbearance to a purely man-made economic situation); but a Populist or Free Silver man or Single Taxer of forty years ago who found an audience of a few thousand awaiting his words considered himself blessed indeed; today's demagogue is scarcely a member of the guild in good standing if he cannot persuade himself that a good majority of those 21,455,799 sets are tuned to his wave length at the appropriate hour. There is little consolation for the fretting citizen who prefers to do his own thinking in the knowledge that he can snap off his radio or adjust the dials to something more palatable; if he is honest, he realizes that a dozen million radio owners have been waiting eagerly to drink in the words that he dismisses as bunk or nonsense. Since this is still a democracy, they are his masters when the ballots are counted. What is he to think? What is he to do? Is there a course of action that is open to him?

Propaganda on a large scale via the air in America must be regarded as an offshoot of the deepest period of the depression. Prior to 1932, the easiest way for a broadcasting station to insure itself a fruitless

half-hour was to schedule a talk on national or international policy, taxation or misrepresentation, civic reform or legislative corruption. There were simply no takers—save for such an exceptional item as the inauguration of a president, the broadcast of election returns, or the speech of a visiting diplomat. In each of these instances, however, some secondary factor established them as functions or contests or news events whose interest for the listener had little to do with their essential social significance. But in February of this year, 6.4% of all programs on the networks of the National Broadcasting Company were officially described as “dealing with the social sciences” (as near to an admission of shaping public opinion as the company permits itself). Or, in more easily visualized terms, 17.2% of all nonmusical programs.

It was the Bank Holiday, the talk of a Gold Standard, Inflation, and Currency Depreciation to which this interest may be attributed. For they aroused in the public mind a vast if superficial curiosity. Every clerk, homeward bound on the subway or streetcar, could acquaint himself with the profundities of economic policy, from his newspaper, and shortly establish himself as an expert in any field that suited his fancy. Thereafter, reading became too much trouble; the radio offered itself to him as a device permitting him to be pupil and critic simultaneously, without even the trouble of reading. With the concurrent usage of the gadget for state purposes, as a favor of the commercial networks, by the President of the United States (thus placing an official seal upon its authority), the establishment of radio as a prime organ of propaganda was but a sequential happening in an illogical chain of events.

Quite the most illogical of these happenings was the elevation of a priest of the

Catholic Church to a position of counselor on every conceivable subject to 30,000,000 Americans. The loudest noises of Father Coughlin (officially pronounced *Kog-lin*) have unquestionably been those released in the political and economic arena; but he is as proud of the fact that during some weeks as many as 200 divorces have been averted by the replies he sends to the frantic pleas of his harassed listeners as he is of the 200,000 telegrams to the Senate incited by his address in opposition to the World Court (on January 27) or the 100,000 messages supporting the Patman Bill after his broadcast urging that course (on May 5). In the one role he may be conceived to be functioning as a faithful servant of the Catholic Church in its traditional stand on divorce; in the other guise, however, his words have no more essential value than those of any other American citizen, lay or clerical. But Electricity and the brains of Marconi, De Forest, and countless others have given him a Delphic potency, which carries his words into 10,000,000 living rooms weekly—winged, disembodied, infallible as the Pope he patronizes by occasionally quoting.

From a parish housing, in all, three dozen Catholic families comes a voice that has summoned to its active support at least 12,000,000 adult Americans—the number of correspondents whose names repose in his files. From a first broadcast in 1926, over a single local station in Detroit (the manifestation of a desperate wish to relieve his church of a debt burden by enlarging his flock), with a mail response of eight letters, Father Coughlin has catapulted to an independent network embracing 31 stations (certain of which have found it expedient to emphasize from time to time that his use of their facilities is paid for by himself, disclaiming responsibility for his utterances). A single

broadcast has not infrequently brought half a million letters of approval within a week, or by far the largest response to any broadcast not offering free prizes. Though he claims never to have solicited money directly in his broadcasts, some magic power in his voice lures huge numbers of dollars from his devotees. Enough money, indeed, to build a \$750,000 shrine that dwarfs the modest structure in which he began his career; to pay a weekly bill for radio time that amounted in 1934 (for the 27 stations he was using then) to \$14,000 for each session, or \$300,000 for the five winter months; to maintain a clerical staff of 220 persons, who open, sort, answer, and file his mail; to purchase a half-interest in the Detroit publishing plant where his discourses are prepared for distribution to 3,000,000 avid correspondents each year; to support such activities as the Radio League of the Little Flower and its contemporary offshoot, the National Union for Social Justice.

Together with Long and Johnson, Father Coughlin is an irresistibly compelling orator, with as much potency, in the mere rise and fall of his voice, as Hitler. But for the source of his puissance, one must look beyond merely its manly timbre, his gift for inflammatory discourse artfully blended with parables and Biblical quotations, his able research technique. It is important that alone among the demagogues now assaulting the public ear, he has allied his career indissolubly with radio. Before he discovered the magic in the microphone, he was only a parish priest, indistinguishable from many thousand others. His great flair for the dramatization of words and syllables finds its most congenial medium in a mechanism that permits him to remain unseen, for he is far less effectual either in the flesh or in a newsreel. He is a superlative per-

former, in a purely histrionic sense, with his vocal cords; and has so impressed himself upon his following that he can now risk the dangers of indiscriminate public appearances (always, however, in the presence of a microphone). And his devotees don't even permit their eyes to censor the verdict of their ears.

Thus, it is scarcely relevant to list Father Coughlin's recorded inconsistencies, contradictions, confusions, and reversals of position in an attempt to discredit him as a political thinker or a social philosopher, for there is no evidence to indicate that his appeal would be affected in the slightest by such documentary proof of his incompetence. The intelligent minority is no doubt conscious of his *volte face* on the subject, for example, of Henry Ford. But does that alter the impression, on his faithful millions, of the next judgment he may pronounce? Two issues of the *New York Times* are before me as I write: one proclaims, "PRIEST SAYS THAT FORD AIDS COMMUNISM"; the other cries, "COUGHLIN DEFENDS FORD AS A PATRIOT." It is hardly important that the date of the first is July 26, 1930; of the second, September 6, 1933. As utterances they impress themselves equally upon the prejudice centers of his supporters (who thought of Ford then as a traitor, now as a model citizen) until such time as another command from on high sways them to a different belief. Again, he may defend NRA with tremendous passion (as he did in 1934) and attack it as violently in 1935. Do his followers rebel, asking at least for consistency on so fundamental a problem? The only consternation to be discerned is in Washington; for we were subsequently informed by the press that: "On March 4 [1935] authorized spokesmen for the administration will take part in a two-hour broadcast to reply to Father Cough-

lin's attacks on NRA." But nothing paints a more vivid picture of his power, the people it sways, and its peculiar relationship to radio than the description of the telegrams that engulfed Washington after his address in favor of the bonus. "Many of the messages," according to a news syndicate, "apparently were sent by people who did not even know what they were talking about; some urged acceptance of the Patman 'report,' others demanded an 'introduction' of the Patman bill, and still others called for an early 'report' of the Patman bill." What recourse has the liberal against a power that can inspire so automatic an obedience?

II

Though the Radio Priest's two most prominent competitors (for the portion of the public either anti-Coughlin or not yet committed to his support) are far more orthodox figures in the annals of demagoguery, both Long and Johnson are equally masters of ethereal artifice. Certainly a politician who can triumph over the ignominy of a public beating—in, of all places, the lavatory of a country club—yet impress millions with his qualifications for the highest office within the gift of the electorate is no man to be dismissed (as many liberals content themselves with doing) as a mere clown. Mingled with the plainness of his discourse, the obvious *rapport* with the common man established by his grammatical involutions, his groping for words, is the towering practicality of what the Senator from Louisiana offers. Long's bow may have but a single string, but with it he shoots a golden arrow straight to the hearts of his countrymen. What avail are the blunt weapons of rationality, the popguns of logic against a member of the United States Senate arrayed in the

shining armor of a "Share the Wealth" movement, who personally promises every miner, truck driver, and hod carrier "\$5000 in cash, a home, a radio and a car"? Though his utterances may not conform to the Websterian interpretation of propaganda—"an advocate of a particular doctrine or system"—they assuredly constitute propaganda of a most formidable order. He deals not with theories of government, reforms of the existing order, or social justice; he merely states baldly that there is somewhere, within easy reach, a certain amount of cash waiting to be distributed to its rightful owners, the common people (i. e., the supporters of Huey P. Long). One need hardly fill in the picture it suggests: a farmer sullenly contemplating his prospects (his overdue loan, his poor crop, the low prices it will bring), turning to the radio for consolation and forgetfulness to find himself offered \$5000 in cash by a United State Senator and to be informed that it is his, not merely for the asking, but for the taking—simply by marking the proper square on the ballot the next time he goes to the polls. Is the liberals' talk of Long's military dictatorship, an attack on the 24-hour "revision" of Louisiana's constitution, or a painstaking analysis of the flaws in the "Share the Wealth" program, going to sound out against the crisp eloquence of a hundred \$50 Treasury notes? The question begets its own answer.

As Father Coughlin is the spiritual counselor to the American people, and Long the material, so General Johnson fits neatly into the necessity for a patriotic spokesman to complete the triangle that has for ages constituted man's framework of thought. His purely accidental entry into the glare of the inner arena was accomplished at a dinner given to ballyhoo the then-imminent publication of his mem-

airs — which plainly indicates the low ebb of his prominence on March 3. The extent to which he values his services as seer and soothsayer to the confused populace, the phenomenal egotism that has possessed him in these few brief months, may be understood without further citation than his conduct at a recent public appearance. On April 30 he refused to deliver what was modestly described as the “greatest speech of his career” at a meeting of businessmen in Philadelphia, because only two stations were putting him on the air instead of the national network he had anticipated. The United Press dispatch of May 1 declared:

Pushing aside the microphones, he refused to speak at all. Later when his good humour returned, he delivered a brief address in defense of NRA. Miss Frances Robinson, his secretary, announced that he will make “the greatest speech of his career” May 7 in Kentucky, when his network will be more extensive.

Thus it is the privilege of these mechanized Demosthenes not only to pick their words, but their audiences as well. Thomas Jefferson did not disdain to travel miles on horseback for the purpose of interviewing his constituency individually; but General Johnson won’t play unless he has an audience of at least 10,000,000. So long as they avoid gutter talk or the more common catalogue of four-letter words, the Longs, Johnsons, and Father Coughlins can deliver into the air any inanity it pleases them to espouse, so great is their prestige, so vast the confusion in the land of radio. In fact, so considerable a grasp has the idea, in their direction, of free speech impressed itself on the moguls of radio that both Coughlin and Long, when they asked for the privilege of replying to Johnson’s double-barreled discharge on March 4, were allowed to reply without

even the necessity of submitting their speeches in advance (according to a representative of NBC).

That the tradition of free speech and a free press is an ideal to be safeguarded in America hardly needs insistence here. Paint the picture as black as we may — the vision of a farmer in Wisconsin, a fruitgrower in Florida, a pantspresser in the Bronx, all being pumped full of any windy guff that a Coughlin, a Long, or a Johnson chooses to utter — a cry for official censorship is merely an escape. Moreover, it is a path which leads inevitably to a chasm as deep and twice as broad as any that confronts us now. There are already sufficient possibilities of censorship in the present organization of radio to make any agitation for control sheerly suicidal. Through its licensing provisions, the Federal Communications Commission even now possesses a weapon by which it can sweep from the air any operator whose activities it deems injurious to the welfare of the nation. That is a possibility yet remote, of course, in the present situation. But the commercial underwriting of radio in America suggests another avenue of censorship quite as effective and infinitely more insidious. The thinking American has merely to consider the course of radio to date to realize the tacit support that is currently being given to what he may naïvely regard as radical doctrines.

III

It is factual that KDKA, the first commercial broadcasting station, was the fruit of Westinghouse Electric’s desire to convert into peacetime profits the vast machinery, which it had installed during the war, for manufacturing radio equipment for the army and navy. The station’s establishment in 1920 found radio a pica-

yune business of some two million dollars annually, largely expended for commercial equipment. Within ten years radio had grown to represent an invested capital of \$235,000,000 in broadcasting equipment and factory machinery; while in 1934 alone the total of retail sales amounted to \$235,628,000. Originally, broadcasting was conceived as a method for promoting the sale of equipment, and the incentive for purchase was the entertainment available on the air. But the vast potentialities, for advertising purposes, of a device permanently installed in the homes of millions of consumers—a device which required no ability to read, no purchase of papers or magazines, no use of signboards or placards—could not long be overlooked. In 1923, the first sales circular was issued by WEAf, offering, at \$100 each, ten-minute sales talks, in which approximately 750 words could be delivered. But the first sponsored program of entertainment was not broadcast by NBC until 1925; and the Queensborough Corporation, publicizing a real-estate development in Jackson Heights, N. Y., are immortalized as the pioneers. On New Year's Eve of the same year, the first sponsored program employing a national network was broadcast by NBC on behalf of the Victor Phonograph Company. Thus the physical shape of the new industry may be already discerned. Although in 1926, there were 5,000,000 Americans who were willing to put up with the inconvenience and inefficiencies of battery-operated sets, it was not until electrified receiving equipment came into general use in 1927 (through the perfection of the AC vacuum tube) that broadcasting began to manifest something of its present vigor.

Entertainment was still the *raison d'être* of radio, but it was no longer entertainment provided by a manufacturer eager

to sell sets; it was entertainment paid for by countless sponsors with *innumerable* products to sell. Like the early railroad capitalists who discovered that more money was to be made through the manipulation of railroad stocks than in the mere operation of a service for a legitimate profit, the *entrepreneurs* of radio discovered that sets could practically be given away and yet be the basis of a vastly profitable business, through the sale of advertising time. Who cannot remember when a twelve-tube super-something-or-other in a Florentine cabinet was not considered a good buy at a mere \$350? (An outfit performing essentially the same service can now be procured, tubes included, for \$11.98.) To be sure, the first figure represents the product of a luxury industry at the height of a boom; and the stringency of present-day competition has contributed importantly to the latter figure. But some other factors must be involved in the circumstance that the average price of radio sets declined from \$133, in 1929, to \$62, in 1931, and has come down still further to \$45.40, for all types of radios, in 1934, while table models were still lower, in average price, at \$34.65. There is still a good margin of profit represented by these sums, of course, but that is hardly important; impressive is the fact that radio prices have been deflated by nearly 300% in 5 years. Even considering the general depression of prices over this period, the sale of sponsored time on the air is to be credited largely with this decrease.

Thus, in the American scheme of things, radio by 1931 had come into its true situation—an entertainment device supported by the sale of time for advertising purposes. It must serve those ends with satisfaction to its sponsors, though I have long been skeptical of that point. Re-

peatedly, surveys have demonstrated that radio listeners have but the vaguest impression of what product it is that brings them one entertainer or another. It is a familiar fact that a whole trade may benefit from the expenditures of a particular manufacturer; that, when a certain black-face team was the greatest menace to domestic tranquillity in America, drugstore clerks by the score would be asked for Amos n' Andy Toothpaste—whereupon they would offer the purchaser whatever was most conveniently within reach. *Broadcast Advertising* for August 1932 reported that following a program that issued a stern warning against pink toothbrush (in order to sell a medicament that would avert that awful happening) 400 persons asked clerks in the stores of a single chain of drug retailers for pink toothbrushes. And a cosmetic manufacturer, sponsoring a program entitled "An Evening in Paris," prompted so large a demand for a perfume of that name (though none such was mentioned or marketed) that the words were promptly deposited upon a concoction which, thereafter, outsold all other of his preparations combined. On another occasion a large number of listeners identified, for a survey, the "Sherlock Holmes" hour as a gratuity of the W. J. Burns Detective Agency! It is easy to see parallels of the Coughlin-Patman-Bill-Report-Plan telegrams in such examples of radio attentiveness.

Despite these somewhat confusing indications of the effectiveness of radio sales promotion, national advertisers spent, during 1934, \$42,659,461 for radio time, or about 15% of the amount disbursed in all the newspapers and magazines of the country combined. For an industry whose commercial career is barely ten years old, this is an amazing showing. Moreover, during

the entire period of the depression, it was the sole advertising medium to show a consistent gain in income. But more important than its relationship to other forms of advertising is its significance in the maintenance of broadcasting, as such. Not only do commercial sponsors provide an overwhelming proportion of the pretentious programs which symbolize broadcasting to us (as well as a good proportion of the trash), but they also pay, indirectly, the bills for the sustaining programs during the rest of the day. And the use of radio by commercial sponsors is still on the rise—March, 1935, was the best month in this respect yet experienced by the radio industry, with a proportion of nearly 40% of sponsored time against slightly more than 60% sustaining.

How relevant this is to propaganda and the radio is implied in the realization that the ultimate power of censorship over the nation's important radio outlets obviously reposes with the large advertisers. In spite of the fact that Father Coughlin pays \$14,000 for each session of broadcasting (less at the moment, since he is using a half-hour period at after-midnight rates in the Eastern district) and uses a network composed of independent stations, it is patent that even these 31 stations could not long continue their commercial careers were this their only income. Advertising keeps them alive, and money for advertising is spent by those who would suffer most under a new political dispensation. Merely an agreement to withhold advertising from these 31 stations, or any others he might seek to use, could effect a censorship of the eminent priest immediately, were it deemed necessary.

That it has not been deemed necessary in his particular case merely indicates that his outwardly radical manifestations have been shrewdly appraised and found not

inherently dangerous by those who are spending the money that keeps radio alive. But Father Coughlin is merely a transient phenomenon. Suppose the farm states should give birth to a figure as vigorous and as inflammatory — an agitator, moreover, with a sincere and plausible program for expropriating or seriously limiting the large industrialists — who should, for example, command the allegiance of the 17,000,000 currently unemployed. Would the avenues of radio be open to him, even if he had the cash to pay for the privilege? One need scarcely invoke the vision of an advertisers' boycott of the offending stations, for radio itself is a big business with an enormous investment, a vast yearly expenditure, and a turnover of well over \$200,000,000 annually. One need merely remember the action of WOR, in refusing to sell time to the Newspaper Guild to present its side of the *Newark Ledger* controversy (in March) to realize the possibility of such a procedure.

IV

Thus, it is patent that two of the three factors in the organization of our society — the administration in power and the large industrialists — hold a real or implied power of censorship over radio. It is only the thinking citizen, appalled by the menace of what he hears from his loud-speaker, the liberal who writhes under the fallacies and economic ignorance of the reigning demagogues, who has no ready-made weapons with which to fight. He will support the attitude that any man should have access to the air to say what he will, for that is an essential canon of his code; he will envy the talents of a Father Coughlin who can enlist a following that supports him with finances sufficient to com-

pose his own network; he will, as a last resort, tune out the offending voice and take refuge in a string quartet or a short-wave broadcast of the chimes of Big Ben. But on the other side of his wall words that will inevitably order his life and the lives of his children's children are being broadcast to other listeners.

What he will not do, apparently, is to fight impressive nonsense with even more impressive sense, as vigorously, as shrewdly, and, if need be, as flamboyantly and with the same weapon — the radio. It is doubly ironic to consider that our inactive liberals are precisely the elements in the communal life who are endowed with the talents to reveal graphically and forcefully the charlatanism of those who have the public ear at the moment. If they would influence the populace to a saner mode of thought, it is wholly within their power — were the problem to be attacked with as much showmanship, as great a command of the arts of ballyhoo, as the Messrs. Long, Johnson, and Father Coughlin possess. Mere reason, mere statistics, mere logic and common sense would be so much wasted effort. Any movement designed to effect a rational and unhysterical solution of the present difficulties must nevertheless adopt the tactics which have, demonstrably, impressed the mass of the listening public. The presentation must be equally engrossing, equally well-dramatized, equally understandable by vastly various degrees of intelligence — and twice as persuasive.

But, as ever, the liberal weakness is lack of organization, a predisposition to inaction, a fatal ability to see both sides of every question and discern some good in each. That way may lie dignity — but meanwhile, propaganda on the air grows daily in power and pervasiveness.

THE CUSTOMER IS ALWAYS WRONG

BY EUGENE LYONS

DESPITE a recent growth in the availability of so-called consumers' goods in the Soviet Union, the demand for articles of everyday necessity is still vastly in excess of supply. The hunger for the five-and-ten-cent blessings of industrial civilization, let alone more costly items, is perhaps the most obtrusive social fact in present-day Russia. Many years of extreme shortage have fixed national buying habits in patterns of meekness that will not easily dissolve even after goods are more plentiful.

Shopping is no simple over-the-counter transaction. It is a complicated political ritual. The value of the national currency, the ruble, shifts acrobatically according to where it is spent and by whom, and in some shops, hotels, and restaurants it is not legal tender at all. Some stores are open to all comers, but many others—among them some of the most desirable—are reserved for privileged sectors of the public. Some sell to everybody at dizzy prices, others to holders of coupons only and at relatively low prices.

The principal varieties of shops and shoppers in Moscow, for instance, roughly typical for the rest of the country, are as follows:

1. Closed distributories, attached to particular institutions or factories and reserved exclusively for their officials and employees.

2. Commercial stores, open to the entire population, but with prices pitched de-

liberately at a level beyond the reach of all but a minority of better-paid elements.

3. Co-operatives, where some goods are sold to all comers, and others only against food-book coupons in extremely limited quantities; frequently certain products are sold only against orders distributed as rewards for conscientious work.

4. Foreigners' shops, set aside for foreign engineers and other specialists; normally better-stocked than the ordinary co-operatives and theoretically intended to give these outsiders a bourgeois standard of living.

5. Torgsin stores, in which only those who have foreign currency, gold or silver bullion or precious stones—*valuta* is the term used to describe these media of exchange—may trade; Soviet currency is not accepted.

6. Restaurants, hotels, and a few booths operated on a double standard of currency, one set of prices in *valuta*, the other in Soviet rubles. (The official fiction of a stable currency is thrown overboard here and the true relation between foreign and Soviet money, anywhere from twenty to thirty rubles to the dollar, is reflected in the two sets of menus or price lists.)

7. Private markets, the only shopping centers not operated by the government; here the remnants of the private trading class, always referred to as "speculators" by the press, sell to everybody at exorbitant prices.

Nor does this exhaust the diversity or

more than suggest the complications. There are hybrid forms and intermediary types and shops that hover uncertainly between two categories. Left-overs from liquidated varieties of trade somehow hold on with bleeding fingernails. New permutations, moreover, are achieved on short notice through sudden decrees and official instructions or new drives against speculators. The types I have listed are norms, the precise dimensions and variations of which depend upon the whims of a centralized bureaucracy and, even more so, upon the acuteness of goods shortage at any given moment.

There is a satirical story, celebrated in Soviet literature, about the Russian who visits the outside world for the first time. Arriving in Riga, he is so overcome with the ease of purchasing food that he soon fills his hotel room with great heaps of leberwurst, smoked hams, barrels of butter, and other delicacies.

This anecdote is a caricature of reality, but it has a sound basis of fact. Even foreigners, after a long sojourn in the new Russia, confront the capitalist system of free and unrestricted shopping with a shock of surprise. They need a few days to accustom themselves once more to the idea of buying what they want when they want it. Despite themselves they approach the sales clerk a little diffidently, like interlopers.

That diffidence marks the essential contrast between shopping under the Soviets and in the rest of the world. All your life your pocketbook has been the object of tender attentions. You have been cajoled and fooled and frightened into buying. Advertisements and window displays and radio ballyhoo have tempted and bludgeoned you into acquiring things and more things. Floorwalkers have bowed you into stores, and obsequious salespeople have

catered to your foibles. In short, you are that uncrowned monarch of bourgeois economy — the customer.

There is no such solicitude for the buyer inside the Soviet boundaries. Because of the tragic deficiency of goods, and because the profit motives have for the most part been eliminated, buying is often a privilege reserved for deserving Soviet citizens. It is a privilege carefully guarded by rules and regulations, food cards, a system of ration categories, closed distributories, closed restaurants, different price scales for different customers, and other elaborate precautions.

The considerable exceptions are provided by the limited, and rather pathetic, private markets, the government commercial shops, and the Torgsin stores, where foreign currency, gold, silver, and diamonds are the media of exchange. But here, too, demand is normally so far ahead of supply that the seller has the whip hand over the buyer. The habit of gratitude for permission to purchase, moreover, is by this time so deeply ingrained that the Soviet citizen behaves with the meekness of a poor relation getting a hand-out, rather than the hauteur of a customer conferring his patronage on a shop.

The customer is always wrong, in Russia today. It is the shop, the sales clerk, the distributing trust, that has the upper hand. The customer stands patiently in line for hours. Humbly, gratefully, he accepts inferior goods, shoddy garments, wormy vegetables, badly made shoes. Tremulously he passes on to his best friends the tidings that some deficit item — milk or meat or neckties — can be bought at a certain place. These tidings, unfortunately, spread like wildfire through the entire city, and by the time his friends reach the favored spot the deficit item has been completely sold out.

II

The customer even changes his place of employment, if he can, because the new office or factory is reputed to possess a better-stocked closed store or restaurant, open to its employees only. Better accommodations for buying things, especially food, are much more important than the amount of wages. I know men who have taken new work involving a 50% wage reduction in order to obtain access to a particular closed distributory. Or the customer assiduously cultivates the favor of some official whom he despises because through his intercession an extra kilogram of herring or another pair of socks can occasionally be obtained. He becomes an *udarnik* or shock-brigadier and pace-setter in his factory because that gives him priority when official orders for certain items of apparel and food are distributed. His whole standard of living depends, not merely on his income, but on his right to spend that income advantageously.

The ordinary Russian out shopping knows his place. He treads softly and handles the seller tactfully. The habit of humility is so strong upon him that even where his trade is wanted, as in the Torgsin stores, he behaves like an intruder. These shops are the only place where the government, sorely in need of foreign currency, does encourage buying. But the Russian customers remain self-effacing and apologetic in Torgsin emporiums as elsewhere. The seller's advantage over the buyer under conditions of chronic shortage is too great to be shaken off.

Under these circumstances, naturally, the sales clerk has developed a sense of superiority, an arrogance, without parallel in the outside world. He makes no secret of the evident fact that in selling you something he is conferring a major favor. Anyone who ventures to choose or cavil about quality gets short shrift.

Shopping in Moscow calls for a lot of patience and a stiff upper lip. A Soviet citizen is not offended if he is turned away brusquely from the doors of a shop, with a curt demand for some document or other which he does not possess. Indeed, he will not venture beyond the threshold until he ascertains whether the privilege of trading in the place is open to him.

Nor is he disappointed when he cannot get what he wants — on the contrary, he is surprised when he can. The fine, juicy-looking cheeses may be merely painted wood and the rows of attractive tin cans on the shelves only empty embellishments. He will rarely object to a frigid reception from the official shopkeepers. If he withdraws his trade, they will be greatly relieved — they hate to see goods going out of the shop and nothing but money coming in.

The fact that an item is displayed in the shop window is certainly no guarantee that it is available within. Soviet shop windows are not arranged to lure buyers. The relation between the contents of a window and the contents of a shop is in many instances extremely sketchy. Since nobody is especially interested in forcing sales, the windows are largely capitalist left-overs. Indeed, the appetite of the passer-by having been whetted by a fine window display, he discovers as often as not that he is not allowed to enter the shop. The display in that case begins to partake of the nature of a taunt — the same sort of taunt, the communists will inform you wickedly, as a well-stocked window is to a penniless person in a capitalist city.

Thus steeled against chagrin, and practically immune to insult, the ordinary Russian goes about his shopping. The process has for him an edge of adventure.

If the gods who manage such things are on his side, he may pick up unexpected articles to wear or to eat, or discover some place where cigarettes are for sale without restrictions, or get at some deficit treasure, like onions, without standing in line.

The closed distributories, except the one attached to his own factory or institution, are barred to him, of course. Unless he belongs to the favored categories of higher officials and members of the G.P.U. and the army, he can only look enviously at the special stores reserved for such people.

Across the street from the mud-colored Foreign Office building in Moscow, on Vorovsky Square, stands a brand-new, modernistically fluted structure, the ground story of which is a huge emporium. Vast windows show off an assortment of sausages and shoes, pastries and pants, enough to make any Muscovite heart beat faster. The interior of the shop is commodious and apparently well supplied with staples of human subsistence. There are a great many neat uniforms among the men who finger delicacies on counters, and the women, too, seem better looking and better dressed.

This is the most completely stocked and most desirable of the closed distributories and belongs, of course, to the G.P.U. It is dedicated exclusively to the service of officials, rank-and-file members, and employees of the redoubtable Secret Service. In the hierarchy of privilege this organization holds first place. Its houses (the entire building is occupied by G.P.U. functionaries) are the best in the country; its special shops, the most amply provisioned; its rations, the highest accorded to any group of Soviet citizens. Recently the name of the organization was changed to Commissariat for Internal Affairs, to get away from the three nightmare letters burned into the flesh of the Russian population.

But the change of name has not affected the privileges. A foreigner residing permanently in Moscow ceases to be surprised, after a while, when he sees members of his immediate entourage—secretaries, chauffeurs, hangers-on—issue from the G.P.U. shop and thus advertise their real professions.

The closed shop of the Sovnarkom (Council of People's Commissars) ranks second in terms of available goods, and the Red Army shops, third. Then follow the closed shops of the most important industrial establishments, such as the Stalin Auto Works, the Triangle Textile Factory, etc. Though many grades below the G.P.U. or Sovnarkom shopping centers, they are far better provided than the general run of stores.

In every instance only the people "attached" to a particular store of this exclusive type may buy there. Their purchases on so-called "deficit goods" are limited—so much meat or tea or textiles per month. At the same time there is a variety of items on which the forbidding price is the only limitation.

A good deal of bargaining and friendly exchange goes on among friends and neighbors. Ivanov's closed distributory, it may be, happens to have a good supply of herrings, and Stepanov's, though innocent of herrings, boasts a lot of galoshes. How these curious maladjustments occur is another story—a story of inexperience, inefficiency, and bureaucratic red tape. But Ivanov and Stepanov between them arrange the matter easily enough, so that each is supplied with both the galoshes and the herrings he needs.

The foreigners' shops are a variation of the closed distributory; their facilities are reserved not for employees of a particular institution, but for industrial specialists from the capitalist world. At the outset of

the Five-Year Plan foreigners were paid entirely, or in large part, in foreign currency. Later, as the government's stocks of *valuta* dwindled, all but a few were put on a Soviet currency basis. The special shopping accommodations, at prices held down to relatively low levels, were therefore provided to enable them to live on the rubles they earned—in a sense an indirect payment in kind.

The foreign engineer or specialist, with such a shop at his disposal, and possibly some foreign currency for trading in Torgsin, not to mention packages from abroad, is a highly envied individual to his Soviet neighbors. To Soviet ladies with a bourgeois taste for lowly luxuries like butter and meat and a new winter coat, he represents a tempting catch. Many an American engineer flattered by romantic attentions realizes after a while that his most magnetic personal charm is the piece of pasteboard admitting him to the foreign store.

Next in importance to the closed shops, in the opinion of the ordinary Muscovite, is the government commercial store. The largest of these is on the Tverskaya (now Gorki Street) and is still popularly known by the name of its pre-revolutionary owner, Eliseyev, under whose aegis it was the swankiest delicatessen and food shop in the city. Through all these years of chaos it has remained the most coveted center of gastronomical delicacies, but under changing auspices. When I reached Moscow in 1928, the Eliseyev was run by the government in competition with the private shops which still flourished. As food became scarcer, with the advent of the Five-Year Plan, it was assigned for the use of foreign diplomats, correspondents, engineers, and a few highly privileged Russians. Later the diplomats and correspondents were given a shop of their

own, and the Eliseyev was used only by foreign engineers and specialists. In 1934 it was again opened to the public, on a commercial basis.

The windows of the Eliseyev now belly with toothsome edibles—pillars of butter and garlands of sausages, phalanxes of candy-boxes and cannon-balls of cheese, pyramids of canned fish and black seas of caviar—windows such as might be found on a second-rate street in Warsaw or New York but which, here in Moscow, smack of paradisaical delights. And—what is most important—the door is wide open to all comers!

The interior is as luscious as the bourgeois window display, and nobody inquires for the customer's pedigree and documents. If he has cash enough, he may carry it all away. Though the shop is crowded, one wonders why it is not more so, why it is not mobbed by millions. One marvels that in a period of acute food scarcity these shelves are not swept clear in a moment by anxious buyers.

One glance at the price list explains this mystery. The prices of butter, milk, meat, and other staples are from ten to twenty times as high as in the closed distributories, and even more startlingly expensive when compared with European or American prices. It is futile to cite figures, since the value of the ruble is such a shifty affair. A truer guide is the fact that the average wage in the entire country, about 40 rubles a week, would buy perhaps two kilograms of butter in this shop, or a dozen packs of cigarettes, or three pounds of sausage. A street-car conductor's weekly wage, which is considerably below the average, could be translated into four or five pounds of sugar in this emporium; and my janitor's stipend would amount here to a pound and a half of meat.

Exorbitant prices are not necessarily, as

they would be elsewhere, a form of speculation. They are in a sense a method for limiting consumption. Early last year there were about a score of these commercial food shops for Moscow's three and a half million inhabitants; since then the number has been multiplied several times. If the prices put these products within reach of a larger sector of the teeming population, the shops would be emptied in the twinkling of an eye.

Luxury prices on luxury goods, including practically all food: that is the essence of the commercial shop idea developed in recent years. The same principle is applied to commercial restaurants, hotels, and other governmental accommodations. They are as inaccessible to the mass of the population as the best hotels and the most exclusive shops in America are to the mass of Americans.

Between the closed store at one end and the wide-open commercial store at the other, there are numberless gradations and combinations. In some of the co-operative stores (also government-owned, like everything else, despite their name), some articles are sold to all and sundry, whereas others are issued only against ration coupons. In many places the same goods are sold at two different prices: a comparatively low price to holders of the appropriate food-book chits and ten times as high a price to persons without them. The same ruble, therefore, may have a purchasing power ten times as high for one man as for another.

The largest Moscow department store, the Mostorg, was owned by an English firm before the revolution, and boasted the finest goods that Europe and Asia and America could supply. Now it seems down-at-heel, overcrowded, and noisy, but it is still considerably more attractive than the average Moscow store. It is in essence a

commercial shop, with prices in tune with those in the Eliseyev. The difference is that it deals also in non-deficit goods, on which prices are more reasonable.

People stream through the corridors, up and down broad stairways, more like sight-seers than buyers. Yet an enormous amount of trade is always under way, in a slow, cumbersome fashion. There is a lamentable lack of assortment in sizes and fashions. Here and there large signs designate such-and-such a department, though the only trace of the corresponding goods is in the sign. For some reason this department store and most others have a superfluity of cheap crockery, as if to emphasize the shortage of the things that normally go on crockery.

A study of the department store, and of scores of smaller shops open to the whole public, quickly reveals a curious and pathetic law of availability: The more essential an article is, the harder it is to get; and conversely, the more nonessential or frivolous it is, the greater its output. Sporting goods, pictures and busts of leaders, books, even flowers and balalaikas and lipsticks are to be had on almost every block of the main streets. The shops where doors are guarded or where prices are astronomical are those selling food and clothes. Some evil genius has ordered it so that the things most urgently needed, especially medicines and victuals, are hardest to obtain.

III

Directly across from the mud and turmoil of the Mostorg department store is the celebrated Torgsin shop, parent store of hundreds on a less imposing scale throughout the country.

A standardized method of Soviet propaganda, in vogue since the depression

gripped the capitalist world, is a chart contrasting conditions abroad and in the Soviet land. One column is labeled *With Them* and lists unemployment, strikes and other assorted bourgeois evils. The other is labeled *With Us* and records the splendors of Soviet life and achievements. Well, an anecdote circulated in Moscow had it that the names of Mostorg and Torgsin would be altered—Torgsin would be called *With Them* and Mostorg *With Us*. . . .

The acidity of this humor can be savored as soon as one enters Torgsin. It is the nearest approach to a well-kept capitalist store. There is more of everything, and the quality is palpably higher than across the street. Real white bread is in evidence, boots as good as you could get in Riga or Warsaw, and other items which can be found nowhere else in Moscow, sometimes not even in the most expensive commercial shops.

But more than that, the atmosphere is subtly different. There are more foreigners, for one thing. The Russians, too, seem somewhat better dressed and better cared for. Faces and expressions reminiscent of the old régime can be glimpsed anywhere in Moscow, but they are particularly in evidence here. The customer, one senses, is desired and almost appreciated in this store.

This is the largest in a network of shops everywhere in the Union in which Soviet rubles are taboo. Only *valuta* (a sacred word, the overtones of which no one who has not lived long in the new Russia can quite appreciate) is accepted. That means real values, as contrasted with the inflated paper rubles. Prices are calculated in gold rubles, which is no more than a bookkeeping term, since there are no such things. But payment must be made in the equivalent in foreign currency, gold or silver bullion or precious stones.

Torgsin is an abbreviation of the Russian words "trade with foreigners." The idea, when the shop was originally projected in 1931, was to provide the best goods to non-Russians with foreign money to spend—a sort of domestic foreign market. It was then extended to include citizens who possessed foreign currency, chiefly Russians receiving financial assistance from friends and relatives abroad.

Finally the privilege was extended to anyone who could bring old gold—Tsarist coins, trinkets, rings, etc. When the supply of gold still hidden behind rafters began to run thin, Torgsin announced that silver was acceptable, then diamonds, and, more recently, antiques that have a sales value abroad. By this time it is one of the most lucrative industries in the country. Tens of thousands of gold coins bearing the Romanoff imprint roll into the Torgsin coffers every week. Millions of dollars in foreign money and precious metals are gathered in month after month and shipped out to pay for capitalist machinery and raw materials.

In Torgsin are concentrated the objects of art, the rugs, the fine old furniture, the luxurious baubles of the old régime, at prices on the whole below those prevailing in Europe or America. Tourists, resident foreigners, and antique dealers from outside are the principal customers. The finest products of the Soviet fur industries, fisheries, peasant handicraft masters, and new factories are also at their disposal.

But the Russians themselves ignore these luxuries. They are to be found in the departments selling food and clothes. There are large gaps in the assortment, but the staples are on hand, fresh, clean, and a thousand times more enticing because they are so hard to find elsewhere.

Over and above this sudden and almost miraculous abundance in the midst of

general shortage, there is a tangy human interest to the scene. After years of familiarity it still kept me on my toes with excitement that was partly poignant pity. That wizened old woman with a shawl on her hair, I could swear, is the mother of some hard-working Russian-American in New York whose monthly donation of five or ten dollars enables her to buy a pat of butter or some white bread. Her attitude toward these acquisitions is so anxious, almost tender. And the others around her, too, seem to be participating in a miracle: the miracle of receiving wholesome victuals and carrying them off to beloved ones at home. . . . How is anyone who has not watched and comprehended the significance of food in a place and a time of scarcity to understand what I mean?

At several booths unshaven men and kerchiefed women weigh and appraise the gold and silver laid on the counter before them. They are slow, meticulous, but absolutely emotionless. The wedding rings, family tokens, the last silver spoon, gaudy Tsarist medals—nothing touches these functionaries who day after day intercept the flood of precious metals and give credit slips in exchange, credit slips that mean bread and meat and potatoes and winter boots.

In southern Russia, during the famine of 1932-33, thousands of peasants brought their last gold trinkets to the Torgsin in the cities and traded them for bread. The sight of queues of ragged, sometimes barefoot, peasants waiting to hand over gold saved for a generation or many generations is one that cannot help but hold the imagination.

A Soviet writer whom I know points to the gaping hole in his upper teeth. "I'd had something to drink," he says, laughing as though it were the joke of the ages,

"and I wanted more. But I had no money. So I broke off the gold teeth here and took them to Torgsin. . . ."

IV

Whatever their name, whether run by a trading trust or by a co-operative body, all the shopping points I have mentioned belong to the government. They are the property, in the final instance, of the all-powerful, ever-present, inescapable Soviet State. Officials set prices arbitrarily, maneuver available supplies in accordance with political exigencies, shut and open doors to the populace on orders from above, decide (in terms of ultimate effects) who shall eat and who shall starve, who shall be clothed and who shall freeze. Privately owned shops or booths are practically extinct. The state monopoly of trade is almost absolute.

Almost—because the old economic world, outright capitalist trade, is making its last desperate stand in the so-called private markets. Several of them still exist in Moscow, persecuted, ridiculed, raided regularly, but still alive. It is only a matter of time before the government will decide to wipe them out entirely. Already elegant roofed-in government markets have replaced the private market at Arbat Square and other places. In these latter we have approximately an extension of the official commercial shops; the only unique feature is a series of booths and counters operated collectively by the collectivized farms of the Moscow region.

In the out-and-out private market, prices are wholly determined by the old-fashioned law of supply and demand—which in Russia means that they are shockingly high. It is one corner of the narrowing area in which the private profit instinct has unlimited play.

Usually it is a boiling cauldron of the bourgeois instinct, tight-packed with people and odors. Men, women, and children move slowly in a hopeless tangle through alleys formed by patient, silent, morose merchants. The crowd is so thick that one cranes his neck to see what is for sale. An unshaven elderly man has a few pairs of ancient trousers and a frayed overcoat across his arm—his entire stock-in-trade. Next to him a woman exhibits half a dozen or so home-made brassieres in the ample sizes suitable for Russian bosoms—a dumpy peasant girl is measuring one of them across her chest. Beyond them, a boy proudly exhibits a cake of laundry soap, and nothing more. Old samovars, rat poison, seven-stringed guitars and horned phonographs, home-made toothpicks, a loaf of black bread, a pair of new boots, a black, mangy-looking slice of meat—such is the inventory of one row of the despised private traders. Most of them are declassed people, political outlaws.

The other rows are no more inviting. The tag-ends of poverty and left-overs of the pre-revolutionary civilization, presided over by listless and hopeless human wreckage. They know full well, these men and women, that they are wreckage; “speculators” is the official designation for these pathetic near-capitalists. They are selling their own belongings, or acting as intermediaries for friends and neighbors, standing here for hours to dispose of a small bottle of petrol stolen by some chauffeur or a moth-eaten fur collar saved from the revolutionary storm.

The thieves’ markets in Paris and other cities are the nearest approximation of these sad private bazaars, except that the pickings here are smaller and less interesting. Much of the stuff for sale, in fact, has probably been stolen—scarcely a month passes without another batch of offi-

cials being executed for diverting government goods to private channels. The occasional new articles, usually wearing apparel, have either been embezzled by a clerk or worker, while nobody was looking, or they are being sold by a privileged *udarnik* or factory shock-trooper, who received them as a reward for good work and prefers to turn them into cash. Goods, which elsewhere would be consigned to the garbage heap, here are coveted and haggled over.

The awareness of pervasive poverty seems confirmed by the rags and trash for sale in the private market, which has all the malodorous discomfort of an Oriental bazaar without any of its redeeming color. Constantly the scope of these private trading places becomes more constricted. Four or five years ago they were still a significant link in the chain of goods distribution. Today they are merely exotic, brow-beaten, tragic survivals of a distant epoch.

The most tragic of these survivals is the group of “former people” frequently to be seen on the fringes of the private market. Mostly elderly women, a few old men, with the imprint of the old régime stamped indelibly in their features, bearing and selling their last personal belongings.

Back in 1928 the little heaps of oddments spread on newspapers at their feet were still worth rummaging through. Occasionally they yielded a fine icon, a genuine miniature, a flash of old jewelry, or a piece of exquisite lace. By now the pickings are small and poor. The best has been sold long ago, or seized by the authorities. These ex-aristocrats, ex-millionaires, these “former people” have nothing more to sell. But still they come here and cling to the fringes of the private market, because they have nowhere else to go, and watch wearily over worthless knickknacks out of their dim glorious past. . . .

HARVEST AT NIGHT

A Story

BY WILLIAM C. SCHAPPA

WE BETTER jump before she gets to the yards," Butch said.

"Yeh," I said, "we better."

We climbed over the end of the gondola and clung to the ladder.

"Let's go," said Butch.

"Okay," I said.

I let Butch jump first so I wouldn't land on top of him. Then I counted three and jumped. But the freight was moving faster than I thought it was. I landed running too fast and fell on my belly and slid down the bank. The cinders scraped most of the skin off my hands.

I got up and climbed back to the tracks. It was almost dark. I didn't see Butch till he came up alongside of me.

"Christ! I'm all banged up," he said.

"Me too," I said.

My hands were burning from the scratches, so I rubbed spit on them to stop it. We walked down the tracks until we got near the yards. Then we cut across the meadow toward the road. Automobile lights were shooting up and down the road. Once in a while we could hear the rumble and hum of a big truck. The air had a salty smell. The meadow was wet and slippery. Butch slipped into a ditch and came out wet to the hips. He cursed.

My feet were wet and cold. My shoes made a squishy noise when I walked. Sometimes, when I put my feet straight down, the grass stubble stuck up through the soles of my shoes into my feet. It

was all right when I walked like I was wearing skiis. After a while we came out on the road.

"I'm hungry," I said.

"Who th' hell ain't?" Butch said. "These damn pants are cold, too."

"My feet are cold," I said.

"You ain't got nothin' t' beef about," Butch said. "Your pants ain't wet, are they?"

"No."

"Well, what're you beefin' about?"

"I'm hungry."

"So what?"

"I'd like to get some grub."

"That's too bad," Butch said. "You'd like to get some grub. If you only told me before I could've wired ahead an' had dinner waitin' for you."

"Lay off," I said.

"Can't take it, hey?" Butch said.

"Sure I can. But lay off, that's all."

"What th' hell are you squawkin' about? You're lucky. Your pants ain't wet, are they?"

"No," I said.

"Well, mine are."

"To hell with your pants," I said. "I'm hungry and I'm goin' to get some grub, somewhere."

"Oh, you are? Ain't you th' smart boy, though? You're goin' to get some grub. Just like that."

"Aw, shut up," I said.

"Don't tell *me* to shut up, you little

runt," Butch said. "I'll knock your damn head off."

Automobiles kept whizzing past us. Some of the drivers blew their horns when they saw us walking down the road.

"Go to hell!" Butch yelled at them.

My shoes kept making that squishy noise. It was getting cold. Off across the meadow we could see the lights of the railroad yard and hear the freights bumping and rattling.

We were getting near the town. Pretty soon we came to a house. It was close to the road. Lights were shining in the side windows.

"I'm goin' in an' see if I can get a hand-out," I said.

"You're crazy," Butch said. "Daytime is the only time t' hit th' houses."

"Won't hurt t' try. I'm hungry."

"Maybe there's a dog."

"What th' hell d' you care? He won't be after *you*."

"You're damn well right he won't."

I went up the walk and around to the back. There wasn't any dog. I knocked on the back door and I heard a woman say, "See who it is, Pa."

A tall, skinny guy, with a bald head and glasses, opened the door. "Well? Whadda you want?"

"Sorry t' bother you," I said, "but I didn't eat in two days, an' I was wonderin' . . ."

"Nothin' doin'. We don't feed bums."

"But I'm awful hungry."

"I told you we don't feed bums. Now beat it. Go on, beat it."

"Who is it, Pa?" said the woman.

"Just a bum," he said. "Go on, beat it."

"Okay, Funnyface," I said. "I hope to Christ you're hungry some day."

"Beat it," he said.

"How'd y' make out?" Butch asked, when I got back out front.

"No good," I said.

"I told you it wouldn't do no good."

"Well, I tried didn't I? That's more than you did."

"I got more sense. People are scared after dark. Restaurants. They're the only place t' hit after dark."

"I guess so."

We walked down the road some more, getting closer to town all the time.

"Wish t' hell I had a cup of hot coffee. I'm damn near froze," Butch said.

"Why don't you wish for two cups?" I said.

"Do your own damn wishin'."

We kept on walking. My feet were so cold they ached. Finally we came to where there was a sidewalk, and we got off the road. After a while Butch said, "Look. Ain't that a diner?"

"Where?"

"Straight up ahead. See that sign? The red lighted one?"

"You're crazy. That ain't no diner sign."

"Like hell it ain't."

Butch was right. It was a diner sign. One of those signs made out of glass tubes with red light inside of them. It said, Al's Diner.

"You win," I said.

"Course I do. Maybe you won't be so wise next time."

"Oh, dry up," I said.

"Listen, wise guy. One more crack like that, an' I'm goin' t' smack you."

"Okay. Don't get thick."

"Then don't get so damn wise."

"Okay. Okay."

II

The sign was out close to the road, but the diner was back from the sidewalk, under a couple of big trees. It was pretty dark in back of it.

"Wonder if anybody's in there?" I said. It was raised too high off the ground to see inside.

"Course there is, stupid. Y' don't think th' place runs itself, do y'?"

"I meant besides th' guy that runs it," I said.

"What's th' diff'rence? Come on."

We went up the steps and slid back the door and stepped inside. Butch went in first.

There wasn't anybody inside, except a little guy behind the counter. He was sharpening a big butcher knife. There was two more knives and a big cleaver on the counter in front of him.

Butch sat on the stool in front of the little guy. I sat on the stool next to Butch.

"Say, Buddy, how's chances for a couple of hungry fellas t' get a bite t' eat?" Butch said to him.

The little guy looked us over. "Got any dough?" he said.

"No. We're broke," Butch said.

"No eats then," said the little guy.

"Have a heart. We didn't eat since yest'y mornin'," Butch said.

"An' have you go back an' tell all your pals I'm an easy mark? Nothin' doin'."

"Just a cup of coffee, then," I said.

"Nope. Scram. I can't have birds like you hangin' round here. Scram."

"Not even a measly cup of coffee?" Butch said.

"I said no, didn't I? Scram," said the little guy. He wiped off the butcher knife in his apron and turned around and put it in a drawer in back of him.

"Okay," Butch said. "You asked for it."

He picked up the cleaver and hit the little guy on top of the head.

It made a funny kind of a breaking noise, like when you drop an egg. The little guy just grunted and stared. Then he slid down behind the counter.

"Christ! You killed him!" I yelled.

"Shut up!" Butch said.

He put the cleaver back on the counter. Some of the little guy's hair was sticking to the edge. It made me feel sick for a minute, but my stomach was empty, so nothing came up.

"Cut out that gaggin' an' see if anybody's comin'," Butch said.

I looked out the front door, but all I could see was automobiles going by.

"I don't see anybody," I said.

"Well for Christ's sake don't stand there all night. Find somethin' t' put some grub in."

I went around in back of the counter. Butch was emptying the cash register and putting the money in his pocket. The little guy was laying on the floor with blood all around his head. His eyes were staring up at me. I took a napkin off the counter and put it over his face.

"What th' hell are you doin'?" Butch said.

"Coverin' up his face. I don't like him starin' at me."

"No guts," Butch said.

I found a bag under the counter and filled it up with bread and boiled ham and cheese and crullers. There was some hamburger and some steaks in the icebox, but I left them there. They were raw.

"Get a move on you," Butch said. He was watching out the front door.

I filled my pockets with cigarettes from the case on the counter and grabbed two bottles of milk.

"Come on!" Butch said.

I had to step over the little guy to get out from behind the counter. I slipped in the blood and almost fell.

"What you doin'?" said Butch.

"I couldn't help it. I slipped," I said.

I started for the front door.

"Where you goin'?"

"I'm gettin' out of here."

"Ain't you got no sense at all? The back!" Butch yelled.

We went out the back door. Butch grabbed an overcoat that was hanging by the door. We ran straight through the dark until we came to a wire fence. Butch climbed over.

"Take some of this stuff so I can get over," I said.

"Carry it yourself."

"I can't climb with all this stuff."

"Shove it through."

By the time I got over the fence and picked up the stuff again I had to run to catch up to Butch.

"Where'll we go?" I asked him.

"We better go round on the other side of the yards an' hop a freight an' get away from here."

"You shouldn't 've killed him," I said.

"No? You wanted some grub, didn't you?"

"Yeh. But you shouldn't 've killed him."

"Shut up."

"Jus' th' same, you shouldn't 've killed him."

"Shut up!"

"Okay. Don't get hot."

"Shut up, then."

We circled around and headed back toward the railroad yard. Before we got there we ducked into an empty lot. We ate some of the crullers and drank one of the bottles of milk. The milk was cold.

"Wonder if anybody found him yet?" I said.

"What of it?"

"They'll be after us."

"How they goin' t' know who done it, stupid? Nobody saw us go in or come out, did they?"

"No, I don't think so."

"Well. Nobody'll ever know who done it, so long as we keep quiet about it. An'

don't forget, you're in this just as much as I am, so you better keep your trap shut."

"Don't worry, I won't do no talkin'. I'm no fool," I said.

"No?"

"No."

"That's what you think."

"Go to hell," I said.

Butch hit me in the face, hard. I fell down with the milk.

"Why you dirty . . ."

"Want some more?" Butch came toward me.

"Lay off me," I said. I backed away from him.

"Tell me to go to hell, will you? Next time you won't get off so easy."

"All right. All right. Keep your hands off me, that's all."

"Then watch what you say, if you don't want to get clipped again."

He put on the overcoat, and I followed him out of the lot. We cut across the meadow again and around the yards till we were on the far side where nobody was working. A long freight was just pulling out. I shoved the bag of grub under my coat and buttoned it up tight so the grub wouldn't fall out. Butch waited for an empty gondola to come along and then he grabbed hold of the ladder and swung up. I ran alongside until he got up and then I grabbed the ladder and tried to pull myself up after him. I couldn't make it at first, because I still had a bottle of milk in one hand, but I finally managed to hook my elbow in one of the rungs. I pulled myself up that way.

III

We climbed inside the gondola to get out of the wind. I was so cold I shook all over.

"Where's the grub?" Butch asked.

"Here, under my coat."

"Well, what're you waitin' for? Break it out."

I put the bag on the floor of the car. All of a sudden a flashlight was shining in my face. I started to run.

"Where th' hell are you goin'? It's only me," Butch yelled.

I came back. "I thought it was a brakie," I said. "Where'd you get th' light?"

"In th' pocket of th' coat."

Butch ripped open the bag and flashed the light on it. It was one of those little flat lights.

"Not bad," he said. "For a guy as dumb as you, you did pretty good."

We split up what was left in the bag and ate it. It went pretty quick. I gave Butch most of the milk. It was too cold. I had six packs of cigarettes. I gave Butch three of them. It felt good to have a full belly and a smoke.

"Wish we had some blankets," I said.

"This coat is too damn small, but it's warm," Butch said.

"How much dough'd you get?"

Butch lit the flashlight and spread the money on the floor.

"Let's see. Two ten's, three five's, three two's, eight one's, an' four seventy-two in change. Let's see. That makes fifty-three seventy-two. Not bad atall," Butch said.

"How we goin' to split it?" I asked him.

"What th' hell d'you mean, split it?"

"I mean my half."

"Your half? How d'you get that way—*your* half?" He picked up the money and put it in the pocket of his overcoat.

"I gave you half of th' grub, didn' I?" I said.

"Because you're a sap do I have to be one, too?"

"Y' mean you're not goin' t' split it?"

"How'd you ever figure that out, all by yourself?" Butch said.

"You stinkin', dirty chiseler," I said.

Butch jumped up. He swung and hit me in the mouth. It knocked me across the car, and I banged my head on the iron side. I went out, cold.

IV

I was out a long time. When I came to, it was just beginning to get light. It was drizzling, too, not much, but just enough to make it miserable. My lips were split, and stiff with blood, and all puffed up. My front teeth were loose. I was stiff and cold from laying on the iron floor. My head was aching something fierce. It hurt to put my hat back on, because there was a big lump on the back of my head where the band of the hat came. I kept wetting my lips to soften the dry blood and then wiped it off on my sleeve.

Butch was sleeping, curled up in a corner. The overcoat was half under him and half over him. The pocket with the money in it was on top. His mouth was open. He was snoring.

I lit a cigarette and watched him for a couple of minutes. He kept on snoring. Finally I threw the cigarette away and sneaked over alongside of him. He didn't move. I slid my hand into the pocket with the money in it, easy, and took out the bills. I was afraid the change would rattle. I was shaking all over. The bills were all folded together. I took the two ten's and one five and put them in my pocket. The rest I folded up. I was going to put them back, when Butch moved. I dropped them beside him and climbed over the end of the gondola.

We were going too fast for me to jump. The car in back of us was a box car. I started up the ladder. I got almost to the top when I heard Butch yell. I looked back.

He had the money in his hand. He shoved it back in his pocket and started after me.

"You lousy bastard! I'll kill you!" he yelled.

I ran along the top of the car and jumped to the next one. I was so stiff and sore I couldn't run very fast. The tops of the cars were slippery with rain. When I got to the next car, I looked back again. Butch was running along the top of the car behind me. He yelled something at me, but I couldn't hear what it was. I jumped to three more cars. Each time it was getting harder to jump. Then I came to the end of the string. The next in the line was a flat car. It was too far down to jump.

I went over the end to go down the ladder. Butch was on the car in back of

the one I was on. When I started to go down the ladder, he jumped. His feet hit the roof all right, but they slipped from under him. He fell over backwards. He made a grab for the hand-brake wheel. But the overcoat was so tight it held his arms back. He missed the wheel. He clawed at the roof of the car. But he couldn't get a grip. He rolled off the end and down between the cars. There was a scared look on his face when he went off. I heard him scream. The car bumped a little, once. Then it rolled along smooth.

I took my time going down the ladder and crossed over to the flat car. I lit a cigarette, holding the match under my coat so the wind wouldn't blow it out. When the cigarette was going good I looked back to the end of the train.

"So long, Butch," I said.

THE STATE CAN DO NO WRONG

BY HUGH RUSSELL FRASER

ON NOVEMBER 7, 1918, Beatrice Manges of Cleveland was riding in an automobile which collided with a U. S. Army truck. Police investigation of the accident disclosed that the driver of the truck was clearly at fault. The injured girl, crippled for life, took her claim for damages to Congress—since the United States government is immune from suit without its consent. The matter was, in course of time, referred to the Committee on Claims. Along about 1920 the claim was turned over to a subcommittee. After still another Congress had met and adjourned, it was reported to the full committee and approved. By the time it got to the floor of the Senate, however, three presidents of the United States had come and gone. At last, on March 13, 1935—almost seventeen years after the accident—the claim was reported out, passed, and the sum of \$3500 appropriated in full settlement.

On February 12, 1927, federal prohibition agents raided a still in the town of Palisades Park, Bergen County, New Jersey. During the raid, one Thomas Peraglia walked in and said, "Hello." Immediately, and without warning, one of the agents shot him through the right lung. The visitor ran a short distance and fell. He was found to be unarmed. Some time later he died of his wounds. His widow, the mother of three children, presented her claim to Congress. Years passed. In 1934 the House Committee agreed to pay

\$7500. This was reduced to \$5000 by the Senate, and on April 15, 1935, the bill passed. Time elapsed: eight years.

Late in September, 1919, one Henry M. Hughes was crossing a street in Chicago. Suddenly, a U. S. Mail truck speeded out of an alley and struck him. Subsequently he died of injuries sustained. His widow, astonished to find the government was immune from suit, presented her case to the Committee on Claims. Finally, in the second week in April, 1935—over 15 years later—it reached the floor of the House, and a bill appropriating \$2500 was passed.

In the Federal Court for the Northern District of Georgia on May 8, 1917, a pistol in the hands of a court attendant accidentally went off, killing one J. M. Crim. His widow, Mary M. Crim, petitioned Congress for damages. But it took eighteen years for her bill to reach the floor of the House.

On the same day a resolution was reported, appropriating \$5000 to one Mrs. G. A. Brannan, "in full satisfaction for all claims against the United States for damages for the death of her son, John Douglas Malone, from injuries received by him in the line of duty while employed as a fireman on the steamboat *John R. Meigs*, which was destroyed by an explosion of a mine laid by the government on or about September 3, 1898, near Fort St. Phillip in the Mississippi River below New Orleans."

But perhaps the classic example of delay dates from June 30, 1866, when the private steamer *Olive Frances* was destroyed in a collision with a United States gunboat. Inquiry revealed the pilot of the gunboat clearly at fault. It was not, however, until February, 1905 — nearly 50 years after — that Congress conferred jurisdiction on a United States District Court to try the case. At the trial, the pilot of the gunboat doddered into the courtroom, an old man, a retired rear admiral! The gunboat was found clearly at fault, and damages were awarded.

Endless cases could be cited of similar delay and similar denial of justice. The record is full of them.

And no greater resentment in the entire field of the law exists than that felt by the individual who, wronged by the state, has no effective remedy. In the democratic United States, the government cannot be sued without its consent. It is the old application, of course, of Hobbes' theory that "the king can do no wrong." Originally the theory was that "the king was *not privileged* to do wrong" — a very different thing; but Blackstone set it down as meaning that the king was incapable of doing wrong. From thenceforth it became a maxim of law, associated with kings and kingdoms and the divine rights reputed to go therewith.

What was originally ascribed to a monarchy is now ascribed to a democracy. It is the United States, however, that has maintained almost unimpaired this ancient and monarchical doctrine of sovereign irresponsibility. England has long since abandoned, for all practical purposes, its substantive meaning. Today a British subject may petition for the right to sue the Crown, and the petition is rarely, if ever, denied. That is the same right which, in varying forms, exists today in all the coun-

tries of Western Europe and in Canada, New Zealand, Australia, and British South Africa. But in the United States, beginning with the adoption of the Eleventh Amendment in 1798, the right has been consistently denied.

II

The whole question of sovereign immunity is bound up in a maze of contradictions. Although you can sue a city, you cannot sue a state without its consent, and this despite the fact that a given city may be larger than a state. To the first Chief Justice, John Jay, this was an absurdity; he said he couldn't see the difference in legal principle between "a suit against the 40,000 citizens of Philadelphia and one against the 50,000 citizens of Delaware."

For a hundred years the courts have been splitting hairs between governmental and corporate functions, with some curious results: thus if you fall into a hole in the street in Memphis and break your arm, you can recover damages, but if you happen to be just over the city line in Shelby County, you are simply out of luck. In some states, if you are electrocuted by a city electric wire, your widow may or may not recover for damages, depending on whether the wire was used for street lighting or for domestic supply of electricity. Slip and fall on an unlighted stairway in a public building, in which some offices are rented to private individuals, and recovery will depend on where you were going when you entered the building. If you are run over by a fire engine going to a fire, the chances of recovery are slight because the fire engine has been held to be engaged in a governmental function; wait until the fire truck comes back from the fire, however, and your widow can recover damages if you are killed.

This kind of nonsense has been going on ever since the adoption of the Eleventh Amendment, which provides:

The judicial power of the United States shall not be construed to extend to any suit in law or equity, commenced or prosecuted against one of the United States, by citizens of another state, or by citizens or subjects of any foreign state.

The amendment specifically bars suits against a state by a citizen of another state. Not a word, however, is said about a suit against a state by one of its own citizens. But as late as 1934 the Supreme Court has held, in *Monaco vs Mississippi*, that it was unthinkable to suppose that the Eleventh Amendment exhausted the prohibitions forbidding suits against a state without its consent. Declared Chief Justice Hughes:

Can we suppose that when the Eleventh Amendment was adopted it was understood citizens of a state could sue their own state in the federal courts while suits by citizens of other states were repelled? Supposing that Congress — when proposing the Eleventh Amendment — had included a proviso “that nothing therein contained should prevent a State from being sued by its own citizens,” can we imagine that in that event such a proviso would have been adopted by the states? The supposition that it would is almost an absurdity on its face.

It may have been an absurdity, and it is clear the states were not aware of it, but it is a fact that such a clause — giving the right to sue a state — was written into the Constitution of the United States. Article III, Section 2, of the Constitution provides:

The judicial power shall extend . . . to controversies to which the United States shall be a party; to controversies . . . between a State and citizens of another State. . . .

Here in clear, unqualified language, is a denial of the ancient and monarchical doctrine that “the king can do no wrong.” It

was written into Article III, Section 2, by Gouverneur Morris, the final draftsman of the Constitution. Morris was acting with the full approval of a small group of lawyers on the Committee on Detail who, while intense nationalists at heart, believed that the United States in setting up a democracy in the New World should definitely and unequivocally break away from every last vestige of legal medievalism. The clause specifically provided for suits against a state by citizens of another state, and inferentially for suits against a state by citizens of that state. For by what logic could a suit in the first instance be upheld and in the latter denied?

The real sponsor of the clause was probably James Wilson of the Committee on Detail. James Wilson was a Pennsylvania lawyer, later a member of the Supreme Court, a man of great learning and ability and a close friend of Gouverneur Morris. Knowing that the delegates to the Constitutional Convention were jealous of state sovereignty, neither Morris nor Wilson drew attention to the clause on the floor of the Convention. Nor, by an amazing coincidence, did the opponents of the Constitution notice it until it was sent to the states for approval.

In the original draft, the clause did not appear. Careful examination of the records of the Convention indicates that the assembled delegates had no idea that the clause was in the final draft; that no suggestion of it was made in the Committee of the Whole; and that the Committee on Detail, responsible for the change, had no authorization to make any fundamental changes in the sections referred to it for drafting. But when the Committee submitted the final draft to the Convention on August 6, 1787, the clause appeared for the first time. Sleight of hand had accomplished what debate could never have

done. When the Constitution was sent to the states, however, sharp eyes soon detected what had been overlooked, and the fun began. Alexander Hamilton managed to stifle it in New York by a simple and sweeping assertion. A delegate suggested that under Article III, Section 2, a suit could be brought by a citizen against a state. Hamilton was quickly on his feet. The idea was not only untenable but preposterous! The word of the future Secretary of the Treasury was taken, and the question was passed over.

In Pennsylvania, James Wilson himself took the lead in defending it. Unlike Hamilton in New York, he did not attempt to deny that the clause meant what it said, but he frankly upheld it as necessary. "Impartiality is the leading feature of the Constitution," declared Wilson. "It pervades the whole. When a citizen has a controversy with another state there ought to be a tribunal where both parties may meet on a common footing." Wilson was speaking hurriedly, and the Pennsylvania state convention was generally friendly. Little did he guess, however, that he was the only delegate in any state convention to defend openly the clause as necessary and as meaning what it obviously said.

In the Virginia state convention the same farce was enacted as in New York, only in this instance the opponents were men of independent judgment who could read the English language and refused to take things on faith. There, on June 18, 1788, George Mason gained the floor and pounced on the clause. Sarcastically he flung down his challenge:

Is the sovereignty of a state to be arraigned like a culprit or private offender? It would be ludicrous to say that you could put a state's body in jail! How is the judgment then to be enforced? A power which cannot be executed ought not to be granted.

Madison, arising to contradict him, said that the clause did not refer to suits by a citizen against a state, but by a state against a citizen. This absurdity brought the ever-alert Patrick Henry to his feet. Applause swept the galleries as he turned upon Madison:

There is nothing to warrant such an assertion. He says the state may be plaintiff only! If gentlemen pervert the most clear expressions and the usual meaning of the language of the people, there is an end of all discussion. *What says this paper?* It says that the Federal Court shall have cognizance of controversies between a state and citizens of another state, without discriminating between plaintiff and defendant. What says the honorable gentleman? The contrary — that the state only can be plaintiff. What! — is justice to be done to one party and not to the other? If gentlemen take this liberty now, what will they do when our rights and liberties are in their power!

John Marshall was sent for; the Constitution was in danger. Hurriedly he was located in the lobby. There was only one thing to do, he felt: namely, to do what Hamilton had done in New York — deny the obvious and inescapable meaning of the English language. And so he said:

I hope no gentleman will think that a state can be called to the bar of the Federal Court. It is not rational to suppose that the sovereign power should be dragged before a court. The intent is to enable individuals to recover claims against individuals residing in other states.

Later, when Chief Justice of the United States, Marshall was to repudiate this view by saying in *Cohens vs Virginia* that the sentiment which led to the adoption of the Eleventh Amendment forbidding suits against a state was induced not by the fear that the dignity of a state would be degraded by dragging it into Federal Court, but by the practical fear that it

might be forced to pay its debts. But Marshall's word, like Hamilton's in New York, carried the day in Virginia. The Constitution was ratified. The Supreme Court, however, was soon to contradict both Hamilton and Marshall as to what Article III, Section 2, said.

III

In South Carolina lived one Alexander Chisholm, executor of the estate of a former resident of Georgia, whose property had been impounded by the state. In 1793—four years after the Constitution had been ratified—Alexander Chisholm brought suit in the Supreme Court against the State of Georgia, charging that the property in question had been illegally taken. Chisholm, pointing out that, under Article III, Section 2, of the Constitution, he could bring suit against Georgia, asked Attorney General Edmund Randolph, who had been a member of the Committee on Detail and had concurred in the drafting of the clause, to represent him in the Supreme Court. Randolph agreed to do so, although he immediately became the subject of bitter attacks, including the official protest of Georgia. But he held his ground. Answering his critics, he pointed to his duty:

I did not want the remonstrance of Georgia to satisfy me that the motion I made is unpopular. On ordinary occasions, this dignified opinion might influence me greatly. But on this, which brings into question a great constitutional right, to surrender it would be in me official perfidy.

Although Georgia declined to appear officially before the Court, the state's written protest was submitted to Chief Justice Jay, Justice James Wilson (the same man who as delegate from Pennsylvania had sponsored the clause in the Committee

on Detail), and Justice Iredell. The protest was scornful and defiant in tone. It recited that Georgia was a sovereign state; that it did not deign even to appear before the Court officially to answer an insolent attempt to bring a sovereign state before the bar of justice; and that the proceedings were outside the pale of all that was known to the law.

Attorney General Randolph replied that Article III, Section 2, gave the Court jurisdiction in the case in the clearest of terms. He pointed out that the United States was not a monarchy and that the sovereignty rested in the people; that the very purpose of the Constitution was to establish domestic tranquillity and to promote the general welfare; and that these objectives could not be obtained if a state was not amenable to the legitimate claims of a citizen.

When Randolph concluded, the Court inquired if any of the distinguished lawyers present wished to present argument on the other side. None of them did, and a few weeks later the Court handed down its decision upholding the right to sue as within the meaning of Article III, Section 2. Justice Iredell alone dissented.

Interest was keen as the decision was handed down. In the most elaborate, carefully reasoned verdict of his career, Chief Justice Jay upheld the whole doctrine of the suability of a state by a citizen, saying:

It [Article III, Section 2] is honest because it provides for doing justice without respect to persons; because it leaves not even the most obscure and friendless citizen without means of obtaining justice from a neighboring state; and because it recognizes that justice is the same, whether due from one man to a million or from a million to one man.

The Chief Justice went even further. He pointed out that the same section of

the Constitution provides for suits "to which the United States shall be a party," without mentioning whether it means as plaintiff or defendant. Under this provision, he declared that a citizen might bring suit against the federal government, but that candor compelled him to note that there was a difference between a suit against a state and a suit against the federal government: namely, that in suits against states, the Supreme Court is supported in its decisions "by the arm of the executive power of the United States, but in cases of actions against the United States itself, there is no power which the courts can call to their aid." It was an important distinction, but it was the first and only time that the Supreme Court pointed out that the national government might be amenable to suit by a citizen under the specific terms and provisions of the Constitution.

Now came the turn of Justice Wilson to uphold his own handiwork in the Committee on Detail. And he made the most of the occasion: Citing the language of Article III, Section 2, he said: "Could the strictest legal language describe with more precise accuracy the cause now pending before this tribunal? . . . The Constitution also provides that 'the judicial power of the United States . . . shall extend . . . to controversies between two or more States.' Can the most consummate degree of professional ingenuity devise a mode by which this 'controversy between two or more States' can be brought before a court of law and yet neither of these be defendant?" He was hitting at the reasoning of Madison and Hamilton in the state conventions. Then he went on to point out the inevitable trend of sovereign irresponsibility:

I shall have occasion to show how true it is that states and governments were made for

man, and how it is that his creatures and servants have first deceived, next vilified and at last oppressed their original master and maker. . . . To the Constitution of the United States the term sovereignty is totally unknown. There is but one place where it could have been used with propriety: those who ordained and established the Constitution might have constituted themselves the "sovereign people of the United States," but they avoided the ostentatious declaration.

From this clear-cut and definite breaking away from the medieval doctrine that "the king can do no wrong," Justice Iredell alone dissented. He denied a literal construction of Article III, Section 2, and declared that the states were sovereign as to all powers not specifically delegated to the federal government, and that in any case the possibility of suit against a state without its consent was a proposition unknown to the law.

Of course the Justice was right in that this was a principle heretofore unknown to the law; but it was for that very reason and by that very fact that Gouverneur Morris and the Committee on Detail wrote it into the Constitution of the United States. America was to be a democracy in law as well as in legislative process.

A storm of disapproval met the majority decision. The states, jealous of their independence and fearful of their interdependence, formally protested. The lower house of the Georgia legislature passed a resolution decreeing "death by hanging" to any agent or officer of the United States who attempted to carry out the decree of the Supreme Court by any manner or process whatsoever. The newspapers seethed with attacks on the Court, and the day after the decision, Representative Sedgewick of Massachusetts gave notice of his intention of introducing an amend-

ment to the Constitution forbidding suits against a state. This proposal ultimately became the Eleventh Amendment as it exists today. By its very words it nullified the plain and obvious meaning of Article III, Section 2, thus to all intents and purposes repealing the clause inserted by Gouverneur Morris and James Wilson.

It was the beginning of the fastening upon the democratic United States of the doctrine that "the king can do no wrong."

IV

The sensible way to attack this doctrine would be to repeal the Eleventh Amendment. That would leave Article III, Section 2, free to be construed as it was construed by the Supreme Court in *Chisholm vs Georgia*. But the Supreme Court, as late as 1934, showed itself to be against such a construction when it refused to attach any meaning to the plain words of Article III, Section 2, even though viewed without the modification of the Eleventh Amendment. Thus in *Monaco vs Mississippi*, Chief Justice Hughes said:

We cannot rest with a mere literal application of the words of Article III, Section 2. Behind the words of the Constitutional provisions are postulates which limit and control. . . . There is the postulate that states of the Union, still possessing attributes of sovereignty, shall be immune from suits without their consent save where there has been a surrender of this immunity in the plan of the Convention.

In other words, the language of the Constitution means nothing if it is in conflict with the "plan of the Convention," concerning which the Chief Justice quotes Hamilton in the *Federalist*. By this interesting theory, if one person enters into a contract with another, and said contract is duly signed and executed, the Court — in the event of a dispute — can go back of

the plain words of the contract and cite the remarks and opinions expressed by the contracting parties before the contract was signed, and these opinions cited can specifically nullify the words and language of the contract itself.

Specifically, the Court says: "We cannot rest with a mere literal application of the words of Article III, Section 2." Then what good is a Constitution? What was the use of Gouverneur Morris and James Wilson writing in such phrases as "The judicial power shall extend to all cases in law and equity . . . to which the United States shall be a party; to controversies . . . between a State and citizens of another State"? Surely these phrases, from which Chief Justice Jay plainly deduced that a suit could be maintained against a state or the federal government, mean something or they mean nothing. If they mean nothing, then the doctrine that "the king can do no wrong" cannot be nullified or repudiated in the supposedly democratic United States, no matter what language is written into the Constitution or how clear and simple the force of expression.

Obviously, the Supreme Court is concerned with what the signers of the Constitution *intended* to write into that compact, not what was written in. And yet the question may be fairly raised as to whether or not the Court has a right to speak of "postulates which limit and control" when the postulates are, as in this case, relics of medievalism, of the ancient and monarchical doctrine of the divine right of kings. Surely, if by sheer circumstance of accident, a forward-looking and progressive principle was actually written into the Constitution, the Court might well go out of its way to uphold it so far as it is not specifically nullified by the Eleventh Amendment. This is the trend of progress throughout Western Europe and it has

been attained to an extent never reached in the United States.

But since the Court is obviously determined to cling at all hazards to the doctrine of sovereign immunity from suit, the Congress has the power to extend the jurisdiction of the established Court of Claims to most cases involving property damage, personal injury, or death. At present, the Committee on Claims, a political agency, alone has this jurisdiction. Congress could, by appropriate legislation, such as is contained in the Federal Tort Claims Bill introduced in 1925, remove claims against the government from the political channel into a legal channel.

The Federal Tort Claims Bill, passed in 1928, was vetoed by Coolidge on the advice of his Attorney General. Astutely drawn by Yale's Hotchkiss Professor of Law, Edwin M. Borchard, it limits the amount of recovery in personal injury or death to \$7500 and in property cases to \$25,000, with certain upward extensions. The defect of the

measure consists in the large class of exemptions made, although Professor Borchard declares this was done deliberately to win political support. A similar measure for enactment by the states, setting up state administrative boards and state claims courts, has been pushed by the Political Science Association, so far without result.

The Court of Claims, of course, is barred at present from considering all claims "sounding in tort." This has been narrowly construed — so narrowly, in fact, that an increasing burden has been thrown on the Congress.

Both federal and state legislation is thus needed to end the undemocratic doctrine that the State can do no wrong, which has been abandoned, in effect, by all the nations of Western Europe. It remains for the United States to recognize — in the words of Chief Justice Jay — that "justice is the same, whether due from one man to a million or from a million to one man."

PARTNERS IN EDEN

BY JAMES STEVENS

THROUGH the worst terrors of the depression Indiana remained serene. In Gary, with its hundred thousand working people derived from thirty-seven nationalities, there was no rioting by the unemployed, and the only strikes of consequence were carried on by the motion-picture operators and the meat cutters. In South Bend, Muncie, and Elkhart, the peace was kept, and labor smiled through. While hell blazed from the cornfields of all neighboring states, our own farmers stood the gaff without elbowing a single sheriff or immersing a solitary judge in sheep-dip. Between the infamous mines of Herrin, Illinois, and of Hardin County, Kentucky, lie the coal fields of Indiana; and though our miners also suffered abominably, they never once forced out the national guard or brought on a rescue squad of New York novelists.

Such items may be verified by casual investigation. A satisfying explanation of the happy phenomenon is, however, a difficult undertaking. Too many claim the honors: Dr. Wirt and his patriot hosts; the McNutt political machine; the steel masters; the state agents of Wallace and Hopkins; the still immensely powerful Ku Klux Klan. These are only a few of the groups that demand all bounties for Indiana's serenity amid the holocausts.

I enter a claim for the Hoosier literary tradition.

Indiana stands alone as a state in which regional literature has captured the hearts

of the folk so completely as to achieve a dictatorship of sorts. Here among the Hoosiers, literature is an earthy, home art; the folk run to rhyme as naturally as they shuck corn, or put on sail for the Fiery Cross; in every cellar a barrel of bucolic poetry and a keg of pastoral prose are always on tap, along with the cider jug and the kraut tub. Here is democratic art in fullest flower—art of the people, by the people, and for the people.

I live nigh a lake that is one of a score in the Limberlost region. The lowlands of the surrounding country are rich cow pastures and corn rows. The sandier hills roll away in a royal parade of oaken forests. The lakes are gems strung on a silver ribbon of rivers. The marshes yield huckleberries in prodigal abundance, and carloads of mushrooms go to waste yearly on the fringe of every swamp. In the spring, swarms of songbirds clamor in the forest foliage, and endless beds of wildflowers haunt the trails. Game fish jam the lakes and streams, and the population of the ponds excels the frogs of France.

Small wonder that the sweetest singer of the Hoosier country chants so ardently:

Ain't God good to Indiana?
Ain't He, fellers?
Ain't He, though?

The land breeds poetry, such poetry. In this production nature runs to excess,

as in the fields and woods. In the villages one may be sure that a poet lurks behind the rambler roses of at least every fourth cottage. Hog farms and onion fields provide support for hordes of maiden novelists, young and old, all united in the single hope of publishing tender tales of cripples, orphans, and swamp angels who seek the bluebird of happiness in God's clean outdoors. Father Coughlin is only a name to our folk, because on Sabbath afternoons, the orator's usual radio time, they habitually commune with nature. Likewise they fail Huey Long, for the Kingfish takes to the air at night, when our people are burning oil over literary matters. Now and again, of course, one may find a half-hearted Hoosier who turns from the lamp to listen to a "Fireside Chat."

Fortunately the half-hearts are few. The majority is either writing in spare time or reading furiously to keep up with the mounting bales of local literary output. The force of this habit and tradition has reached in from the country to overwhelm the people of the towns.

In the Gary steel plants, the South Bend motor shops, the Elkhart pill mills and coughdrop foundries, and in the southerly coal mines, the sons of Hoosier farmers remain a dominant group. Riley poetry, Stratton Porter prose, and Abe Martin philosophy are a heritage that all have avidly accepted. The dullest of the country boys, though toiling in the thundering bowels of a steel mill, lives in his native world—his home earth transfigured by a literature that he can comprehend. It keeps him a partner in Eden.

Shrewdly aware of this fact, the editor of Gary's one newspaper runs a daily column of poetry in which he prints ten times more verse than the combined journals of neighboring Chicago exhibit. It is

all sound Hoosier stuff. One looks in vain for poems about the actual life within the cinder rim. The bards who man the column sing only of "the Land of Hain't and Tain't," in traditional form.

The Gary schools, so often maligned as mere shops designed to train docile hands for the steel masters, really pay more reverence to literature than to any other single subject. I doubt if another American city school system approaches Gary's in this respect. The Auditorium classes that crown Dr. Wirt's system provide intensive schooling in literary readings, as well as in dramatics and music.

All the nationalities succumb to these influences, for the appeal of any genuine democratic art is universal. When one has heard Croatian tots lisp "Little Orphan Annie" and Bulgarian urchins recite the finer passages from *Freckles*, then one may begin to understand the placidity of Gary during the time that Pittsburgh and Bethlehem were shuddering from the menace of a steel strike. We had as many potent agitators and organizers as the other centers, but the literature of the simple smile and honest tear repelled them at every point.

The Hoosier literary influence gets its strongest coils about the urban dwellers when they go to the country. In other regions where nature smiles, city people quit their streets for unimaginative reasons—to hunt and fish, to golf and swim, or simply for a change of scene. With us a similar journey is adventure in Eden, a literary pursuit. All harsh realities fade in a roseate glow of romance as the lakes of the Limberlost gleam through the windshield or the hills of Brown County loom above the radiator cap. There is memorable native prose for every brook, a lilting line for every knoll. All nature appears in an array of wonder words.

So do the people of the woods and fields appear. Popular art steams in their blood vessels, as malaria fumes through the veins of Mississippi crackers. They speak and dress like the characters of their novels, usually because the spirit so urges them, but some so do because it pays. The latter, like Southwestern Indians and dude-ranch cowboys, have learned the profit of catering to the romantic concepts of tourists. The usual Hoosier, however, resembles more the folk of Oberammergau, who take their mummery to heart and live it. He is as deeply bemused by his native variety of popular art, the purest literature of true democracy.

The essential quality of any form of literary work under that heading is the faith that the person of meanest condition is by nature the embodiment of noblest virtue. The peasant, with all his bestial smells and habits, is the perfect protagonist. Greeting-card sentiment and vocabulary, colored with bucolic dialect, make the ideal style. Raw nature and the good earth—with pests, poison weeds, manure, sprays, livestock disease, and the seamier side of animal breeding conveniently forgotten—are the traditional setting. From such a mixture the plain people will drink until literary art fills their great heart to the topmost bung.

II

In our neighborhood this art is so pervasive that it drips through to the most illiterate. The magnate of the township is so rich that he can afford to boast that he has never read a book or mouthed a rhyme. Yet he lives the native literature as thoroughly as the next man. The neighbors all know of his wealth, but even among his familiars W. K. Bryan never once takes off the mask of a poor and

humble character. He actually sold out a prosperous hog-trading business in the county seat and retired to the lake-shore woods because of asthma, but love of unspoiled nature is the reason he states to all comers. He knows practical politics, having once been the proud possessor of a garbage contract, but he talks the subject in terms of the high idealism of *The Gentleman from Indiana*. In his younger days Mr. Bryan conducted a saloon and he still gets roaring drunk on occasion, but in his philosophical even-tides most of his homilies are on the evils of strong drink. He vows that he has never heard of Abe Martin, yet he constantly talks like the man on the barbed wire.

Here is an example: "Jeff Bughalter give a rousin' speech on th' immodesty of female dress at Grange t'other night. When Jeff is on a toot th' sight of him would puke a cat."

W. K. Bryan lives under a great strain of responsibility; he is our major public character. Literally thousands of Indiana city people know him as "th' Sage of Lovely Lake," a quaint rustic with a heart of gold under the splatters of tobacco juice that festoon his hickory shirt. All visitors hunt him out. They carry home with them a memory of homely observations, shrewd sayings, and inspiring wisdom which lasts on when the joys of nature are forgotten.

A Gary metallurgist once said earnestly to me, "You know that I took my degree at Columbia. But what you do not know, and may not imagine, is that I get more honest-to-God philosophy out of an hour's talk with W. K. Bryan than I derived from forty-seven lectures by Dewey."

That was the seal of an honest heart. Before quitting Gary to reside nigh Lovely Lake, I had listened to scores of

similar heart speeches from bemused intellectuals of the steel town. All were men of applied science, graduates of great technical schools, and seemingly hard-boiled. Yet every man had succumbed to Hoosier nature and the literary influence. Their master, Dr. W. P. Gleason, the builder and then the chief of Gary Works for twenty-five years, recently retired to devote all his energies to the parks of Gary and to the W. P. Gleason Baby Clinic. I am told that, after a single visit to Indiana, Charles M. Schwab took up the pipe organ.

At any rate, it was mainly the sweet eloquence of the scientific men I knew in Gary that prompted my move to Lovely Lake. I came encased in skepticism, but eight months among the natives have begun to crack the shell. Sweetness and light have entered in, and I frequently find myself speaking and behaving, not in my own person, but as a character that should be written up. There is grave danger that I shall become as quaint, in my own way, as W. K. Bryan. So my purpose is to sketch the realities I live in, to make a synopsis of them, ere I am done for.

III

The abstracts of title to Lovely Lake property go back to the years when John Tyler was president. The first settlers farmed the lowlands, logged the virgin oaks from the hills, hunted bear, treed coons, and exterminated Indians in the usual pioneer fashion. One of them was a German-Scot named Angus Gleim. He was our founding father, and the lake his lands bordered was Gleim Lake until the Hoosier literary influence became sufficiently potent to change the strident "Gleim" to tender "Lovely."

Several localities about the lake have

kept their ancient names, for example, Huckleberry Marsh, Dead Mule Branch, and Horse Thief Valley. In such places lurk the villains of the tale, the serpents that ever menace Eden. All the localities are sinister in history.

Until some thirty years ago the Marsh was perhaps the largest single huckleberry patch on earth. It covered about fifteen thousand acres, a jungle of matted thickets webbed by pickers' paths. When the picking season opened, hell was let loose. There was a veritable racket conducted by a woman who lives in local lore only as "the Huckleberry Queen." She ruled a gang of bullies from the swamps with an iron hand. They enforced her word as law, and all the pickers had to pay tribute to her. During the season "rag-house" bars, dance halls, and gambling dens matched the hellholes of the rowdy Far West. The lore affirms, however, that there was never gunplay. Duels were abundant, but they were waged with the neckyokes of Hoosier tradition, or they were simple eye-gouging and nose-biting contests.

In a common fray the Queen's lover came to grief. This hero was one Paul Turbotin, an exile from Terre Haute. A toothy bully, in a duel with Mr. Turbotin, shrewdly switched ends and bit toes. The toebites were ruled out, but the damage was done. The Queen's lover limped home with an infected foot, and eventually his leg was amputated at the knee. This was a harbinger of calamity. An autumn drouth ended in a marsh fire that killed the berry bushes. The Queen went West, to the mines. Turbotin retired to the then Gleim Lake, where he was familiarly called Peggy Paul. In his latter years he raised chickens and killed stray dogs and cats to feed them. He also passed time by snaring turtles, gouging out their eyes, and then setting them free in the lake. Peggy

Paul's blind turtles are still occasionally caught by fisherman, and every such incident revives romantic stories about the quaint hero of the Huckleberry Marsh. Long interred, Peggy Paul yet lives on in Hoosier story and song.

Dead Mule Branch got its name from a murder in the gay nineties. A native hunter, coming upon a stranger of prosperous appearance on muleback, shot and robbed him. The hunter also brought down the mule. He then dug a deep grave, leaving it narrow in the bottom clay and enlarging it greatly near the surface sand. The dead man was first pitched in and covered with three feet of dirt, and then the mule—its hide removed—was rolled into the larger hole.

It was cunning work, and the sheriff who found the grave and laid bare the mule was almost fooled. But he observed particles of dried clay about, and so, knowing that the clay stratum lay below the buried mule, he exhumed the animal and dug on. The *corpus delicti* was brought up, and a search through the records of local hide markets led to the murderer's identification. He was hanged.

The grim story has a sweeter sequel. The murderer's widow and five children moved to Gleim Lake. Eden saved them. All worked hard and behaved virtuously to live down the infamy that haunted them. Their reward came when they discovered that a mucky part of their farm was marvelously fit for growing mint. A booming chewing-gum market soon enriched them. In our local lore there are no characters more inspiring than this family, which fought up from the shadow of the gallows.

It took the New Deal to regenerate Horse Thief Valley. There Eden failed. A region of mean farms, widely scattered, each one heavily hedged by thick scrub

woods, buttonbush jungles, and treacherous swamps, with most trails known only to the inhabitants, the valley earned its dark name in the days before motors. From its log shacks men issued on black nights and gathered in gangs to raid the horse pastures of rich farmers. The thieves kept their spoils in the secret places of the swamp woods until the hunt was over and then night-herded their loot to the Chicago livestock markets. When horses went out, prohibition came in, and then Horse Thief Valley was the name of despair to the bone-dry Kokomo Ku Klux Klan. The knights attempted several raids, but they always lost their shirts to the valley's tough customers or themselves in the swamps. No sheriff was ever brave enough to venture there, and even the Klan governors would not go so far as to send the militia to clean out the Horse Thievers and their stills. The valley served also as a popular headquarters for the Dillinger school of country-boy criminals, until the depression and repeal joined hands. The New Deal purified the valley. The natives have never wanted much and they live contentedly on relief rations and AAA contributions. Horse Thief Valley admires the Brain Trust and is safe for Roosevelt.

IV

So much for the dark side of our neighborhood, and now for a look around at our best home folk.

At once I find myself struggling amid a welter of characters, every one a quaint and uplifting sample of the Hoosier literary tradition, all of them seeming to have dripped into life from the pens of our novelists and poets.

The question is where to start. Here we have the Old Soldier, the Little Mother,

the Mysterious Stranger—two, in fact—the Orphan, the Lame Man, the Good Woman, the Weak Sister, the Hermit Miser, the Irish Ne'er-do-Well, the Old Liar, and all other common varieties. The Old Soldier, as is natural, demands first call.

Even in its ruder days the neighborhood had an Old Soldier on tap. He was of course a relic of the Civil War. Later, none other than W. K. Bryan assumed the role, as a veteran of the Spanish-American War. Nowadays, with Mr. Bryan so occupied with playing the Homely Philosopher, Gus Hinkle fills the part.

Gus is a genuine professional veteran. Conscripted in the war for democracy, he developed a kidney ailment and served his hitch in bed. He came out with a pension of fifty-three dollars a month, and he still draws it, though he can lug more corn whiskey than any boozier for miles around. When not at the jug, Gus passes time with the wives of men at work. He is, in fact, the local Don Juan. Gus Hinkle's charms are not casually evident; his features are bloated and mottled; his eyes, bloodshot and dull; his mouth, loose and moist, with yellow snags lurking behind it; his rustic garb resembles a hard-used horse blanket. Yet Gus fetches the gals. He has a waggish way with him, a droll chuckle, a persuasively intimate glance. His heart is kind, and his words sweet, when compared with the dour humors and harsh complaints of husbands on work relief.

Gus and Mr. Bryan are close comrades. The case of the Weak Sister is an example of their work together. When this lady, one Essie Bell, came into some seven thousand dollars after the demise of her father, she left her husband and went to live with Gus Hinkle. Through the influence of Gus, she made Mr. Bryan her invest-

ment adviser. The deals were mainly in land, and on every one Mr. Bryan reaped a large profit, which he split honestly with Gus. Unluckily for them, Essie's cash was only diminished by a third when the fickle veteran became involved with the bride of a manure-spreader salesman, and Essie discovered the intrigue. All bets were off, but the friendship of W. K. Bryan and Gus Hinkle remains unimpaired.

To visitors from the city Mr. Bryan presents Gus as a pensioned patriot who suffered such war horrors that he drinks only to forget.

"Gus is as good-hearted a boy as ever I knowed," Mr. Bryan affirms. "It was jist the cussed war that brung on this yere weakness of his'n. Why, when he's sober and washed up, he's as fine a lookin' man as they is around, 'side from his bloat, and he jist can't do too much fer folks. And I jist can't do too much fer him. I won't never quit Gus Hinkle till I cure him up, not W. K. Bryan."

Next time the visitor is always eager to hear how the uplift of the Old Soldier is coming along. And Mr. Bryan always has a tale of hope to tell.

Essie Bell, meanwhile, has gone to hell and returned again to Eden. Lurid stories are whispered about the squandering of her inheritance in the sin holes of Mishawaka, and a sinister glamor lingers about her, even when she is at toil over the washtub or scrub bucket. Essie hires out to the summer cottagers. A dispirited, slatternly drudge, she remains the chief target for the blasts of the Good Woman, a ghost of forbidden romance, the Weak Sister still.

Another charming character is the Lame Man. Tim Lavarán, with his game leg, is a grown-up Tiny Tim to the summer visitors. His plain trade is carpentering, but his chief profession is voicing pious

platitudes about nature and taming squirrels and robins. When Tim Lavarán meets a prospective cottage builder, he never speaks of the sordid details of plans and materials until forced to do so. Even when brought down to brass tacks, to the cost of sheet rock, concrete blocks, and sun-porch glazing, the Lame Man is always interrupting to gab about the bed of white violets nigh Pete Fout's marsh, or the scarlet tanagers that are nesting in a buttonbush he knows about, or to call a robin to his shoulder. Tim Lavarán is a bona fide nature lover. He is trusted by wild birds and admired by timber rodents. The shine of his pale eyes as he speaks of God and nature is honest and compelling. It fetches the contracts.

The Lavarán cottages are all poor stuff. Always the plaster board hides studding set edgewise and spaced four feet apart. The siding conceals housewreckers' sheathing. Cull scantlings support the floors. Roofs leak, and ceilings sag after the first winter.

Yet the Lame Man prospers. He hears complaints with smiles of kind forbearance. He sheds threats with observations on nature. And when he calls the robins to shoulder and the squirrels to hand a complainant never fails to cool off and grow ashamed. Generally the victim ends by boosting Tim Lavarán to the next customer, though in a like case in the city he would call out the police. It is literature triumphant.

V

Sleet Herry, the Orphan, is the exact opposite of the Lame Man in his business dealings. Sleet's specialty is summer-cottage plumbing. That is, he installs chemical closets and septic tanks. An expert workman, he keeps his contracts to the

letter. Yet he repels the customers. Sleet Herry is Indianlike, except for his gray eyes, which burn coldly from a swarthy, high-boned face. He is tall, straight, and lean, and his hair is a coally cloud. Sleet Herry is a romantic figure to the girls, but he ignores them and leads a lonely life. He never gabs, he hunts and fishes in and out of season, and always he wears a hunting knife and has a huge coon hound at his heels.

Such is the character of the fierce lone plumber. When visitors are told, in hushed tones, that Sleet Herry was born out of wedlock, they understand and forgive his harsh aloofness. And as the tale runs on to tell that the proud blood of a Potawatomi chief courses in Sleet Herry's veins, then the listening hearts know him. The character is a literary tradition that goes back to Cooper.

Our Little Mother is Beth Purdy. Aged eleven, a brood of five smaller sisters and brothers is her care and responsibility. Beth's father is a weakling of poetic tendencies who is on work relief. Her mother is a giddy gadabout who has finger waves and buys dime-store jewelry out of the family's meager income, and both parents attend all the dances in their aged flivver. Beth runs the shack and guards the younglings with an energy and efficiency that are unmatched by any sister character in the local novels.

She is, however, anything but an angel child in reality. Beth swears like a hog buyer, smokes cigarettes, swigs corn whiskey, poaches muskrats, steals from summer cottages, and never hesitates at uprooting flowers and shrubs when she leads her flock in frolic. Also, Beth is ever eager to demonstrate that she knows all the facts of life. The information and habits innocent city children acquire from our Little Mother are sometimes frightful to

think about, but visiting parents seldom have the heart to run her off. Beth Purdy is too obviously the Little Mother of Hoosier fiction. So her realities are conveniently ignored.

The catalogue of our characters could be carried on for pages. The Good Woman, Widow Carrie Haugen, is always on hand, in illness, death, and scandal, to sermonize from her single text, "I'm one woman who can hold up her head when she meets her God." There is the Quaint Old Liar, who builds boats for a living and spins yarns for all comers. He smells, for he hates water and he sweats lavishly, but even in muggy weather his tall tales are generally worth the odors. There is the Hermit Miser, a large landowner who yet manages to keep on the township relief rolls, and whose murky shack in the deep woods is guarded by two bloodhounds. And there are the Mysterious Strangers.

One is a Bohemian, a retired musician from Chicago. There he played second fiddle in a cheap café orchestra, but at *Lovely Lake* romance has exalted him into the character of a once-celebrated Music Master whose heart was broken by unrequited love and who sought surcease and refuge in the peace of nature. As a matter of fact, he plays horribly, but the

natives do not mind that, nor do the visitors. All they care for is the mystery stories they can weave about the past of Herman Hrbacek.

The other Mysterious Stranger is a commoner sort. He came here from Chicago to launch a dance hall and roadhouse, he remained to buy a piece of bottom land and grow onions. A gloomy, taciturn individual, he is wordless about his past and admits no visitors to his bachelor quarters. The favorite story about him tells of a midnight visitor to the onion farm, a veiled woman who drove down the creek road in a magnificent car, lingered at the dark shack for a spell, and then departed, weeping audibly. Another tells of a notorious Chicago gang chief who also came at night and was driven off by gunfire. Meanwhile the onion grower keeps an enigmatic silence.

These are the persons of Hoosier Eden, the characters of our living novel, *Lovely Lake*. To close the synopsis, a moral must be pointed, or the example of democratic literature would be incomplete.

The only one I can think of is an old saying, one coined by a popular artist whose understanding of his countrymen was sometimes honestly spoken. He said, "The people like to be fooled." They certainly do in Indiana.

THE JAPANESE IN HAWAII

BY MIRIAM ALLEN DEFORD

ABOUT forty per cent of the approximately 400,000 permanent residents of the Hawaiian Islands are of Japanese descent. Between half and three-quarters of these were born in Hawaii, and therefore, though Orientals by ancestry, are American citizens by right of birth. The proportion is likely from now on to remain constant, or even to be increased slightly. Given the usual preconceptions about the Japanese held by the average American on the mainland, this is an alarming situation. To him a Japanese is an indigestible ingredient in the national hash, a human being utterly unassimilable, either racially, economically, or politically. By long-standing tradition, every humble Japanese farmer or laborer living in America is assumed to be a subtly disguised spy, living and working only for the glory of the Mikado and the downfall of his adopted land.

This preconception any objective and disinterested student of the actual conditions obtaining in Hawaii will categorically deny. He knows that the young, American-born Japanese in the islands are growing up to be a patriotic group of loyal Americans; that in case of necessity, in the event of war between Japan and the United States, these young men, now schoolboys, would, in overwhelming numbers, actually fight for this country against their ancestral fatherland. To substantiate this seemingly extreme statement, let us examine in the light of the existing facts the myth

of the Yellow Peril. The laboratory material for the investigation is provided ready-made by the phenomenon of an American territory with nearly half its citizenry made up of these same supposedly wily and subversive Japanese.

The actual registered vote of the territory (white, brown, or yellow) is today very much smaller than the number of its inhabitants might lead one to expect. In round numbers, of the 400,000 residents of Hawaii, fewer than 70,000 are now registered voters. But there are at present only approximately 22,000 Japanese citizens who are over twenty-one years of age; in fifteen years from now there will be nearer to 108,000. At that time—Hawaii having a young population, with about forty per cent of its native-born still in their minority—the potential vote of the islands will be about 270,000. Nearly half of these potential voters will then be Japanese. This, together with a literacy test and the disfranchisement of the army and navy men who make up so much of the white population, accounts both for the low percentage of voters now qualified and for the rapid increase with every election, especially as regards young Japanese just coming of age. For example, in two years, from 1932 to 1934, the Japanese vote rose from less than 10,000 to nearly 14,000.

Naturally very far from all the persons qualified to vote actually are interested enough to register. The proportion regis-

tering in any ordinary election varies according to the different racial groups, the Hawaiian natives being especially passionate politicians. The usual proportion among eligible Japanese is, roughly, sixty-five per cent — high in the list of averages. If this proportion still obtains by 1950, and since, as I have said, there will then be about 108,000 Japanese eligible to vote, that will mean 70,000 Japanese ballots — sufficient to control an election. It is true that under territorial rule all a resident of Hawaii can do is to elect his own county supervisors, members of his legislature, and a delegate to the national Congress who has a voice but no vote; yet there is always a possibility, even though a remote one, that the territory may some day become a state. In that case, those 70,000 Japanese votes might turn the tide of a presidential election, or determine the issue or the conduct of a war.

Today these citizens of Japanese derivation do not put forward political candidates in any proportion comparable to even their present numerical strength. At the 1934 primaries, for instance, there were only two Japanese candidates for office on Oahu, the island on which Honolulu is situated, though there were seventeen (only a few of whom were nominated) on the other islands. Only five Japanese or part-Japanese now hold elective office. Indeed, the Japanese do not even vote *en bloc* for their own candidates; Hawaii is doubtless the only place on earth where a Chinese could be elected partly by Japanese votes.

All this, of course, might be regarded as only a smart trick of Nipponese plotters biding their time and building up their strength. Wait, the pointers with alarm might say, until Hawaii becomes a state, and then the governor and all the legislature will be Japanese; wait until

the Japanese vote is twenty-six per cent of the total instead of fourteen per cent as now, and we shall see how the Japanese citizens will then abuse their power for the benefit of their ancestral nation and against the land of their birth.

But such croakers badly underestimate the effect, on the young Japanese born and reared in Hawaii, of their lifelong environment and education. The average son of Nippon in the islands has his heart set, not on plotting for the glory of Japan, but on minimizing as far as possible his unlikenesses to his school- and work-mates of other races. There is close solidarity among the older men and women, and continuing loyalty to the land of their birth, just as there is among foreign-born men and women of other nationalities; but, just as is the case with other foreign-born immigrants of the older generation, they complain loudly — and vainly — of the Americanization of their offspring. Hawaii does something fundamental to the young Japanese, just as America in general does something fundamental to young Italians and Germans and Russians. In so far as it can, it turns them too into young Americans. Dr. Romanzo Adams sums up this situation in saying:

Their education is in general the education of America. It presupposes the American political and social order and American opportunity. The children respond to the teachings much as do children on the mainland, only there is more enthusiasm for our old American ideals — liberty, democracy, political and civil equality, even-handed justice and economic opportunity for all.

Under a veneer of material modernity, Hawaii is indeed the last outpost of the America of our childhood — the old belief in rugged individualism and a break for everybody. There are practically no

reds and very few pinks. The average Hawaiian citizen of any race is an ardent patriot; you never hear in Honolulu, as you do in New York or Chicago or San Francisco, that our economic system is on its last legs, that a fundamental change is imminent. There are neither communists nor fascists in Hawaii, but there are thousands of old-fashioned prewar-minded Americans. This being so, the little Japanese boy who goes to school in Honolulu is far more likely to dream of emulating Abraham Lincoln than of following Lenin, Mussolini, Hitler or the Samurai.

II

The political bent of the territory is, of course, largely influenced by its economic life. Hawaii is an agricultural country, and in the nature of things it will always be an agricultural country. Its industries outside of the plantations, except for the services and trades natural to the few cities—and Honolulu, the only large city, is essentially parasitic, given over to the army and navy and to the tourists—are mostly those needed to equip and supply the plantations themselves. Nearly seventy-five per cent of Hawaiian production is of sugar; about fifteen per cent is of pineapples; coffee follows a long way behind; and there are no other agricultural fields of real importance. To a certain extent, agriculture in Hawaii has been mechanized, and in the sense of mass production it is highly industrialized. But there is a definite limit beyond which mechanization and industrialization cannot go; the great bulk of the sugar and pineapple crops will always have to be grown and harvested by unskilled and semiskilled manual labor. This being so, the plantation system must loom large on the horizon of every Hawaiian Japanese.

But the Japanese, who constitute nearly forty per cent of the population of Hawaii, do not constitute anything like forty per cent of the plantation workers; they are now much nearer fourteen per cent.

The chief reason for this is not dislike of hard labor, but the limitations on promotion. The average Japanese is ambitious; he is constantly looking for an opportunity to better himself. He finds his actual situation at cruel variance with what he has been taught to believe is his right as an American citizen. Materially, the sugar-field hand is better off than the farmhand on the mainland. The plantations give free houses and fuel, and free medical attention in the lower income brackets, and the best of them nowadays offer really exceptional housing accommodations and educational and recreational facilities. They pay an average wage of \$1.67 a day, the highest rate for nonseasonal, unskilled agricultural labor in the United States. But—though there is more opportunity for advancement for the Hawaiian-born, educated Japanese worker than there once was—it is still unusual for such a worker to rise very far. There are, so far as I could learn, no plantation managers or engineers of Japanese descent. Even in the semiskilled technical jobs, all the way down to the *lunas* (foremen), the Oriental who has risen from the ranks is rare. And when he does fight his way up, his pay will be approximately half of that given for the same work to a *haole* (white).

Naturally, therefore, the young Japanese-Hawaiian looks elsewhere for a livelihood. "Today," wrote a Japanese student at the University of Hawaii, "I often hear the 'back-to-the-field' arguments, but let me tell you that is all bunkum. Before anybody could expect the younger generation to work in the fields, the plantation

has to realize that the laborers are human beings." This boy spoke bitterly of his own father's experiences, and of the racial discrimination and even brutality shown him by his superiors. As one observer remarked, the education of these young Japanese "is not preparing them for the common labor of Hawaii."

The result is a life-and-death competition for white-collar jobs in a country where white-collar jobs are few. In every one of these occupations the young Japanese finds himself discriminated against, with a differential wage-scale applying to every position. For example, a *haole* bookkeeper receives about \$200 a month, a Japanese bookkeeper about \$125. Even Japanese contractors and business men have to content themselves, except in dealing with their own race, with marginal orders; the plums go to the relatively few whites. Persons in authority will tell you that the Japanese will work for less, but of course no one works for less if he can get more.

Even against such difficulties, the Japanese flock into stores and offices and into the professions. Most of the new eligible teachers are Japanese, but few of them receive appointments; white teachers are imported from the mainland over their heads. Of 117 physicians listed in the Honolulu telephone directory, 23 are Japanese; of 73 lawyers, five; of 82 dentists, 28. There are only two Japanese engineers and one Japanese optometrist. And their patients or clients are almost exclusively Japanese.

In the trades, outside of the enormous number of small retail businesses in Nipponese hands, the same condition obtains. Organized labor in Hawaii is very weak, but it is not too weak to discriminate against the Japanese. Of the thirteen unions in Honolulu affiliated with the Ameri-

can Federation of Labor, several have rules against the admission of Orientals, and even those without such rules preserve an attitude which makes it unlikely that any Japanese craftsman would apply for membership. Most of them see no connection between this fact and their loud complaints that a Japanese painter or carpenter or plumber will work for starvation wages. There are exceptions, of course—the machinists' union has at present two Japanese members, and when it was founded it even had one alien Japanese member, an immigrant from Japan.

The conflict, in the words of an acute observer, "is not primarily a race struggle, but a struggle for economic, political, and general social status in which race difference is an important complicating factor." Sometimes the Japanese boy or girl wins out in this economic game of musical chairs where someone is always left without a seat; more often he or she does not. The educated, trained aspirant who can find no job in the professions or trades can do one of three things: he can emigrate either to the mainland, where—especially in the West—he will be met by exactly the same situation as at home, or to the Orient, where he is out of place, often cannot even speak the language fluently, and finds that nobody wants him; he can give up completely and drift into idleness, dependency, and perhaps crime; or he can swallow his ambition and pride and take what work he can get—which means domestic service for the girls and sugar-field labor for the boys. To the credit of the young people, the third road is the most crowded. It would be as crowded with returning travelers if economic opportunity of a higher grade should arise.

The situation is especially painful, naturally, for the educated; and the Japanese,

like the Chinese, believe in education. Indeed, they make up fifty-four per cent of all public-school pupils, far in excess of their percentage in the general population. There are many Japanese students at the University of Hawaii, and some of these go on to advanced and professional work at mainland universities. At McKinley High School, one of the two in Honolulu, 1587 of the 2909 pupils last year were Japanese. Nearly all the young Japanese students in the city are concentrated at McKinley, for the reason that the other high school, the Roosevelt, requires that pupils speak idiomatic English, and many of the Japanese students come from homes where only Japanese or pidgin English is spoken. (For the same reason, the lower schools are divided into English-speaking and non-English-speaking, and children starting school must pass a test in idiomatic spoken English if they wish to enter one of the former. This condition, however, is improving; Dr. Marjorie Babcock of the Psychological Clinic of the University of Hawaii says that children of six brought to her now speak better English than did children of nine in 1922).

The percentage of school attendance of Japanese at sixteen and seventeen years of age (compulsory education stops at fourteen) is lower than that of whites or even of Chinese and Koreans; but the Japanese illiteracy rate is next to the lowest of all races. Considering that only seventy per cent of the Japanese in Hawaii (which includes all the Japanese-born) are able to speak English at all, their high-school and university attendance percentages are most commendable. They are not, it is true, the children with the best school record—which is hardly to be wondered at, with all the obstacles confronting them. In Honolulu they are fourth in a list of eight nationalities with respect to retarda-

tion in grades behind the average for their age, and in the territory as a whole they are fifth. This does not, however, prove any point against the inherent mental ability of the race. In a study of five thousand subjects for mental alertness, conducted by Prof. S. D. Porteus of the University of Hawaii, the Japanese stood next to the whites at the top of the list. These tests were made by measurement of brain capacity, mental examination, and the judgment of twenty-five selected observers. Twenty-three per cent of the patients at Waimano Home for the Feeble-Minded are Japanese, appreciably below their proportion to the population. At the Ala Moana Opportunity School, a special school for pupils between 40 I. Q. and 80 I. Q., the Japanese are third highest of the racial groups. This is hardly a fair estimate, however, since the Ala Moana pupils are for the most part from the most depressed economic stratum.

III

When the Japanese child finishes his day's attendance at school, he is not free to go home, study his lessons, and play. He must go directly from the public school to the Japanese language school (there are Chinese language schools, too, but fewer children attend them), where he learns to read and write in the tongue of his ancestors. There is much controversy among the socially dominant *haoles* as to the desirability of these private schools. To many they seem an unmitigated menace, teaching the child to think of himself as a Japanese rather than as an American. Yet listen to the chatter of these boys and girls as they crowd the street-cars en route to or from the language schools; in pure American slang they are discussing the movies, the baseball and football games,

and their public-school teachers and classmates! As a matter of fact, since most of a Japanese boy's business contracts and dealings must be with his compatriots, he would find it impossible to deal with the older Japanese at all without a working knowledge of the Oriental speech—indeed, without that common tongue he would be utterly alienated from his own parents, most of whom never learn to speak English.

The tendency of the young Hawaiian-born Japanese, like that of the young Italian or Greek of the second generation, is not so much to forget his parents' tongue as never to learn it. If it were not for these language schools, many Japanese children would never speak Japanese. As it is, when they grow up, they are often as ashamed of their possession of an alien speech as are the young Russian Jews who pretend not to understand Yiddish, and they make as much haste to repress their memories. I have heard of a Japanese university student who would not speak to his mother at all when they went out together, because she could not speak English and he would not be heard talking Japanese on a street-car. Fathers and mothers can hardly be blamed, in such circumstances, for insisting bitterly on their right to maintain the language schools and to compel their offspring to attend them.

Some Japanese young people withstand a much more severe test of their Americanism and emerge as aggressive patriots. A good many sons and daughters—particularly daughters—of prosperous Japanese families are sent to Japan for a couple of years in their teens. The natural desire of the parents to have their children know their own old home, become familiar with its life and customs, has from their point of view been disastrous.

Nearly always the children return detesting their fathers' country and vociferously preferring their own native land. This is especially true of the girls; they are sent to Japan to learn how to become submissive, gentle, Oriental wives and mothers, but they go too late to feel anything but rebellion and antagonism. Removed from the tutelage of their parents during adolescence, they come back to Hawaii estranged and incapable of family readjustment. The same thing occurs with the numerous young men who, unable to find suitable work in Hawaii, have tried their luck in Japan, usually to find even worse conditions there.

There are no better American patriots than these returned young citizens. In the unlikely and undesired event of a war between Japan and the United States, the crux of the Hawaiian situation would be the question of enlistment or drafting of American citizens of Japanese descent. To many it seems unthinkable that any such soldiers could be found to take up arms against their fathers' country. As a matter of fact, I venture to predict that there would be very little difficulty in securing recruits, any more than there was in finding second-generation Germans who were eager to prove their American loyalty by enlisting against Germany in the World War. And the foremost of such recruits would be the young men who had been to Japan, who had lived and worked there, aliens to all the conditioning of the formative years of their childhood and early youth, and who had come home to "their own country," embittered and chauvinistically anti-Japanese.

Up to 1924, these young people at least found themselves subjects of Japan when they went there; now they are almost always complete aliens. Until 1924, every child born anywhere of Japanese parents was a Japanese subject, whether registered

at the Japanese consulate or not. He could not, indeed, be expatriated before the age of sixteen—the age of military service. Now, by Imperial Ordinance 262, of November 15, 1924, all this is changed so far as children born in Argentina, Chile, and the United States are concerned. If the parents do *not* report the birth to the consulate, the child is not a Japanese subject; and a registered child may be expatriated at any age. The Japanese Civic Association of Honolulu, headed by Masaji Marumoto, an attorney who is a graduate of the Harvard Law School, has been foremost in the movement to increase expatriation and renunciation of dual citizenship, and to prevent registration of newly born children at the Japanese consulate. There are no exact figures on the results of this drive, but its success is obvious. Roughly speaking, all school-teachers, persons in public office, and those for any reason much in the public eye have renounced dual citizenship; and the number of others who have done so has also increased observably in the past few years. It is now unusual for a baby to be registered at the Japanese consulate.

IV

These American citizens of Japanese extraction are, on the whole, good citizens and good men and women. The Japanese in Hawaii have an excellent crime record. The special report of the Governor's Advisory Committee on Crime, made in 1931 (there has been no such general survey since), analyzed crime as related to race for two periods, from 1917 to 1922, and from 1923 to 1928; and for both periods, out of seven classifications, the Japanese were at the foot of the list—in other words, had the smallest number of criminals. In respect to crimes of violence they

had decidedly the best record. Automobile theft and burglary are the chief causes of downfall among them, just as they are among young whites on the mainland, but even in those they were respectively fourth and fifth in a list of seven. Moreover, they showed a marked improvement between the first period and the second. The Japanese, who now make up forty per cent of the population, provide twelve per cent of the murderers. In delinquency of girls, an increase was shown in every racial group except the Japanese, and their rate, already low, was decreasing. Of 92 boys committed to Waialae, the Boys' Industrial School, during one recent year, only nine were Japanese and one part-Japanese. Of the 521 inmates of Oahu Prison at the close of the statistical year in 1934, only 59, or less than nine per cent, were Japanese; of the 37 federal prisoners, they constituted seven; and of the 673 prisoners on parole, they made up only 56. Their standing in respect to dependency (aside from emergency relief) is equally good; in the cases helped by the Humane Society, one of the principal social agencies in Honolulu, they stand fourth from last in a classification of eleven nationalities.

Viewers with alarm will tell you that the Japanese birth rate is enormously high and that, wherever the Japanese settle, they will overwhelm the previous population. It is true that the rate is very high in Hawaii—170 per 1000 of population—but it is by no means the highest in the territory; in fact, it is the fourth among nine racial groups. And it is declining perceptibly, following the usual rule among second- and third-generation immigrants. The Birth Control Clinic at Palama Settlement reports the Japanese, with the Chinese, as the most co-operative of its clients, and Japanese women apply

as patients about as frequently as their ratio to the population would incline one to expect. They have none of the religious prejudices which make the Portuguese, for example, so impervious to birth control propaganda.

The Japanese death rate is very low, lowest of any group except the Spanish; and as long ago as 1931 the Japanese had the third lowest rate of infant mortality. In almost every one of the principal diseases making up the mortality records of Hawaii, the Japanese have a low percentage. Their great scourge, as with the Hawaiian natives, is tuberculosis; thirty-two per cent of the cases reported in 1934 were of Japanese. But though they are exceedingly susceptible to this disease, their mortality rate from it, thanks to the marvelous work of the Tuberculosis Association of the Territory of Hawaii, is decreasing rapidly. In 1933 the Japanese deaths from tuberculosis per 100,000 of the population were 106.8, in 1934, only 69.6 — a startling reduction.

The newcomer to Hawaii — the innocent *malihini* — will be told a great many things about the islands that are not so, though the narrator probably believes them himself. One of these invariable stories is that every racial group in Hawaii intermarries with others save for the Japanese. An analysis of the records shows that this is simply not the case. It is true that the Japanese do not intermarry to the same extent as do some other races — notably the Hawaiians, who have a suicidal passion for mingling their blood with that of every other race under the sun — but every year more Japanese marry outside of their race than did so the year before. Twenty years ago, for example, out of 1860 Japanese women married in a single year, only six married others than their own people, and out of 1856 men,

only twelve took part in an interracial union. Twenty years later (thanks, perhaps, to the depression) a far smaller number took out marriage licenses at all — 841 Japanese women and 845 Japanese men. But of the 841, 39 married non-Japanese, and of the 845, 37 married outside their race.

This does not seem like a large enough number to make an issue of, but the difference in ratio in a twenty-year period is striking. As a Japanese girl remarked, "There are so many of us we have no trouble making a choice from our own group." But nowadays the boys and girls go to school together, they meet one another socially, and in a growing number of cases the inevitable is sure to happen. Often the situation resolves itself into the familiar conflict between the old generation and the new. Here are two cases:

The daughter of a Japanese storekeeper in the country fell in love with a Chinese-Hawaiian boy. There were religious as well as racial obstacles — she was a Buddhist, he a Roman Catholic. Her father forbade her to see him again, and she obeyed. But the day she became twenty years old (the age in Hawaii when girls may marry without their parents' consent), she ran away, and they were married. Now all her brothers have gone to Honolulu to find work, and her father has philosophically decided that even a Chinese-Hawaiian, Christian son-in-law is better than no one to help in the store at all. A formal reconciliation took place, and they are all living together now in amity. In another case, the boy was Japanese, the girl Chinese. The boy's older brother, disapproving heartily of the affair, went to demand that the girl break it off. He found that her family had thrown her out, in token of their own disapprobation. He hunted her up and was so charmed by

her that, to his brother's incredulous delight, he returned with her and gave the pair his blessing.

There are many other such instances: a Japanese nurse married happily to a *hapa-haole* (half white, half Hawaiian); a Japanese with a German wife and two blond babies; a Portuguese woman married to a Japanese and defending him proudly against the slurs of her family and friends. The only difficulty, aside from the feelings of those who consider all racial mixtures bad, is that the offspring of such marriages belong to neither one group nor the other, and hence are in the same unfortunate position as children of broken homes.

V

It must by this time be clear that the average second-generation Japanese in Hawaii thinks of himself, not as a Japanese who lives in America, but as an American who happens to be of Japanese descent. If this perhaps naïve assumption (which, since it does exist and must be reckoned with, is surely a desirable one from the American point of view) should ever change, the blame would rest on the shoulders of certain representatives of the socially dominant minority of whites. Hawaii is not at all the melting pot, the amiable and loving nest of disparate birds all billing and cooing together, that it sometimes has been said to be. The attitude of the *haoles* differs, of course, with every social and economic group, from the white-man's-burden position of the average army officer to the Christian internationalism of the liberal clergyman, traditional among the descendants of the missionary families. Sometimes there is one official attitude and another far-less-pleasing one for private use. There are

plenty of people to label the McKinley High School "little Tokyo"; to hunt out stores where only Caucasians are employed; to say, as did one prominent businessman, "We advertised for an office boy and we got fifty replies, but they were all from Japs, so we'll have to advertise again." More than one Japanese boy who has been president of his class in high school finds that when he gets to the university, where the sons and daughters of big plantation owners, with their provincial prejudices, set the social pace, the same girls who used to boast about his invitations will not even accept him as a partner at a college dance. On the other hand, one encounters, occasionally, most injudicious expressions of excessive solicitude for Japanese feelings, such as the arrest of a Korean—on American soil—for having slandered the Mikado.

But between these extremes, it is safe to say that the most articulate and influential of the whites, while realizing fully the delicate nature of the racial situation in Hawaii, respect the good qualities of the Japanese and have faith in their political and economic, if not in their racial, assimilability. They continue to eat with Japanese in restaurants and sit by them at the movies and join them on committees without feeling that any great disaster has occurred to them or to America. It is for the most part the outsider and the newcomer who is most alarmed about the loyalty of the Hawaiian-born Japanese.

The old-timer, the *kamaaina*, though he may make things most difficult for the young Japanese by economic discrimination, is quite sure that should war ever break out between Japan and the United States, the vast majority of the Hawaiian citizens of Japanese descent would remain firmly and aggressively American.

HISTORIES OF THE AMERICAN MIND

BY EDGAR LEE MASTERS

SIDE by side with the hysterical unrealities and demoralizations which accompanied and followed the World War there was a marked activity in biographical writing in America, and in the recreation of dramatic periods in its career. It was like that brighter burning of the intellectual flame which sometimes occurs in an individual stricken with certain maladies. We were a sick and feverish people and perhaps historic forces, comparable to human cells which resist death, rushed to the task of getting the truth told before it was too late. The figure may be indulged as one explanation of a general revival of interest in American characters of the past.

In times of spiritual bankruptcy and false prosperity, or financial depression and sharpened realism, minds of vision see more clearly than ever that lies bring on wars, and that the aftermath of tyrannies and robberies is the result of lies. The world would not be where it is today if all along there had not been those obstinate and pugnacious spirits who could not bear to see history falsified, and leading men of the past kept in the dust-bins of time to be more and more sifted over with refuse. To take these figures out and to clean them is to make them rallying points of cultural progress, forces of correction and readjustment, and inspirations to a wisdom which reshapes. They may stand again as types for emulation, and as figures between past times and present times, for useful comparison. Or some of the gilt may be

taken off figures too much gilded. In either case the country is set going straight. That is the idea behind the best biography.

As we read these veracious and well documented biographies we see how partisan interest, whether in politics or literature, can distort a certain kind of devil-swarmed career. The populace everywhere is afflicted by manias, and not less so in America than elsewhere. Here we are inclined to be wildly for a man or wildly against him, changing in a day from one extreme to the other. This cannot be without vast mendacity, and that mendacity gets into our books.

But meanwhile some one is keeping a journal, as Emerson did, in which there is a sane record of men and affairs. That becomes a correction in later days. Or documents put aside in mad days turn up to prove that war originated in causes far different from those to which it was ascribed at the time, and to which it has long been ascribed. It is feasible enough to force a national unification on the matter of a war, or to reduce the country to a sort of money or business unification. It is more difficult to get the history of the country straight for a unified vision upon it; and more important that there should be understanding of a country's principal heroes. Not otherwise can a country have its true character. America would be belied if by some course of falsification it could be made to appear that Millard Fillmore was our chief character; as we are

now misrepresented by detraction of Jefferson and Jackson and even of Polk.

In casting back over the biographies of the last fifteen years or so, published in America of Americans, I find a gratifying tendency to set the course of the country straight. Even in the case of Washington it is desirable that we should know what the man was, as Rupert Hughes portrayed him. Washington as a steel engraving smoothed to a flat excellence is not as valuable to us as Washington painted with what warts he had. It is the village mind that clings to the hero as poetry has portrayed him. In England, almost at the same time that Hughes' life of Washington appeared, a life of Nelson was published in which the admiral who saved England at Trafalgar was shown with his peccadilloes and in his amours. England accepted this as a matter of course. Why not? Yet Nelson did for England what Lincoln did for the North in the so-called saving of the Union.

This spurt in American biography, I believe, was caused by a growing realization that the American mind had been grossly duped by the school histories for fifty years and more, many of which were inspired by manias, and by economic pressures; and duped as well by that partisan reporting which followed the War between the States. These writers themselves, having come across documents and biographies which had been suppressed by paramount politics and business, very likely rose in resentment at what had been done to their minds, and what was yet being done to the judgments of the oncoming youth of the land. A kind of righteous anger at this outrage filled them with fighting spirit.

But, until the last ten years or so, Lee has been written down as a traitor, Andrew Johnson as an ignorant drunkard, Whitman as an obscene and shabby

mountebank. Poe was not to be classed with Longfellow either as a poet or as a man; Jefferson Davis did well to escape hanging, and only the magnanimity of a great and virtuous people saved him; Jackson demoralized his country with mischievous theories about money and banking; and Polk was a little man controlled entirely by slave-catchers and justly satirized by Lowell. At the same time no one, not even in New England, proposed to turn Texas and California back to Mexico. All of this has been very bad. The country could not be itself and think itself while swallowing such preposterous nonsense, and while acting out such dishonesty. Much of this falsification was evident as such upon its face. Some of it needed research to make manifest its unhistoric character.

Every little while some one arises to assert that America has arrived at maturity, that America has become aware of what it is, and of what it has been, and therefore has proper self-consciousness. That is coming to pass just as fast as information is given for the forming of better judgments on the men who made the country: the statesmen, the thinkers, and creators, who were at work during their lives upon the laws and economies, upon art and literature. What has come out through many of the late biographies may be called iconoclastic, if the whole matter is to be settled by an adjective. Yet is it not plain enough that when Grant is credited with skill as a captain the story is told, and that he has no great value to history in any other capacity? It is equally clear that Howells did not go in deep enough to get the real kernel of things, and that it was his timorous character that prevented him from doing so. Likewise what was known about Mark Twain sub rosa during his lifetime came forth in the book on him by Van Wyck

Brooks. Beautiful as a fairy tale are the poems about Mark Twain by Vachel Lindsay. But one can only understand how Mark Twain wrote as he did, and how he happened not to write what he might have written, by knowing the man as he was.

The publication of Emerson's *Journals*, 1909-1914, was perhaps the richest contribution made to American annals in the present century. Nothing is so real as the words set down in letters and journals when the author is not writing for the public, but is expressing himself as confidentially as he would to a neighbor about a neighbor.

II

No doubt the resentment of the new biographers against the work of such obscurantists as John Hay and John Nicolay, and such works as the American Statesmen Series, and McMaster's history, was sharpened with more cutting analysis by the teachings of Freud. They were professedly applied by Harvey O'Higgins in 1924 when he wrote *The American Mind in Action*, and dissected the characters of Mark Twain, Lincoln, Emerson, Carnegie, Longfellow, Whitman, and Hanna. This was an extremely interesting book, if not a landmark book, done fearlessly and under the inspiration of a new method. It gave explanation to Lincoln in terms of a split-personality, and showed why it was that Lincoln mystified David Davis, and even baffled the analysis of Herndon. For these men saw that Lincoln was self-contradictory both in his words and in his acts. This book also exposed the puerility of Longfellow and the exhibitionism of Whitman, and the reservations of Mark Twain.

For long years Herndon's life of Lincoln was passed over as the libelous maunderings of a senile drunkard. O'Hig-

gins was among the first to give a realistic treatment of Lincoln, which had its monumental consummation in the great work of Beveridge published in 1928. The mythopœic forces which made the Lincoln who is still revered would lose their magic power if that popular love and idealization of the Kentucky-Tennessee-Illinois culture of simple, honest, and primitive life were withdrawn. It is Lincoln as the flowering of this culture that has not passed from the imagination of America, just as the legendary eye would rather look upon Mark Twain as a steamboat pilot, or a pioneer in Nevada, than upon the Mark Twain who calculated the writing or not writing of books upon money considerations. O'Higgins' book was a mental history of America, as Van Wyck Brooks' work on Mark Twain was, and as Hervey Allen's biography of Poe was.

Bower's *Jefferson and Hamilton* and his *The Tragic Era*, together with George Fort Milton's *The Age of Hate*, and his recent *The Eve of Conflict* are capital examples of mental history, showing how America once thought of Andrew Johnson and Stephen A. Douglas, and how grossly at fault it was for the judgment it formerly entertained of those men. A pamphlet by Frank Heywood Hodder of the University of Kansas, entitled *Genesis of the Kansas-Nebraska Act*, unquestionably had great influence on the writing of biography.

We yet lack a thoroughgoing life of Jefferson, written by some one who can deal legalistically with the Kentucky and Virginia resolutions, and with Jefferson's strictures upon the opinions of Marshall, as well as upon Jefferson's objections to the assumption of power on the part of the Supreme Court to invalidate the laws of Congress and the laws of the states. What he said upon those subjects has been lost in the hypnotic admiration that has been

created for the Supreme Court by lawyers and merchants. There was a good deal of the imperialist left in Beveridge when he wrote his life of Marshall, published in 1919, and of which he largely rid himself under the disillusionment which came over him in the composition of the Lincoln biography. Francis Wrigley Hirst's life of Jefferson (1926) was marked by sound scholarship and extensive research, and it wisely dwelt upon the many-sidedness of Jefferson's genius. But for the good of America's mentality we need a life of Jefferson just as eulogistic as the facts will permit it to be, for Jefferson can scarcely be overwritten, his great erudition and his steadfast democracy considered. Albert J. Nock, a good Jeffersonian, did not rise and shine up to his ability when he wrote his book on Jefferson, published within ten years past. The treatment of Jefferson historically comes to positive neglect. It is accounted for by the fact that his philosophy interferes with the materialism and the war-hero preoccupation which have afflicted America. We have paid for this course and are yet to pay for it.

McMaster leaves the reputation of Jefferson Davis in the hands of Robert Bunch, who was the British Consul at Charleston during the War; and in the hands of Lord Lyons who wrote to Lord Russell that Davis had organized the Confederacy on the principle of preserving and extending slavery, overlooking the fact that the North avowed the war to be waged to preserve the Union, and that the South claimed to resist the War for the sake of establishing Southern independence. The matter is well cleared now through Eckenrode's politico-military history of the Confederate president (1923), and through biographies of Davis by Elizabeth Brown Cutting in 1930 and by Allen Tate of about the same time. Jefferson Davis, Alexander

H. Stephens, Gordon, and others wrote of themselves more or less in vain, so far as their own day was concerned. But they stored the material for those who are writing today, and who can win an audience. As we shall not have Negro slavery any more in America, it is useful for us to understand for the management of future days something about the part that the tariff played in the War between the States, and the influence that Jeffersonian state sovereignty exercised in that terrible struggle. At this time our members of Congress act as if they had never heard of these principles of government, as indeed they may know nothing about them; but the time may come when their meaning will be searched for again.

III

In the development of our mental nationality where would we be if we were deprived, as we were for years, of a just appreciation of the character of Robert E. Lee? There never was a time, perhaps, when his skill as a captain was not recognized. But what good does admiration for that do us? It has no more value than to concede greatness as a captain to Grant. It is quite a different matter to think of Lee's qualities as a man, and to remember him as a student who modeled his life after the character of Washington, and who lived in emulation of the integrity, courage and loyalty to duty which distinguished his great kinsman. This was Lee's bequest to his countrymen, whether North or South. His obedience to conscience in staking all that he had for the South was Miltonic. His patience and steadfastness in defeat, poverty and disgrace, and under the cloud of an indictment for treason, cannot be overmatched in the history of the world. He was far down in men's eyes, and in

the obscurity of the presidency of Washington University when Grant was lush in power, riches, and public adoration. History has not left much of Grant besides his sternness and persistence in battle. What Lee was as a man fascinates the historian with exhaustless charm. The race cannot neglect its own welfare by neglecting him. In ten years past there have been several studies of Lee, crowned at last by the exhaustive work of Douglas Southall Freeman within the past year.

There are writers in America who care little or nothing for the America that the past has made and bequeathed to the present. There are even consciously deliberate influences at work which flout this past, which would cancel it so that the country may proceed to make itself, according to a design of their own, expressive of a breed of people landless and not belonging to the American tradition and really inimical to it — inimical because they cannot thrive as much as they want to in an America growing according to the original roots. All this biography and history of the American mind constitute a defensive protection to the American idea, and act with destiny in preventing a capture of the trenches of a culture that was indigenous and not factitious.

What has been done in biography merges with what has been done for the creation

of imaginative material, for the preservation of figures that belong to the folklore, the stories of a land. The books on Johnny Applesseed may belong more to myth than to biography; but the life of Meriwether Lewis of recent date partakes of epic and with the tales of the Gold Seekers of 1849 may be called our Jason, and our American story of the Golden Fleece. They are our mental history at an imaginative level of vigorous living, natural and without self-consciousness. As Andrew Jackson is our most colorful notable, so new lives of him which have come along during the last ten years or so paint him in deep colors in the mural of America. The same may be said of the work of Constance Mayfield Rourke, her *Davy Crockett*, *Trumpets of Jubilee*, and *Troupers of the Gold Coast*, or the rise of Lotta Crabtree — these in 1927 and later. Miss Rourke's *American Humor, a Study in National Character* is also a contribution to the mental history of the country. So are lives of Beecher, Mrs. Eddy, Horace Greeley, Whittier, Buffalo Bill, Anthony Comstock, James G. Blaine, William J. Bryan, Woodrow Wilson, Emily Dickinson, and many others. Herbert Quick's *Mississippi Steamboatin'* (1926) reported the youthful romanticism of the country when Mark Twain was a pilot, and later. The last fifteen years or so have seen a rich harvest of American chronicles.

HAIL THE QUEEN!

Excerpts from the Diary of a Professional Soldier

BY DRAGOLSLAV GORODINATZ

THE riddled body of our division staggered through Nish late last night in still another strategical retreat. The abandoned city was dead, buried in a jagged darkness. The rumble of gun carriages thundered over the broken rhythm of our labored breathing and froze the little friendliness that was in the tinkling of our mess tins. The curses of the transport drivers jumped hysterically, like fireworks exploding into sharp whip-cracks. Mounted men shouted commands in hoarse, wet, guttural voices—commands to which no one attended.

We Serbians who marched, coughed and spat and spent ourselves trying to suck a bit of the cool night air through our mud-clogged nostrils. We did not speak, except to curse, for we were sad. It wasn't any thinking sadness about politicians and kings or about Serbian independence or about lost generations or about the madness and futility of war. That kind of sadness we reserved as a special luxury to be indulged in when we were in rest camp or in a quiet zone or when, naked under a warming sun, we picked lice from our bodies. Ours was soldiers' sadness, sired by stinking mud and empty bellies, by dull, aching pain and the constant fear of continuing in this state until we caught a good wound or the other kind. If, at that moment, the King of all Serbia had stood before us on the thin shoulders of the white-bearded

Patriarch of the Church and both had exhorted us to fight on for the glory of our country; and if, above their heads, a band of holy angels had played martial music and waved Serbian flags, we should have told them: "Go to hell! Keep your flags and your Holy Grail—for they are apprentice pay. We're craftsmen, now, in this business of killing. We want soldiers' hire!"

But, if that king had said, "In a few days each of you will have a hot, slow, soapy bath; new underwear; brandy; and a rich, heavy meal of juicy meat and potatoes," we would have cheered and marched sharply into anything.

And if, in his new-found wisdom, that king had added, "Then—a soft, white bed with a woman waiting for you—a woman, naked and warm, clean and fresh-smelling," we would have thundered along like conquering heroes!

II

We leave behind us the wreck of our own railroad lines. Yesterday's strategy required that we save the railroad; today's demands that we destroy it so that the Bulgar pursuit will be slowed. The Morava is raging and swollen with flood waters. We cross, and stop only long enough to dynamite the bridge and blast the foundation. The Bulgars will lose time and men rigging pontoons on this angry river and

then they will drop more men in the crossing. That's one of the silliest businesses of the War, isn't it, Bulgar brother? We break our necks to save a railroad and, after we've saved it, we no longer want it. Then we destroy it, and you put it together again. That's strategy, friend, and nothing for little soldiers to bother their heads about.

We have been plowing through the valley of the Toplitza since dawn. The river is wild and far over her banks. A steady driving rain has made a lake of the whole valley. It must have been reported that the Bulgars are far behind, for at about four in the afternoon we are ordered to make camp. We are situated in an abandoned village, while the other regiments are scattered ahead of us, somewhere in the mist.

Our company is quartered in a large barn. We lose no time in building a fire of wood from the hayloft. The hay will be used later for bedding. Perhaps we can manage to dry out before we march again. The barn is soon full of the stink of us, and the air is clouded with vapor from our steaming rags as we press close to the fire. Captain Baysha, the rock, is at last like the rest of us. His shoulders droop, his head is bowed, and he, too, hugs the fire as if to force his whole world into its warmth and its light, so that the hopelessness which is just outside the barn door may be obliterated. He speaks hurriedly, almost in a whisper, "There'll be no kitchen until Yastrebatz. This village is bare. We eat off our backs. Try to get some rest. I've got an extra bit of tea."

I know damned well what's on my back: no more than six inches of salami and that as hard as stone. I'll have to gnaw it like a rat. There'll be no brandy in this bunch, not after that bloody mess

at the railroad junction. Tea. We've all got tea to spare, Captain. Tea will be like bellywash.

But while I curse my rotten luck and my king and my country for doing so poorly by us, the barn door is suddenly punched open and Misha, wild-eyed and with his arms stretched high, comes running, shrieking, "PIGS!"

It is easy to suspect madness in anyone, and I push through to get at Misha. He brushes me aside, shouting, "Where's the Captain? I've found pigs, you tramps! Live pigs! Pigs in a pigsty!"

"Cheers for Misha!"

"Good old Misha!"

"The best food smeller in the whole war!"

"He should be a general!"

The whole company rushes to follow Misha and the Captain through the barn door. We run and laugh and slide and slip in the mud. Men from the other companies pop out of their quarters, stare at us, scratch their heads, and then make the loony sign. Misha leads us off to the left of the village and into a thicket. Our noisy excitement stops, and suspicion spreads rapidly—how can even his nose sniff pigs through this jungle? But suddenly we are in the clear, and there before us is heaven in a pigsty! There are four sows and perhaps a dozen suckling pigs, all wet and dirty and beautiful.

We shout joyously, as if we had discovered absolute beauty—beauty from which we shall derive hope and strength for life. We join hands and laugh and prance around the pen and yell, "Pork chops! Roast pork! Bacon! Ham! Spare ribs! Pigs' feet!"

The Captain calls for Voya, the butcher, and Simeon, the farmer. Voya is puffed up with pride, for at last we are respecting his noble avocation. The three con-

fer very seriously before the sty, and Voya, particularly, looks like a general who is deciding the fate of an army. He makes a selection deliberately and announces his decision by throwing a rock viciously at the largest of the porkers. She grunts and someone shouts, "Hail the Queen!"

Captain Baysha says in mock seriousness that we are not to use our rifles because there would be no sense in killing more than one. We give a rousing cheer for Voya and Simeon as they climb over the top, and as Voya lands in the slops, Misha yells, "He's home at last! The War's over for him!"

The pigs resent the clumsy intrusion into their castle and they run about wildly, squealing. Voya squats and tries to coax the Queen.

"Voya must think she's his old woman. See, he's trying to foozle her for a kiss."

When Voya gets her attention, Simeon steals up from behind and dives for her hind quarters. But the old girl is away like a shot, knocking Voya onto his seat and leaving Simeon bellyprone in the refuse.

"Get her! Grab her! She's down! Oh, I'm sorry; I thought it was the Queen, but it's only Simeon."

But finally Simeon accomplishes the trick of trussing the sow's legs with rope, and we pull her out. Voya prepares to stick the pig. First he stuns her with a terrific blow on the head with the butt of his rifle and then he jabs her throat with his trench knife. When the blood gushes, a few of us have to turn aside. We, who relish that little final twist of a bayonet in a man, can't stand seeing a lady being treated so cruelly.

The Queen is raised high, triumphantly, to the resounding song, *Hail to Victory*. Captain Baysha proudly leads back his transformed company. In the Queen's en-

tourage, half a dozen suckling pigs are carried squealing under the arms of stalwart Serbian soldiers.

III

Luck is with us tonight. We have stolen a barrel of Toplitza wine from the inn of the neighboring village, and a few of the boys are merry already. I lie deep in a bed of hay, for I want a rest before I start serious work on the wine. I feel gloriously satisfied. I feel fine—fine as a soldier, his belly taut with roast pig and with the prospect of wine in friendly company.

My mind runs back to earlier days. I recall vividly my father's address to the assembled student body of the University the day before he was to join his regiment, the same with which he fought through 1912 and 1913. He stood before us straight and strong in the service uniform of a colonel. We had already heard four or five patriots in a rising crescendo of impassioned oratory. "Sweet Serbia, sweet land of liberty. . . . The Boches are ogres who will enslave us. . . . The Austrians will rape our mothers and sisters. . . . Youth of Serbia, the nation lies in your stalwart arms. Save her!"

I worried for father. Could he boost us into a greater passion? He spoke calmly, deliberately, as he did in the classroom. He described Europe as if it were a chess board. France and Germany were opposing queens; Serbia was a pawn. The speakers on the dais behind him shifted about nervously. We in the audience sat stock-still in our sweat. The small flags which we held hung limply between our knees. Then he concluded, "All of this is most unfortunate, especially for you young men. . . . Learn to be good soldiers!"

It was like a doctor telling us, "That high flush in your cheeks is not life, but death creeping in. Your left lung is completely collapsed. If you could see it, it would appear to you like moldy cheese and you would vomit. I am sorry that it is that way with you, young fellow, but there it is. Buck up. Live moderately, eat the right foods, cut out booze and women, and you will enjoy a long life."

I was ashamed for my father. Serbia, a pawn! We didn't want that. We wanted shouting men and hysterical, flag-draped women. The silence was ominous, and I began to fear for him. Then someone jumped on a chair and started the national anthem. I sang at the top of my voice. My father was forgotten. He disappeared from the rostrum.

Now my gorge rises when I recall the professional patriots, the ranters, the preachers—pop-eyed, frothing madmen, stringy-haired, screaming viragos, with ugly veins bulging in their necks. They made of Belgrade a hothouse, fetid with foul mouthings, and stirred and restirred the stinking air with thousands of waving flags, and we who knew no war had nothing else to breathe. They bred hate and they sang hate. They sang hate even in the churches, so that little mothers were caught with it. And we, monkeys in uniform, strutted through the streets to catch the lewd kisses of crazed, strange women.

Hate the Boche, the Schwab, the Bulgar? Not now, but in a couple of days. That is, we'll hate the Bulgars if they make it too hot for us if we meet them in hand-to-hand combat. But then we are no longer Serb and Bulgar; we are wild-eyed beasts, each straining to drive the knife home first. Will we need banners and preachers to drive us on and to tell us what it is we have to save?

I can laugh now when I think of my own first piece of war. The flags that were still waving in my head the day before became dirt in my pants. And then for a week I tried to overcome the shame of my britches with sheer bravado. I might just as well have carried a willow branch as a rifle, those first few crazy days. By the grace of fortune, I wasn't destroyed. And then began the slow comprehension of my father's last words. "Be good soldiers!"

Now I know my catechism as well as Misha, Voya, Simeon, and the other old-timers. Yes. . . . There is nothing more precious than your own hide. . . . Keep your belly well-lined and tone it with rum whenever you can. . . . Avoid fatigue duties like the plague. . . . Don't risk your neck unnecessarily. . . . Learn to smell danger and to protect yourself from it. . . . Know your rifle or your machine gun, or whatever other tool that you're working with, as well as you know the back of your hand. . . . And when the shells are falling too thick, presume a little luck for yourself, but don't think too much about it. That way the War will lie easy with you and it will end easy for you, one way or the other.

IV

A million of our refugees have started the trek through the northern end of Yankova Pass. Behind them, retreating through Shumadia, is our Army of the North, two hundred thousand men. Pursuing them are the German hordes. Inasmuch as the Boches will meet no resistance at the other end, if the Bulgars break through us at this end, our troops and our civilians will be bottled and smothered. The Yankova Pass will become a great grave sixty kilometers long.

We commence our climb up the mountainsides. Sergeant Sloboda, who has been sent on ahead with a detail, comes running back with the best news we've had in months: the trenches have already been dug for us and reinforced, to boot. He says that they're just like swank apartments in Belgrade. There is no job that we hate worse than digging trenches. Either we get buried in them or else we have to leave them for new tenants just when we're getting comfortably fixed. There is rejoicing all along the line as the news trickles through. One would think that we were coming home.

We have Austrian prisoners to thank for this fine work. Apparently they have taken real pride in their labors, for the dugouts are large and comfortably arranged. We gather freshly fallen leaves, bring them into the dugouts, and cover them with tent canvas for as fine a bed as anyone could want. Good, cheerful fires spring up everywhere. The oaks and the firs in the woods behind us provide eager fuel. We clean our guns and make the muzzles bright and shiny. We set up our gun positions in the trenches. We stretch barbed wire in front of us, four lines deep and eight strands high, with no gates for our visitors. We wash and we shave and we clean our ragged uniforms. There is even time for a little rabbit hunting. But as soon as the big shooting starts, the wild life will disappear.

Load after load of ammunition is brought up to us on little horses from the pass side of the mountains. Hundreds of stubby little mountain guns are planted in every possible location behind us. There are so many machine guns that we can have a new one if we want it. But we decide to keep our Sindya for old times' sake.

We enjoy a night of beautiful undis-

turbed slumber. We are beginning to love life at this mountain resort. There is a fine friendly bustling everywhere we move. On the evening of the second day, the first group of our scouts returns and reports that the enemy's advance patrols are about six kilometers off. A second scout detail is still out to watch the movements of the enemy's main force.

We eat supper like princes, stretched out on our soft leafy beds.

Captain Baysha comes into our dugout. We rise, but he tells us to be at our ease. He sits down like the rest and speaks quietly:

"Tomorrow we shall probably have a visit from our Bulgarian brothers. In 1913, they turned coat over night. From our dear allies against the Turks, they became suddenly our bitter enemies and, without warning, they stabbed us in the back. You can't change the nature of wolves. This time it is the same. They have been repeatedly assuring our allies that they were going to remain neutral. They have turned again, and again they wish to put the knife into our backs. They want the Yankova Pass and our Army of the North. If they break through us, it will be the sure death of Serbia. You know what you have to do. Good night, gentlemen."

Misha dashes out of the dugout to make a last inspection of our machine gun. In a few minutes he is back.

"I just had a little whisper with Sindya under her tarpaulin blanket. I told her what we have to do, and she says that I'm a chump if I think that she doesn't know the Bulgars. She sent me packing for disturbing her rest. This time they'll catch it for all their treachery. With their bellies full of lead, they'll roll down the mountain. This isn't going to be an ordinary battle. A little feud between blood brothers

and neighbors. We'll drown them in their own blood, and their own blood will eat them like acid."

The Bulgars announce their arrival in the early morning with their heavy artillery and immediately they get an answering greeting from our guns. Then the real business starts, but we in the trenches are out of it entirely. Just an incredibly noisy artillery duel, strictly between the big fellows. From the number of shells which rush over our heads, it seems that we must have as many guns as there are trees in the woods behind us. The noise holds our attention for a short while, but since we can't see the effects of the fire, it soon palls. Such a clumsy affair is not worth regarding. We retire to our dugouts for a smoke and a chat.

Streten, who was with the second scout detail, comes in. He compliments us on our barbed-wire work. They damned near weren't able to get through themselves. He tells us that the Bulgars have eight divisions, full strength. We have two, but that doesn't worry anyone. For once we have plenty of ammunition, and besides, our position on these mountains makes up for the difference in numbers. Moreover, we agree that one Serbian under any circumstances is equivalent to ten Bulgarians, so that the odds are really in our favor. If there is anything to regret at all, it is the fact that we won't get a chance for hand-to-hand work with the enemy. We would appreciate a little carving with bayonets.

V

"To the trenches! To the trenches!"

We run to our positions, yelling like savages. We can't make out the enemy below us. We know that they're there, because the bushes seem to be moving.

The bastards must be crawling like the snakes that they are! The big guns never stop. Overhead, enemy scout planes are searching for our gun positions. We have so many that there shouldn't be any difficulty finding them. However, the planes may have a little trouble getting back with the information.

"Fire! Fire! Fire!"

The bugles screech like proud cocks, and then hell breaks loose all along the line from our rifles and machine guns. The big guns might be like so many popguns for all that we hear them now.

We run two belts through Sindya in as many minutes. But this isn't any fun. We can't see the Bulgars and we can't see them fall. When we see bushes moving, we let them have a little strip of bullets until they're quiet again. Misha doesn't care much for this kind of fighting. But then, when the Captain, who is only a few paces away with his glasses, shouts, "Good work, Corporal, I counted eleven that time," Misha gets enthusiastic again and runs off the rest of the belt in his glee.

Our fire from the trenches gradually subsides. That must have been just a little test on the part of the Bulgar with advance patrols. We hope that they're not discouraged already. The whole action didn't last longer than twenty minutes. It was enough, however, to keep us glued to our posts the whole morning. About midday I sneak back to the dugout and bring out bread and salami. It would be just like the Bulgars to interrupt our lunch. But they don't.

In the early afternoon we can see great masses of brown antlike creatures rise out of the ground at the bottom of the mountain. This is the main body of the enemy. They begin to creep forward. Our big guns are turned on them. Now we can

see the havoc which the shells make in their ranks. We wonder why their own big shells aren't turned on us. Their shells are still sailing over our heads, trying to find our guns before their infantry is massacred.

The brown masses creep on and they are suddenly out of range of our big guns. Then a new kind of roar starts in back of us. Someone yells, "Those are the mountain guns. There are hundreds of them and they're throwing nothing but shrapnel. Now watch the excitement!"

How the Bulgars can stand up under the hail of shrapnel which these vicious little mountain guns are pouring on them is more than we can understand. They creep on, these dogged bastards, but they're still out of our range. Let them play with that shrapnel for a while.

For two hours the bull dogs behind us follow the crawling advance of the enemy. Will we ever get our chance at them?

"Fire! Fire! Fire!" our bugles shriek and we can go to work at last. The enemy's bullets start popping against Sindya's steel guard.

Misha yells, "Get the hell out of here, you two; you're only in my way. Get to your rifles, and I'll take care of Sindya for a while."

There is plenty to see and enjoy now. The Bulgars crouch, rise, run a few paces, and then fall to the ground again. The barrel of my rifle is hot. I can pick out my men as they topple over. We cut down whole lines, but they still come on. They are almost up to our barbed-wire entanglements. Maybe we'll get a chance with these bayonets. But the whole pack of them rises, wavers, reels, and turns back, running wildly. Murder! Into their backs! We let them have everything, but we don't leave the trenches to pursue the

kill. When we leave off, the mountain guns take up the pursuit with shrapnel all the way down the mountain sides, and then the bigger guns put on the finishing touches.

If they ever rise again from that slaughter, we'll have to begin changing our minds about the Bulgars. We'll have to allow them more courage and even less sense than we granted them before.

VI

For seven days from dawn to dusk, the ever-thinning ranks of the enemy try the same advance. Each succeeding day they turn back sooner than the day before, until on the seventh day, they don't even approach the range of trench fire. There is work only for our mountain guns. After the third day, when it becomes obvious that our position is impregnable, our rage against the Bulgars begins to spend itself. We continue to pour lead into them, but the sport has gone out of it. And as our passion wanes the victory from which we have anticipated so much becomes no victory at all—the defense which was to have been heroic becomes mean. By the seventh day those poor devils down below are like ghosts come to haunt us for the wanton killing of their comrades. We hope that they will turn their guns on the generals who ordered them to be butchered.

On the seventh night the news comes that our refugees and the Army of the North have passed safely through the Yankova Pass. We load all the supplies that we can and set fire to the rest.

Above, the skies are red with flame. But the flames bring no light to little soldiers who crawl on into the darkness of the night.

THE CLINIC

Sons and Daughters of the Depression

BY KATHARINE FULLERTON GEROULD

ISN'T it strange," a woman of social prominence said to me the other day, "how frankly everyone talks about money nowadays? We used to think it—well, not quite good form." Privately, I spilled a drop of tea into my saucer as a libation to the depression. Everyone *is* franker about what he can afford, and in some ways the relief is great. We who were in modest circumstances used to refrain from such discussion with our richer friends, not from shame, but from a delicate sense of social fitness. We did not wish to embarrass them by emphasizing the difference between their purchasing power and ours. It seems to me, as I look back, that we who were comparatively poor were always working hard to save the susceptibilities of the comparatively rich. If we ventured, by accident, into frankness, it was too hard on them. That averted eye . . . that embarrassed flush . . . that verbal congestion. . . . Yes, I remember.

Fortunately, I never knew many people who were purse-proud, so that I have no *schadenfreude* in the present sufferings of the once-rich. I am sincerely sympathetic when they have to go without things I have never had. I am truly sorry they had to dismiss the second footman—sorry, because they are nice people and are being made uncomfortable. All I ever thought, when they said gallantly, "We're all in the same boat," was that it was rather pleasant to be in the same boat; rather pleasant, that is, to be living in a world where every-

one had to think about money more or less, instead of in a world where some people never had to think about it and other people had to think about it all the time. (I must be a democrat at heart.) Of course, all Americans were not in the same boat, even in 1931 and 1932, but at least we were all on the same ocean. When they said "Everyone is poor now," they did not mean literally to identify themselves with the breadline, but they did mean that even they were feeling pinched. There had been an earthquake at midnight, and no one's costume was complete. Everyone could be sorry for everyone else. The situation made for a comfortable sense of solidarity.

In 1931 and 1932, that is, our plutocracy seemed to be suffering a sea change into something richer and stranger than the world had hitherto seen. Individuals who had permitted their current assets to be inferred from their daily talk and their methods of life were actually boasting about their poverty. Those of us who were accustomed to what the Mole called "a certain amount of doing without" suddenly wondered if a game had become fashionable which we were especially qualified to play. When people said "Of course we are dreadfully poor; we can't possibly afford Europe this summer," it was as familiar as the Ruy Lopez opening. We said, "No, we can't afford Europe this year, either." We moved the red pawn to the king's fourth square, just as they had moved the white pawn previously. For a time, that ship-

wreck-earthquake-conflagration psychology did prevail. Indeed, one used to hear people making almost competitive lists of the things they could not afford. Poverty seemed, oddly enough, to have become a patent of nobility. It was astounding, but it had its own gayety.

I find since 1933, however, the *ci-devants* once more drawing apart. I have long known that I am too innocent for this world, but again, as always, I had been taken in. If poverty was to be a patent of nobility, then everyone who was poor, I assumed, would rate as an aristocrat. It had never occurred to us, who were used to being poor, that it was a thing to be proud of; we were proud, if at all, in spite of poverty, and on other scores. But if other people were ennobled by poverty, why not we? If one's once-rich friends could be exalted by being unable to go round the world, were not we, who had never been able to go round the world, equally exalted? Logic, however, is the form of innocence most inveterately doomed. I have been gradually learning in the last year that you are not permitted to be proud of not having the price of a circumnavigatory journey unless you *did* have the price of it in 1928. In other words, poverty is a patent of nobility only if your poverty is due to the depression. Poverty must take the special form of having a safe-deposit drawer crammed with worthless paper, or it is not the right kind of poverty. It has no prestige value.

In a plutocracy men inevitably grow proud of being rich. But what kind of plutocracy is it wherein people are proud of being poor? "Not a plutocracy at all" is the natural answer. But, oddly enough, it still is a plutocracy—turned upside down. As people were once proud of having valuable securities, they are now proud of having valueless ones. The basis of their pride

is still the securities. Not because they have great reason to hope that most of them will "come back," not because they foresee that they are presently going to be rich again; but apparently because their poverty can definitely be equated with loss of dividends. They will even point out to you, when they get very low, that no one on a salary, however small, can possibly be as poor as they, now that dividends are not declared. It is really no safer to say "I cannot afford it" to these people than it used to be. They have a prescriptive right to the formula. They almost insinuate that you were not in the earthquake at all. They have forgotten that momentary fellowship among the smoking ruins. They are the Sons and Daughters (especially the Daughters) of the Depression, the true veterans. So authentically comic is the world we live in that some of them actually look at anyone who has no drawer full of engraved paper as if he were a profiteer. If he did not lose money, when, and as, the rest of the world lost money, was he not practically profiteering? There is no end to the humor of it.

What of the people who have stayed rich? For there are a few. I know of one woman who, long after the crash, confessed to a friend that she had never before been so well off. It is characteristic of the times that she prefaced her confession with, "I am ashamed to say it." The prestige value of wealth is positively less at the present time than the prestige value of poverty—the right kind of poverty, of course. Probably the people who are still rich are still proud of it, but being rich does not carry with it the pre-1929 immunity. People who are still rich are apt to get into the newspapers, rather unpleasantly. The Sons and Daughters of the Depression are looking askance at them and taking moral as well as social credit to themselves for being poor. You must, I take it, still have securi-

ties, but for your position to be really first-rate, in this world and the next, the securities must be worthless.

This is in no sense an argument. I have merely been trying to resolve my own perplexities. When I first noted these phenomena — these accents, these assumptions, these attitudes — I referred them to the individual. After noting them over and over, here, there, and elsewhere, I saw that they were not individual but group phenomena; that a new order was assembling itself. This order, with its multitude of engraved emblems, may be called the “poor and

proud.” The still-rich are not admitted, for the rich are unable to say, “I cannot afford it.” Yet merely being able to say “I cannot afford it,” is, as we have seen, no guarantee of eligibility. Indeed, the rich are not without hope of achieving the new nobility since it is very easy for them to lose their money. The people who have least hope of joining the order of the poor and proud are those who used to be called the “poor but proud.” There is a vast difference between *but* and *and*. Social requirements may change, but not conjunctions. Rhetoric, thank God, is eternal!



Sally Rand Dances to the Rescue

BY T. R. CARSKADON

LET us open with a roll of drums. It is the year 1933, and the great city of Chicago, having planned a Century of Progress Exposition, is now stuck with it. Grimly the expenditure goes on, piling millions upon millions of investment, until not even the stoutest heart ever expects to see that money come back. But it did come back, and for reasons wholly unexpected.

We are presented with the awe-inspiring spectacle of this Exposition, stubbornly assembled in depression and about to become one of the great flops of all time, being saved by the curling navel of a Hollywood blonde. Because it happens to be a fact that for every ten visitors who came to see the Hall of Science, ten thousand came to see an ostrich feather drawn across the alluring middle of Sally Rand.

So real and so far-reaching was her achievement that the lady herself merits a closer scrutiny. Where did she come from and how did she work her umbilico-financial miracle? The answer, my peers,

is a mixed one. For Sally Rand is neither an accident nor a person; she is a symbol, an industry, a state of mind. She has passed into American speech. She is this country's one-woman Trip to Paris; she is a giggle-thumper among the women-folk, a yen-raiser among the menfolk; she is a theatrical property worth many thousands of dollars.

Now there was nothing particularly new about a fan dance, even in 1933; many others had done it before Sally. Theoretically, the dance is supposed to symbolize a bird waving its wings and flitting in the moonlight. Actually what one perceives is a stage bathed in deep blue light; shimmering, dreamy music from the orchestra; and a toothsome gal, all white and naked, twisting and turning behind two huge fans, which she manipulates in such manner as to give swift and fetching—even though segmented—glimpses of her charms. It wasn't the dance that was new; it was the girl behind those fans. Anything but

the lush and cuddly package which her corporeal shell proclaimed her, Sally knew the full value of that shell and how to display it to best advantage.

The brass hats in charge of the World's Fair were not even aware of Sally Rand's existence. They had worries enough of their own. The finance boys were babbling in their sleep. The committee's official report gives thirty-eight million dollars as the total investment from backers, exhibitors, and concessionaires; many thought this entire sum was destined for the bottom of Lake Michigan. But they reckoned without the little Rand girl. She could contribute no stocks, bonds, nor long-term financing, but what she did have to offer was plenty.

She opened on Decoration (!) Day, 1933. Within two weeks the Streets of Paris became the unofficial press headquarters for the out-of-town correspondents at the Fair. Fed up with the futility of trying to make lively copy out of the old Fort Dearborn massacre, modern architecture, and the growth of industry, the visiting newsmen lighted upon La Rand with wild whoops of joy. Here was a girl whose melting bosom and flashing bottom could give red-necked cowhands a vision of heaven. She symbolized the national jag. Beer was back; the New Deal was on; and Sally Rand was dancing behind two fans, naked as the day she was born!

Two weeks more and half the outlying countryside was untying its collective sock, cranking up the flivver and heading for the Fair and Sally Rand. She was definitely the one thing to see; she was, in the vivid term which show business has borrowed from the rolling dice, a "natural." Sally was no puffed-up result of a press agent's dream; she clicked on the very first throw.

The Rand fever grew, and on July 23 she was invited to address the Junior Chamber of Commerce, meeting at luncheon in the Great Northern Hotel. To the earnest young scions of business she explained that the technique of her dance was to manipulate the fans so that "the audience would think they were seeing something when really they were not," and then threw her hearers into a dither of delight by recalling her past struggles as a preface to the statement, "At any rate, I haven't been out of work since the day I took my pants off."

There is no stopping a girl like that. But as the furore increased, the inevitable spoilsports appeared. On July 18, one Mary Belle Spencer, a lady attorney, had sought unsuccessfully to have Sally Rand abated as a nuisance. On August 2, Mayor Kelly ordered her to add at least some gauze to her costume, and on August 4, when she opened downtown at the Chicago Theater, she was arrested four times, once after each performance. At her hearing in police court, a harassed magistrate, seeing his week-end holiday imperiled by this vexing case, suggested plaintively, "Can't she wear a little something over Sunday?" Whereat counsel for defense rose to inquire, "What do you mean—*over Sunday?*" Sally was released on bail.

La Rand by this time was the undisputed Queen of the Exposition. W. A. S. Douglas, head of the Chicago Bureau of the learned *Baltimore Sun*, shrewdly stated the case in a dispatch to his paper: "The Chicago World's Fair, now well into the third month of its scheduled five months of existence, seems about to stand or fall on the vexed question of when nudity ceases to be art and becomes obscenity . . . The Adler Planetarium is playing to poor business; the wonders of the Travel and Transport Building are

drawing but fair to average crowds; forty men could toss a medicine ball around in the Hall of Science and never bother the customers; the panorama of the Fort Dearborn Massacre has had to close for lack of business . . . But Sally Rand, dancing nude on the Streets of Paris, has been jamming the place nightly."

In addition to six or eight daily shows at the Fair, Sally was giving five shows a day at the Chicago Theater and two at a night club. City reformers were yelping and baying. And so, on September 23, she was suddenly yanked into court, tried by a jury, convicted, fined \$200, and sentenced to a year in the House of Correction. The severity of the sentence stunned the jurors, who protested feebly that they "didn't mean her no harm," and "never dreamed the judge would send her to jail." Miss Rand promptly appealed the verdict. A higher court dismissed the case and all charges against her.

The trial merely increased the public clamor to see Sally, and she went on to the end of the Fair, which wound up in a whirl of feathers, glory, and a most unexpected surplus. The little girl was now rated a \$5000 a week theatrical attraction. She was paid \$20,000 to go to Hollywood and do her fan dance in a single picture, *Bolero*, after which she made a triumphal tour of the country, breaking audience records wherever she appeared.

In the spring of 1934, however, there came a disquieting announcement. The Chicago Fair was going to reopen, but things would be decidedly different this second year. Whoopee-making was out. The Fair had acquired two symphony orchestras, Henry Ford, and a Serious Educational Purpose. Sally Rand, learning something of that ingratitude which characterizes republics and world's fairs alike, was curtly told that she would not

be wanted. Being a wise girl, she merely worked out a new act, a novel bubble dance, in which a sixty-inch semitransparent rubber balloon replaced the fans, and bided her time.

The Fair did reopen, and it *was* Educational. As a leading editorial in *Collier's* pointed out later, "It was possible a year ago to go to the Fair and come away talking only about the fan dance of a nudist. It is not so easy this year to see only the Coney Island or street-carnival features of this stirring project." It was also not so easy to see how the financial statement would ever balance. The practical showmen on the grounds were raging. The hard-boiled theatrical weekly, *Variety*, took an early look around and succinctly dubbed the second year's Fair "the great Fold-Up Derby" and "the showmen's biggest flop." In June, actual rioting was reported among the concessionaires, and there was a demand that Sally Rand be brought back, no matter in whose concession or at what price.

The dike yielded, and early in July, Sally rejoined the Fair. This time she appeared at the Italian Village, and within two weeks she had pulled it out of the red ink and into the black. (Incidentally, there were nearly a dozen Villages at the Fair, each of them representing an investment of at least \$150,000, so that the agitation of the concessionaires is easily understood.) When the Fair management persisted in keeping on its Serious Purpose mask, Sally took her own money to advertise in outside papers, to let people know she was there and start a stream of patronage and general liberalizing of restrictions. Her magic worked again, and Sally had the satisfaction of seeing the Century of Progress end in financial triumph.

Who is Sally? Her real name is Helen

Gould Beck of Hickory County, Missouri. Her pioneer ancestry dates to pre-Revolutionary days and the wagon trains which blazed the trail from Virginia to the Ozarks. Her parents were Missouri farm folk, the father an officer in the Spanish-American War. Sally, or Helen, after one semester at Christian College, Columbia, Missouri, began her professional career in Kansas City as a milliner's model. Later she graced the silent movies in

Hollywood, trouped in vaudeville, and kicked up her heels for night club customers. But her real fame arrived by dint of a swishing fan.

The wildest Halloween night in the entire history of Chicago saw the Fair close. Milling mobs of roisterers did their best to demolish the buildings and tear up the Streets of Paris, but they couldn't bother Sally. She had become an American institution.



America's Back Yard Fuel Mines

BY PRESTON LANGLEY HICKEY

WHEN we consider that peat has been for centuries the principal fuel in other countries, it is surprising to find that the United States, which owns the largest supply in the world, has not taken full advantage of this rich natural resource. The abundance and accessibility of peat in Ireland render it of no small importance among the natural resources of that land where it occupies one-seventh of the country's entire surface, or about three million acres. Peat is the household fuel of Sweden and is burned in the factories, schools and locomotives. In addition to the deposits in these three countries, the fuel is found in large quantities in England, Scotland, France, Italy, Russia, Germany, Holland, Spain, Asia, the Falkland Islands, Newfoundland, Nova Scotia and Canada. In all of these, with the exception of England, Canada, and the United States, peat has been in general use both as fertilizer and as fuel for many years.

In the United States peat is found in varying quantities in nearly every state, but principally in Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont, Rhode Island, Massachusetts,

Connecticut, New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Virginia, Ohio, Michigan, Indiana, Illinois, Wisconsin, Iowa, Minnesota, Kansas, Nebraska, Colorado, Utah, Nevada and California. Of all the states, Minnesota and Virginia are the greatest peat sections, with Minnesota leading the entire world in proportion to its area. Virginia has the largest individual peat bog in this country — the Great Dismal Swamp, which covers nearly a thousand square miles and has a depth of fifteen feet.

Peat is a spongy substance filling up cavities in the earth's surface, constituting what are termed bogs. It represents one of the phases in the slow decay of vegetable matter. In color it varies from light brown to black, and in consistency from that of bran paste to that of clay in the bank. Its history has always been more or less of a riddle, and explanations of its origin, hardly less discordant than those recorded on the subject of fossil coal, have been entertained and defended. On one thing, however, all agree. Peat is unquestionably of vegetable origin, and is the direct result of decomposition to a certain stage, modi-

fied or affected by the agency of air, water, temperature, time and, of course, pressure. How old this substance is has not been definitely established. In an excavation in Ireland, not long ago, the discovery of the remains of a woman, a canoe and several jars containing butter—(the latter, it is said, being perfectly preserved)—indicated that this particular bog was at least a thousand years old.

Upon close examination, peat, as a rule, is found to be composed of mosses and species of aquatic plants in different stages of decomposition; and from this circumstance, as well as from the general appearance of localities where peat abounds, its formation is generally accounted for somewhat as follows: Where pools of water collect, the soil under which is retentive, the water, not being absorbed, stagnates and, provided the surface evaporation is not great, forms a pond. Around the borders of this pond various kinds of aquatic plants—sedges, rushes, etc.,—soon make their appearance and, by reproduction, gradually creep in toward the center, until the whole surface becomes covered. In process of time, when several races of these plants have succeeded one another and mud and slime have accumulated at the roots and around the decaying stems, a spongy mass, which is well calculated for the propagation of mosses, results. Under a constant supply of moisture, these various species continue to luxuriate and by progressive growth eventually give rise to a composition in every respect similar to that constituting the various peat bogs.

It can well be understood that, in the origin of these formations, the retention of the water, whether from rain or springs, in extensive basins, led at first to the development of vegetable growth in the manner above indicated; and that, the necessary moisture being supplied in abundance

and the accumulation rapid, eventually the surface of the bogs assumed the appearance of land; and further, as decomposition proceeded, a degree of solidity was given to the mass sufficient to support denser bodies, such as shrubby plants. It would appear that this organic growth was rarely restricted to the original basin, but that, as it accumulated, it spread over adjacent land, which in time became a morass. Evidence conclusive of this exists in the fact that whole forests of almost every description, such as oak, fir, ash, birch, yew and willow, have been overwhelmed and are found in all positions at the bottom of peat bogs.

The extent and depth of peat bogs vary considerably in the different countries where they are found, and seem to depend upon circumstances quite distinct from each other. It is evident that the area which bogs may occupy is intimately connected with the distribution of water. Their depth in this country varies generally from one to twenty feet, though in some instances it is reported to be thirty, fifty and even eighty feet; but an average depth would probably be ten or twelve.

The harvesting of peat is an interesting procedure and entirely different from what might be expected. While the most modern methods of harvesting employ power machines resembling in their appearance a cross between a harrow and a thresher, which dig, macerate, spread and cut the peat for drying, all in one operation, peat is still cut by hand in many countries. The instrument used in this procedure is known as a slane. At first, peat was dug with an ordinary spade, kneaded with the hands and then made into balls and set in the sun to dry; but with the invention of the slane, which is really nothing more than a spade with uprights on both sides, the back forming a mold, it is now dug up in

big squares and placed to dry without the former necessary kneading. Drying is especially important as freshly cut peat is thirty to ninety per cent water.

In its natural or lumpy state, peat does not have quite the heat intensity of coal. After many lengthy experiments it was found that the way to work peat to its utmost in the interest of industry was to pulverize it to a finer degree than flour and then blow it under the boilers. Pulverized peat burns with a longer flame than coal, due to its high volatile content and weight. It should not be thought, however, that peat, even in its natural state, does not make suitable fuel. It can be burned in open grates, closed stoves, furnaces, ranges and all the ordinary varieties of heating apparatus in use in dwelling houses. Peat should be renewed somewhat more frequently than coal, and should be burned with very much less draft; indeed, so soon as the fuel is once well ignited, it will generally be found desirable to close the draft almost entirely.

Nor is peat useful for nothing other than fuel. It is used in the making of gas, gunpowder, fireworks, pavements, paper and

in the building of ornamental work. It is valuable in the tanning of leather, and has antiseptic, disinfectant and deodorizing qualities. Its ashes abound in carbonate, sulphate and, especially, phosphate of lime, and make an excellent fertilizer and a very serviceable cement. It has been suggested that the ashes would also make an excellent polishing powder for lithographic stones, metals, etc.

Peat is really the back yard fuel pile of the American people. Existing as it does in such large tracts and being so easy to secure, its widespread use would make coal shortages of far less moment to American industry than they are at present. In writing on this subject, one authority declares that he does not believe there is a farm of any size in the northern states of this country which lacks a peat bog sufficient to supply its owner with fuel for an unlimited period.

In the commercial and industrial world, taking everything into consideration, peat may some day become as serviceable as coal. It can be harvested, pulverized and delivered to the customer at half the price of anthracite.



The Social Rise of the Comics

BY DAVID FREDERICK McCORD

WE HAVE had some real menaces in this country: as a nation we dote on alarm, whether it be imperialism that threatens us, or the Cross of Gold, *kultur*, the Demon Rum, or the gangster. But seldom have we exceeded the big peril of 1910—the comic supplement.

This may come as a shock to a generation that regards the funnies with the peculiar veneration we reserve for any

business with an annual gross in the vicinity of \$6,000,000. As we count the nearly 2500 United States newspapers using comic strips (and rating them second only to news in importance) we glow with the thought that editors are mighty smart men, and that so many of them can't well be wrong. We even invest the *New York Times* and the *Boston Evening Transcript* with a sort of lonely grandeur, merely be-

cause they have no truck with such plebeian diversions.

A gratifyingly large number of people count that day wasted which is not lived with the comic characters. Moon Mullins, Major Hoople, and Tillie the Toiler are an essential part of our daily ritual. Joe Palooka wins back the championship, and the joy of fans knows no bounds. Fate and Knobby Walsh's stupidity conspire to rob Joe of the winner's purse, and the mourning reminds you of the Insull crash. We shall never know how many gallons of cold sweat the heirs apparent of rich oldsters shed in sympathy with Andy and Min when Uncle Bim Gump married Millie de Stross.

But it was not ever thus. In 1910, and before, an addiction to the Katzenjammers, Happy Hooligan, Foxy Grandpa, Lulu and Leander, Little Nemo, Buster Brown, the Hallroom Boys, and Mr. George, was akin to dipsomania. Those were the days when I, having finished the Sunday comics in the St. Louis papers at home, made the rounds of all my cousins to see what was happening in the supplements from Chicago and Indianapolis. And was I not the neighborhood problem child for my pains?

All during the first decade of this century, and all over the country, wherever refinement reared its ugly head, frowns wrinkled parental brows every Sunday morning when the papers came. All comics were iniquitous in the eyes of nice people, but some were more so than others. The most pernicious was whichever one you, as parent, disliked most. A practically unanimous vote made Rudolph Dirks and his Katzenjammers Public Enemy No. 1. But Oppen's Happy Hooligan, Outcault's Buster Brown, and Schultze's Foxy Grandpa were considered hardly less evil.

It was painful for the sensitive even to think of these matters. Mr. Bok's *Ladies'*

Home Journal, for example, shudderingly described "a forlorn mule, badly drawn, and a repulsive Negro boy, with the customary horrible ear-to-ear mouth, which is the stock-in-trade of this kind of illustrative work, with huge, distorted feet, and eyes of the usual circle-and-dot pattern . . . The color scheme is economical in the extreme, consisting of the crudest and cheapest greens, reds, yellows, and black . . ."

The comics were disseminators of slang and bad manners—horrid offenses both. They inculcated disrespect for life, law, the rights of others, the married state, and (what was worst) adults. They were, in general, a vulgarizing influence. But all the objections boiled down to this: they put ideas in young heads where there were ideas enough already without high-priced syndicates working overtime suggesting new devilment. The late *Lippincott's Magazine* summed it all up in a fine rolling phrase of indignation: "The demoniacal ingenuity of the Katzenjammer Kids."

American parents were tinder waiting for the match. This was applied when some luckless artist lettered the following bit of high-toned repartee (presumably on the part of an animal or savage) into one of his balloons:

"ICK IBBITY BIBBITY GLIBBITY
WOCK DOOBY IP MUGGLE ZOP
OOP GULLOOP BUZAM UZZO BIP
WOP KERBUMP WUGGY BOW-
WOW."

Now the fat was in the fire. *The Outlook's* rage was fearful to behold. Mary Garvin Pedrick, preparing to sound the tocsin before the Pennsylvania Federation of Women's Clubs, followed the example of many another investigator of the day. She obtained comic supplements from all over the country and spread them out on her floor, making "a carpet of hideous

caricatures, crude art, poverty of invention, perverted humor, obvious vulgarity, and the rudest coloring" (and a shocking mess for the maid to clean up, I fear), in order that she might study this "force which makes for lawlessness, debauched fancy, irreverence."

Hamilton Wright Mabie, the William Lyon Phelps of the day, put in with some more of the same. As for Mr. Bok, he took a whole page of the *Ladies' Home Journal* to describe "the vulgarity of style, the poverty of wit, and the cheapness of the art in these supplements" as "practically indescribable."

All of this, however, breathes the very spirit of temperate understatement. It remained for *The Outlook* to give adequate expression to the feelings of really nice people:

The supplement has shown a depressing poverty of invention. Its stock-in-trade . . . consists chiefly of making fun of old people, deriding parents by representing them in ridiculous attitudes, and of vulgar presentations of the lowest kind of marital relations between the cheapest sort of people. . . . The illustrative work is done with a coarse brush in great splashes; and as for the humor, it is beneath contempt. . . . We are permitting the vulgarization of our children on a great scale. . . . We are teaching them lawlessness; we are cultivating lack of reverence in them; we are doing everything we can, by cheapening life, to destroy the American homes of the future.

It was at just about this time that the Boston *Herald*, with an ill-concealed air of self-approbation, announced that it was dropping its comic supplement! "We discard it as we would throw aside any mechanism that had reached the end of its usefulness, or any feature that had ceased to fulfill the purpose of attraction . . ." And so on, to applause. But certain oafs were heard to suggest that the *Herald*

was moved at least partly by "the difficulty of getting a really funny comic at the price it could afford to pay." Times have changed. Today, the *Herald-Traveler* has only the memory of its experiment, "noble in motive," plus the usual assortment of strips.

Not that the comic supplements lacked defenders. Rudolph Block (Bruno Lesing) of the Hearst papers, for example, and Albert Payson Terhune of the *World*. They spoke learnedly and softly of ancient Egyptian hieroglyphics, and implied that there were important analogies between these picture writings and the funnies. They called attention to the ethical message of Foxy Grandpa. They hinted that European editors incessantly bombarded Outcault and Oppen, Swinnerton and Schultze with fabulous offers to become expatriates. This last was to lay the bogey of the cultivated European, whose probable opinion of American shenanigans was still a formidable club for keeping the lower middle classes in order.

To all this *Current Literature* gave careful ear and then prematurely announced the death knell of the comics.

So the battle raged. But chiefly on the part of the attackers, it seems, since there is little evidence to show that the syndicate people paid much attention. Finally, in April, 1911, there occurred one of those get-togethers for organization which are so dear to Americans. The League for the Improvement of the Children's Comic Supplement was formed — with the blessing of Percival Chubb, Norman Hapgood, Lillian D. Wald, Brander Matthews, Henry Van Dyke, Kate Douglas Wiggin, Jacob H. Schiff, and ex-President Eliot of Harvard — and held its first meeting in New York. The drive to abolish the funnies had died. Now the better natures of artists, editors, and publishers were to be appealed

to. The *World* added to the occasion by sending a letter offering to turn over its entire supplement some Sunday to be filled by its staff under the direction of the League.

Thus, it seems, everyone was satisfied; and from that time on denunciation of the comic strips dwindled and died. The nice people had lodged their protest; the newspapers had listened politely, and had challenged their critics to do a better job if possible — always a telling blow in American debates.

As for the comics themselves, I have been at some pains to examine them for a considerable period both before and after this event; and if there was any perceptible change in them it has escaped my notice. They continued in the Pow-Wham tradition, and in such innocuousness as would seem to guarantee asepsis.

Today the intense respectability of the comic strip — both social and financial — is notorious. So pure is it that certain of its characters have been borrowed by that most virginal of all arts, radio. Walt Disney, whose Mickey Mouse is a comic strip, whether you follow it on the screen or in the newspaper, recently received a medal for his services to childhood. As for economic standing, it need only be mentioned that few of the magazines devoted to hymning our industrial and business civilization have refrained from publishing respectful and serious analyses of what they call the comic strip industry.

The aid of the men who make the funnies is continually sought in all manner of good works, both commercial and social; and their influence on our everyday lives — on our speech (see any Tad obituary), our fashions, our very ideas — can hardly be estimated. Skippy and Orphan Annie have made good, selling breakfast food. Skeeze was recently enlisted on the side

of tooth brushing, but I haven't noticed lately whether he is still in service. Popeye, they claim, has sold spinach to Young America. When we were all feeling ill over vice squad revelations a few years ago, Annie had a reassuring experience with the force, and we decided that most cops are all right, after all. For several summers Harold Teen won golden opinions by joining the C. M. T. C. Not long ago Freckles was preaching thrift, and Boots was throwing her influence against indiscriminate petting. At the proper moment Winnie Winkle got behind pay cuts and job sharing. When Jiggs and Maggie celebrated a wedding anniversary, George McManus spoke from a New York pulpit on marital happiness. Every year the artists go down the line for the Christmas seal.

Reasons for this social rise are numerous and close at hand. It is possible that the denouncers of the comics simply wore themselves out with denunciation. Or perhaps they were satisfied with the mere fact that the League for the Improvement of the Children's Comic Supplement had been organized. Perhaps it was the demonstration of the strips' value as morale builders in wartime that turned the trick. Or the intelligentsia's postwar discovery of them as a quaint phase of Americana with possible esoteric significance. Gilbert Seldes (whose raptures over Krazy Kat linger in the memory) gets most of the credit for this. But it was Ernest Brennecke who traced Mrs. Katzenjammer's descent back through Mrs. Malaprop to some of Shakespeare's women, and linked the probably dumbfounded names of Rube Goldberg and Thomas Hardy.

It seems likely, however, that any one of three other reasons will outweigh the foregoing. First, Americans cannot think that anything is really bad if it makes a lot of money. And from the very beginning the

financial details of the comic strip business have been respect-commanding. As early as 1905 Opper's Happy Hooligan was reported to be worth \$20,000 a year. Outcault's Buster Brown, what with pay for the strip as such and royalties on cigars, suits, garters, stockings, shoes, belts, sweaters, and stage rights, was keeping the artist, two secretaries, and a lawyer busy, and rolling up an annual total of \$75,000. Winsor McCay was so successful with Little Nemo that he could command \$1000 a week in vaudeville. Figures such as these are commonplace today; and a \$6,000,000 gross is a \$6,000,000 gross, and \$6,000,000 can't be wrong. Nor can the \$12,000 prices paid for full pages in the better supplements, now that they carry advertising.

Secondly, since the birth of the comics there has been a steady stream of good personal publicity for individual artists. They have in most cases turned out to be

poor boys from the whistle stops (if they were not born in log cabins) who made good in the city. Others, like Fontaine Fox and Rube Goldberg, overcame varying degrees of parental opposition in pursuing their careers. These are enticements no good American can withstand.

Finally, and perhaps most important of all, there was the introduction of continuity, as distinct from variations on a theme — the abandonment of Joe Miller illustrated in favor of narrative. Thus at one stroke the comics solved the problem of immortality and satisfied the ancient human hunger for a story that never (or hardly ever) ends. The strips go on and on, and not even death can stop one that is really popular. Briggs, Sullivan, and Kahles may die, Dirks may retire, Forsythe may change jobs and strips. But Joe and Vi, Felix the Cat, Hairbreadth Harry, the Captain and the Kids, and Joe Jinks are eternal.



The Truth About Sunburn

BY JEROME W. EPHRAIM

SUMMER sunlight is highly potent. It kills germs with almost unmatched efficiency. It alleviates acne and some other skin diseases. It cures rickets and some forms of nonpulmonary tuberculosis. It produces Vitamin D in the body, hence it is well-nigh indispensable to babies. But it is not all beneficence. As everybody knows, it causes painful, blistering burns.

The surest way to avoid sunburn is to stay out of the sun during the mid-part of the day, say from 11 to 3, or to acquire a coat of tan. Tanning gives protection against the ultraviolet rays which are the cause of the burn. The best means of getting tanned, painlessly, is by the method of progressive dosage. This system has been

worked out in detail at the famous sun clinics of Switzerland and is now followed by all such institutions throughout the world. It is recommended for the well no less than for the sick. In fact there are serious dangers lying in wait for those who adopt a more heroic program.

The prescription, then, is this: Begin your sun baths by exposing the entire body (having regard, of course, for the new laws concerning nudism) for a maximum of fifteen or twenty minutes the first day. In persons of average sensitivity, this will produce a slight reddening or minimum perceptible erythema, as the ultraviolet ray experts call it. Wear dark glasses to protect the eyes. Extend the time of

exposure by five minutes each day for the next ten or twelve days (brunettes can safely increase this dosage). After these preliminaries, unless you are the blonde type that burns regardless, or the sandy-haired type that freckles, you should have a good, even coat of tan. You can then do as you please with virtual impunity. You will not need sunburn remedies, which at best are pretty unsatisfactory. Nor will you require sunburn preventives, though these, as we shall see, have a certain limited usefulness. At this point it may be remarked that, if such preparations were perfectly effective, they would in all likelihood prevent both tanning and burning. Since they fall considerably short of perfection, the question resolves itself into one of whether you wish to take your ultraviolet rays straight or diluted. Other things being equal, a good sunburn preventive might enable you to stay out in the midday sun two or three times as long during the first few days.

Another method of dilution is to take your sun baths in the early morning or the late afternoon. This is a good plan for blondes and for those who do not have the opportunity to practice the first prescription. But do not make the mistake of thinking a hazy day provides protection. It does not. We may feel cooler and forget caution, but severe cases of sunburn can be acquired on hazy days. Since the reaction is somewhat delayed (as it always is in the case of true sunburn), the full extent of the catastrophe does not burst upon us until it is too late. We wonder how it could have happened. Seemingly paradoxical also is the fact that it is possible to burn in the shade; this occurs where there are large areas of sand and water to afford reflecting surfaces.

The natural assumption, in summer, is that it is the heat rays which are respon-

sible for all effects, good and bad. But that is incorrect. The heat rays, chiefly infrared, are what make hot weather hot, but they do not cause true sunburn or tanning. Mountain climbers frequently suffer from cold and from sunburn at the same time. Heat rays keep our planet from freezing, cause temporary reddening of the skin, but are otherwise relatively powerless. The visible rays from red to violet, while very important in the life economy of plants, likewise have little influence on the skin. It is a narrow band of rays beyond the violet which are the trouble-makers. Although sun-bathing is as old as history, it was not until Newton discovered the solar spectrum that the existence of these so-called ultraviolet rays, invisible and without heat, yet possessing amazing powers, began to be suspected. It is only within the last quarter of a century that their action has been carefully studied and verified.

The spectacular results that have been attained in the treatment of some diseases have unfortunately led to a belief, now well-nigh universal, that ultraviolet rays are a kind of magic cure-all. The craze for sun baths, first sponsored by a little group of advanced thinkers, has now infected the entire nation. Undoubtedly this has much to commend it, but the doctors are beginning to issue warnings. They speak darkly of automobile neck, sailor's skin, irritated lips, sun-burn hives, lupus erythematosus, and several other afflictions with big names which may take us unawares if we don't watch out. Automobile neck, if you care to know, is characterized by "numerous dilated blood vessels, a lack of vascular tone, and deep redness, dryness, freckles, and wrinkles." Sailor's skin, now regarded as a disease entity, is like that, only more pronounced. It is actually found among farmers, golfers, and in-

veterate sun bathers rather more often than among sailors. The victim develops "browning, wrinkling, atrophy, and, later, horny growths and superficial cancers," according to Dr. H. H. Hazen. "At the best," he continues, "the skin that is habitually exposed to the drying action of the sun, ages much more rapidly than the skin not so unduly exposed. That the skin of the neck of the farmer and of anyone else daily exposed to the sun's rays becomes thick, brown, and wrinkled is a fact apparent to all." In a recent issue of the *Archives of Dermatology and Syphilology*, Dr. Paul E. Bechet of New York deplored "the complete ignorance among laymen as to the ill effects of prolonged actinic exposure." He cites a number of cases of serious skin disease resulting from injudicious exposure to sunlight or ultraviolet ray machines. Even deep brunettes are not altogether immune. If ultraviolet rays could be bottled and dispensed at the drugstores, it is probable we could buy the concoction only on a physician's order, so potent would it be for both good and harm.

There are plenty of sun oil products on the market and many of them are expensive. One way to find out which is best is to try strip-testing: get the co-operation of as many persons as are so disposed, band their inner forearms with narrow strips of adhesive, then apply to the open areas such preparations as you have handy, and expose for thirty minutes to the sun. The arm should not previously have been burned or tanned and should be immediately covered after exposure. If examined several hours later, the results are sure to be interesting. Try olive oil, Calamine Lotion, yellow petrolatum, cold cream, cold cream with powder, and sample sizes of proprietary products. Leave one space untreated for a control.

A good sun oil should meet these speci-

fications: it should be pleasant to use; it should rub in without staining or leaving the skin greasy; it should not re-exude upon being heated; it should afford some protection from the ultraviolet rays; and it should not itself irritate the skin.

Few preparations actually conform to these specifications. Every lifeguard, naturally, has his own panacea. Vegetable oils, e.g., olive oil, peanut oil, etc., are harmless and fairly cheap and have some value, especially if the application is frequently renewed. Mineral oils are probably worthless. Salves and ointments are occasionally superior to oils because a thicker coating can be applied; yellow, not white, petrolatum is one of the best: in any case much better results are usually obtained by finishing off with a good dusting powder.

Calamine Lotion, the standard N. F. product, has special qualifications that recommend it for use on the exposed areas of the body. It is quite surprisingly effective by reason of the tenacious coating of calamine and zinc oxide which it gives. However its color, pinkish white, may be objectionable to some, and it has the disadvantage of being somewhat difficult to remove. This may be counted as a merit by swimmers, for plain water has little effect on it. An application of sweet oil or dry-cleaning fluid will materially assist in getting it off. Calamine Lotion is also a good treatment.

Many sunburn preventives now on the market contain quinine sulphate or quinine bisulphate, and these drugs, while giving a certain measure of protection, are known to be very irritating to skins that happen to be sensitive to them. It is obvious that ultraviolet ray irritation plus chemical irritation can sometimes prove rather serious. Some manufacturers avoid trouble by providing an innocuous oil, colored but untreated, coupled with the

advice (always excellent) to "limit exposure." This advice, when given, is about all that many of these preparations have to recommend them.

It is well to note that some products are offered rather indiscriminately for both prevention and cure. Good preventives are not necessarily good remedies, and vice versa. The number of supposed remedies or cures is legion, indicating that none is highly efficacious. According to some authorities, the simplest and best emergency dressing for sunburn is a mixture of baking soda and water. Compresses of chilled olive oil (or olive oil mixed with lime water), or wet dressings of a cool, weak, salt solution are also said to be useful. Salt solutions have a reputation for preventing blisters. Calamine Lotion cools as it dries and leaves a protective film. Some commercial preparations contain a local anaesthetic, e.g., benzocaine or picric acid, but it is probable that the use of these drugs should be avoided except under competent supervision. A physician ought to be consulted if the burn is severe, particularly when large areas are involved. Extensive sunburn, like other burns, results in a kind of poisoning or toxemia.

Finally, all authorities are agreed that it is easy to exaggerate the advantages of sun-bathing. A deep coat of tan is presumptive evidence of plenty of leisure and a corresponding lack of good sense. As M. Luckiesh, the General Electric expert, sagaciously remarked, mere pigmentation is not in itself a measure of health—otherwise negroes would be the healthiest of men—yet like a golf bag it may frequently accompany physical improvement and may be plausibly interpreted as a sign of it. Still, it is not at all necessary to lie for hours in the midday sun to get the major benefits of solar irradiation. It is not only unnecessary; it is distinctly haz-

ardous. Such a proceeding partakes of the childish theory that, if one pill is good for you, ten pills will do you ten times as much good. It should be remembered, also, that individuals vary greatly in their tolerance for ultraviolet rays; in fact each one should cautiously determine for himself how much he can safely stand. The sick, without question, should avoid adventures into heliotherapy, except under competent medical supervision. The same cautions apply with respect to the use of mercury vapor, carbon arc, and other varieties of so-called sun lamps. As a matter of fact, these vary so greatly in efficiency and often are so unpredictable in their results that they cannot be safely or wisely purchased without expert advice.

Literature.—Perhaps the best book for laymen on sun-bathing is *The Curative Value of Light*, by Edgar Mayer, M. D. (Appleton, 1932). For the technical background, consult *Artificial Sunlight*, by M. Luckiesh (Van Nostrand, 1930). Valuable suggestions will be found in Dr. Hazen's "Sunlight and the Skin," *American Journal of Nursing*, 33:747 (August, 1933); in "Some Present-Day Conceptions of Phototherapy," by Franklin P. Lowry, M. D., *New England Journal of Medicine*, 211:171 (July 26, 1934); and in "Formulas for Protection against Sunburn," by E. Juster, *La Presse Médicale*, 42:1331 (August 22, 1934). Also of interest are "The Evaluation of Sunburn Preventives," by F. Ellinger, *Archiv für Experimentelle Pathologie und Pharmakologie*, 175:481 (July 9, 1934); "Light-Sensitive Dermatoses," by Anderson and Ayres, *Journal of the American Medical Association*, 103:1279 (October 27, 1934); and "Excessive Solar and Phototherapeutic Irradiation," by Paul E. Bechet, M. D., *Archives of Dermatology and Syphilology*, 29:221 (February, 1934).

THE LIBRARY

BY LAURENCE STALLINGS

Trampling Out the Vintage (1935)

FORERUNNERS OF AMERICAN FASCISM, by Raymond Swing. \$1.75. 6¼ x 9; 168 pp. New York: Julian Messner, Inc.

IT is difficult to entertain foreign epithets, no less than foreigners. Our own revolutionary history has been so startling — social revolutionists having won four wars with Europe in a scant one hundred and fifty years of republicanism — that the epithet of fascism, when applied to a canebroke magnifico such as Huey Long, comes as a shock, ringing counterfeit among the terms of our own coinage. I like the words Know-Nothing, Vigilante, Copperhead, Mugwump. I rebel against fascist and Nazi.

Thus a good piece of journalism by Raymond Swing, when it speaks of forerunners of fascism, finds me hostile to his notions, however sympathetic I may be to his principles. He names five American worthies as gentlemen who seek to deprive us of our time-honored liberties; I go along with him (sometimes tardily) but object to his insistence on parallels derived out of the various cabbage-patch feuds of continental Europe. It is hardly fair to equal Roosevelt to Bruening, though both are patricians and both inherited immense political responsibilities not to their own fashioning. Yet assuredly Bruening of Germany, with France having the whip-hand and with two million German dead, was eons of light years removed from Roosevelt's situation in a country which is immensely and lavishly productive, expansive and fertile, undrained and alive.

It would seem ungrateful of me — who think Swing's journalism of the first class — to pick on such things as a choice of epithets when discussing his brilliant summary of the five rabble-rousers, Coughlin, Bilbo, Long, Townsend, and Hearst. Yet one must make a last plea for American words, if Swing is pleading with us to stick to American institutions. His discussion of The Blatant Five in terms of European politics would be acceptable, were the book primarily designed to explain to Italian or German liberals the state of the radio, the cinema, and the press in this country. But Swing, who has been a political reporter abroad for many years, is speaking to the Yanks; and there is no man among his victims who has not, in his political background, epithets sufficient to excoriate Swing without recourse to contemporary foreign stencils. Sooner or later, if we are to educate Americans to the dangers of various European political philosophies, we must return to the American lingo.

When Swing endows William Randolph Hearst with the epithet of fascist, then John Randolph of Roanoke must catapult in his grave that a comical Italian dictator should coin a phrase for a Yankee Tory — and Senator George Hearst, from somewhere in the heavenly Golconda, must wave a Vigilante shirt in horror. God knows what Hearst may be, except that he is admittedly a Yankee phenomenon; but there is no need to reach beyond the seas to stencil a tag for him.

Certainly his sentiments are those of a Californian, and therefore must be imperialistic — as California is an empire, was wrought as an empire, and is the most outlandish of our commonwealths, sharing less in the democratic dream than any of her sister states. Hearst further complicates his record by being a born multimillionaire and a Western one, hating the born multimillionaire of the East. He is the rube Croesus, furious against the city-slicker Croesus.

But, according to Swing, Hearst's record is the perfect transcript of "the lower middle-class mind" in America of the last forty years. This means nothing: in the last forty years there has been no lower middle class worthy of a generic stability; and at no time in America has the mind of the multimillionaire differed in great degree from the mind of any other American. As for William Randolph Hearst being a fascist: he would be the first Big Shot put to death by the mythical Fascist Leader — he would agree with such a *Führer* on the first day, quarrel with him on the second, and attack him on the third. Just now he is, to be sure, experimenting with possible combinations to beat the Franklin D. Roosevelt he nominated. He has rejected Father Coughlin for an electrified priest, but is flirting with the idea of a third party and Huey Long's dream — from vote-splitter to President. As yet Hearst has not beckoned to Bilbo; and as a wealthy, elderly Californian he has a natural horror of Doc Townsend, the old-age snake doctor.

Hearst performed a sinister service in dynamiting the reputation of the idiotic Upton Sinclair, and he gave left-wing labor a severe set-back with his masterful yellow-journalist tactics in killing off a social revolution in San Francisco, where the waterfront bruisers made their bid for

power against the polo-club dudes. Just now he has set the opponents of fascism on fire by printing with great vigor the truth about communist Russia's 1933 famine — this being severely against the mode of the left-wing intellectuals who, by some queer mental acrobatics, manage to discriminate between two forms of state brutality, finding Comrade-Dictator Stalin's prison camps less objectionable than Herr-Dictator Hitler's.

Hearst has frequently guessed wrong; he vigorously opposed America's entry into the Franco-British struggle against German industrialism; for, as a Californian, his economic interests lay in Mexico; and in 1916 he did his level best to put this country into a war with Mexico, holding it more profitable (to him) than would be our entrance into the World War, which he decried as profitable to the House of Morgan, one of his rivals and a house of city slickers, not a rancho of Sun-Kist imperialists. I forbear reciting further the record of William Randolph Hearst, a phenomenal man. But it seems rather anemic of Raymond Swing, who has travelled in furrin' parts, to persuade us that Mr. Hearst is a fascist.

Swing's sketch of Bilbo is pure honey, for he convinces us that Bilbo is a far greater master of the American idiom than Huey. His picture of Coughlin is fair enough as far as it goes; though I suspect that the true excoriation of this frocked fuss-budget will reach delectable heights only when Hearst decides to skin him for his hide and tallow — which must not be far off. The picture of Huey Long is pretty good; but Hamilton Basso has done a better one, with more gallows-humor in it.

Forerunners of American Fascism is contributory to proof that America will never be fascist. No one, not even with the imagination of Charles A. Beard, can con-

clude that this continent will ever be hastened down the river of regimentation by such windy louts as the lesser fry of this book. Huey Long may possibly be a king in certain sections of the Deep South; but he is a washroom drunk in the East, and would be kicked to death by the Sun-Kisters of the Far West. Bilbo is hardly worth consideration. Father Coughlin could not escape castration in many Baptist backwaters. Doc Townsend in a test of taxable strength would find support only among sufferers from arterio-sclerosis. It is a pleasure to live on a continent without frontiers, which is devoted to sectionalism.

Hearst is entirely another matter from Swing's worthies. Unquestionably the imperial state of California must soon disenfranchise many of its floaters; in a country where so much of the wealth is landed, and in the hands of syndicates and wealthy communes, the Hamiltonian checks on suffrage will soon be established if the state is to survive as an empire. But Californians fry at the appellation of fascist, as they hate all notions from east of the Mississippi — let alone from east of the Atlantic Ocean — and they have their own traditions to follow. At heart every Native Son worth ten dollars is a Vigilante. Their uniform, when the impossible Merriam (who is among them universally admitted to be a booby) breaks down, will probably stem from Forty-Niner costumes, with variegated bandannas to denote various offices of the klans; and certainly then it will not be long before many hundreds of thousands of Californians will be deprived of the ballot.

I've no doubt that Hearst will help to bring this on, and that there will be a counter revival of the Wobbly movement, which was the one romantic piece of fool-gallantry in the dull history of American

labor. I have seen strong men break down and weep into their gin when reciting the vanished deeds of the Wobblies. These men will have a chance, ere long, as the Old Hickories of the Left, to redeem their legends; though they will need to move fast when next the Vigilantes are out, or they'll soon find themselves in the lower camp with the Chinamen.



The Highest-Priced Art

THE CONTENT OF MOTION PICTURES, by Edgar Dale. \$2.50. 5½ x 7¾; 234 pp. New York: *The Macmillan Company*.

HERE is a profound indictment of the movies, briefed by a sociologist who, rather than view the films himself, has relied upon the estimates of them in trade journals and on continuity sheets. He hears that the movies are in bad shape. As to the remedy, he has none to recommend.

Personally, I feel that there is nothing wrong with the movies that shooting the entire human race will not cure. It is true that they contain too much matter appertaining to sex, crime, and superstition; and Professor Dale catalogs the themes of 1500 motion pictures, supplying scientific categories for them. I could do the same for Shakespeare and arrive at similar conclusions; possibly *Hamlet* could be placed under murder, suicide, arson, and rape as a general proposition, though to dub Rosenkrantz and Guildenstern gangsters and call the play a gang film would be stretching the truth. But Greek drama of a classic stature would resist the test; the works of Euripides, *et al.*, find no convenient categories, the movies never reaching for the old plot about the man who marries his mother, or the mother who shoots her child.

dren. The Payne Foundation has merely wasted its money in compiling these reports, though none should cavil at such a result, as most wealthy decedents provide foundations expressly for money to be wasted.

A poet in a garret needs a penny pencil and an envelope: but a moving picture director such as Pudovkin, who is also a poet, needs the backing of the Soviet government for his poetry, with enormous technical facilities and material equipment, with even the government calling the tune. Hence the fundamental difference between the two media of expression. No one, however, has drawn attention to these conditions. Furthermore, all film, whether Russian, German, or American, must be directed to the crowd, and even its best poetry to the L.C.D. One could as easily take printed matter designed for the same audience and excoriate the invention of printing because of it as condemn the movies for the inevitable results of mechanical restrictions.

As for the future of the movie: in any community it must always parallel journalism of the simplest sort to get its great effects. This confines it to a problem in simplicity in the use of film only achieved to the fullest by Charlie Chaplin and Walt Disney. (Though this is not to say that many do not strive to reach this simplicity, or that it will never be generally achieved.) Just now art films are only beginning; the contemporary speed of film is about 23 degrees Scheiner in regard to light value, and its celluloid backing is too expensive for any but professionals working for commercial combines seeking profits, or states seeking to disseminate propaganda. The Payne Foundation, if it wishes to improve the intellectual and artistic value of film, would best kick the sociologists out of the file room and get down to chemical

and physical research. Once the celluloid backing of emulsion is discarded, and some cheap material such as cellophane is employed for coating with a fast emulsion — so fast as to use only ordinary incandescent lamps or capable of using any light conditions of average daytime with employment of filters to make this condition uniform from day to day — then we might reasonably expect film to improve up to the level of printed matter. Only then would the thousands who might employ motion pictures as a medium of expression find the medium available for their talents. Certainly children, who constitute forty per cent of our audiences, suffer from the quality of film entertainment given them; and this entertainment will never reach a uniformly fair level without first descending to the cost-level which writers and amateur directors might afford.

It is a problem which is at one with almost every form of expression characteristic of our age. The radio is far below, by any test, the artistic quality of film in its general output; radio's best work is in the broadcast of music of symphonic compositions, and even this is usually too far below the actual rendition to warrant any adjective but indifferent; whatever literature the radio has encouraged is not worthy of saving in the least. Yet film frequently presents sequences which, to the initiate, are as good as the work of the best modernist composers.

The movies are not of course on the same level as good metropolitan newspapers, low as the latter may be; because there is no way in which the work of young men, in the films, can carry its impress into the finished work, whereas many newspapers boast young writers of great gifts whose work is vital. But this tyranny against the individual is always

apparent in the films. Its essential is the tyranny of the medium's cost, not of its aim.

If we seek to classify the contents of film, which Prof. Dale fails to do, we find that, except where dictators employ movies for state uses, there is only one kind: the play film. The full use of the motion picture — regardless of its sociological consequences — is to be found in Russia, where there are documentary films, art films and play films. One can best illustrate this by the example, say, of filming rice culture. A Russian film of a documentary nature would be purely educational — in the sense of education and propaganda being a Marxist identity — showing the process of rice culture from the first thawing of the paddy to the finished food. A second film might be an art film, devoted almost wholly to the effects of light and shadow on a rice field, with sequences showing the workers, the vegetation, the wheeled carts and oxen — and all this beautifully woven out of camera quality. A third film naturally would concern a plot, relying upon human passion, among workers in a rice field, with the inevitable hero and heroine, and a triangular villain seeking to confound them.

In countries where government has not yet seized film as a medium of expression,

all three of these qualities must be woven into one film, forcing the picture to take on at once the scope of a novel of heroic stature. Even the cheapest film from Hollywood or London or Paris — the three democracies — must undertake to embody at once documentary or journalistic, artistic or beautiful, contrived or sentimental effects. To do this on film which will run its course in an hour, and above all to follow symbols which will be instantly grasped by undreamed-of multitudes upon the five continents, makes the success of such a film in all three qualities well-nigh unattainable. A good half of the objectionable features in motion pictures derive out of this problem. Only a government capable of forcing audiences to attend willy-nilly can, at present film costs, surmount these objections.

Whether foundations such as the Payne, independent film companies, university set-ups, guilds, and syndicates can ever succeed in improving the movies is questionable. But if film itself can some day be bought and used as cheaply as the novelist can now buy and use his tools, then there should be an immediate change for the better. Otherwise we will have to await patiently the gradual improvement of press and government which will necessarily force the movies to corresponding progress.

CHECK LIST *of* NEW BOOKS

BIOGRAPHY

MICHELANGELO, THE MAN.

By *Donald Lord Finlayson.*

Thomas Y. Crowell Company
\$3.50 6 x 9¼; 356 pp. *New York*

Despite the title this is again the story of Michelangelo the artist, whose work can give us a better insight into the character of the man than can any treatise on his personality. The author, passing lightly over the artist's childhood, follows his career from the time young Michelangelo becomes the protégé of Lorenzo the Magnificent on through his never ending service to the various popes and to the Medici family. The impression gleaned is that of a somewhat crotchety figure forever toiling over some project in the Vatican, one whose moral virtue is all the more remarkable in a time when debauchery was the order of the day. This virtue and innate sense of justice are evidenced in the many letters which the author has scattered throughout the book. That Michelangelo possessed a rare sense of humor is also shown. Even if the book occasionally lapses into the style of a dry thesis on art, it is, nevertheless, authenticated and learned. There are many illustrations, a chronological table and an extensive index.

KATE CHASE: *Dominant Daughter.*

By *Mary Merwin Phelps.*

Thomas Y. Crowell Company
\$3 6 x 9; 316 pp. *New York*

Kate Chase was the daughter of Salmon Portland Chase, one of the most conspicuous public figures of his day. In the course of his brilliant career he was a governor, a senator, a secretary of the treasury, and a chief justice. But his ambitious daughter, whose beauty and grace made even Mrs. Lincoln take a secondary place in Washington society, had a strong desire to see him in the White House. She planned her entire life with this end in view. Even her marriage to Governor Sprague was a subtle

piece of political strategy, for it was with his money that she purposed to finance the campaigns. Five times she tried to bring about his election — each attempt proving more futile and absurd. Then, with the panic of 1873, the Sprague millions melted away, and poor Kate was forced to descend the ladder to poverty and neglect. The book reveals patient and careful research on the part of Miss Phelps, but as entertainment it is only mildly successful. There is an index and also a short appendix.

HEROES AND ASSASSINS.

By *Stoyan Christowe.*

Robert M. McBride & Company
\$3 6 x 8½; 285 pp. *New York*

For the first time the entire story of the Inner Macedonian Revolutionary Organization — known and dreaded from one end of the Balkans to the other as the "Imro" — has been told. Macedonia is the Balkan area where Greece, Yugoslavia, and Bulgaria touch. Ever since the country was divided at the peace conference, without reference to the wishes of the inhabitants, the Revolutionary Organization, first set up to fight the Turks, has conducted a campaign of terrorism to secure Macedonian autonomy. Plot, counterplot, and intrigue within intrigue, together with the inside story of the political assassinations which culminated in the murder of King Alexander of Yugoslavia, make this a fascinating as well as a historically important book. There are many illustrations and an index.

MY OLD WORLD.

By *Abbé Ernest Dimmet.* *Simon and Schuster*

\$2.50 5¼ x 8¼; 280 pp. *New York*

In this charming book of memoirs the Abbé Dimmet looks back wistfully upon interesting phases of his early life in the old world of nineteenth-century France. Born almost seventy years ago in the picturesque village of Trélon, reared among simple foresters and cattle breed-

ers, he removed to England upon the completion of his formal education, and there began the literary career which in recent years has won him such wide-spread popularity. Today he recalls with resigned sadness those rich pasture lands, those deeply shaded ravines, and those dank woodlands which made up the scenic background of his youth, but which have since succumbed to "the mockery called progress and commercialism." Trélon is no longer the quaint provincial village of his school days, and much of the lovely old forest is gone. "I would rather keep away from it," he writes sadly, "than see its sacredness violated by tooting vulgarians." There is a short index.



THE GRINDING MILL.

By A. Lobanov-Rostovsky. The Macmillan Company
\$2.50 5½ x 8; 387 pp. New York

Reminiscences of war and revolution in Russia, based on a diary which the author kept between the years 1913 and 1920. The book opens with an account of the first Russian offensive, goes on to describe the collapse of the Russian advance and the subsequent retreat before the Germans, presents an excellent picture of a winter spent near Minsk in 1915-1916, and then with a description of the Brussilov offensive passes on to the tragic story of the revolution. Following the armistice the author went to Constantinople and then on to Odessa where in 1919 he joined the army of General Denikine. With Denikine's overthrow, he moved on to Paris. At the present time he is a professor of history at the University of California. *The Grinding Mill* is a sober, unhysterical record of troubled years; it is marred only by what seems at times a needless preoccupation with unimportant and trivial details. There is an index.



ORDEAL: *The Story of My Life.*

By Marie, Queen of Rumania.

Charles Scribner's Sons
\$3.75 6½ x 9½; 429 pp. New York

In this volume Queen Marie continues the story of her life from the point where she left off in an earlier work and carries the reader through the troubled years of the World War. It opens with a chapter on Rumania's two years of neutrality, and then proceeds with an

account of the conflict into which the nation was finally drawn. The book is wide open to the charge of excessive sentimentality. Queen Marie, in her egoistical desire to set herself up as the spiritual savior of her subjects, forgets, apparently, that most truly courageous and heroic saviors in the past have managed somehow not to wring their handkerchiefs in public view. One suspects that among the torrents of tears which the Queen pretends to have shed for her people were many which, secretly, she actually shed for herself. The book contains numerous illustrations.

HYGIENE

BIRTH CONTROL IN PRACTICE.

By Marie E. Kopp. Robert M. McBride & Company
\$1 5¼ x 9; 290 pp. New York

The ten thousand cases which presented themselves at The Birth Control Research Bureau clinic from January, 1925, to July, 1929, have been subjected to an exhaustive statistical study which forms the contents of this book. The work is an extremely valuable analysis of the sociological, economic and medical factors of the problem of birth control. It presents also a statistical account of the efficacy of the various contraceptive measures in use. The method advocated and prescribed by the clinic is 93.3% successful if correctly used. It is interesting to note that such information as the author was able to obtain indicates that the so-called "safe period" was unsuccessful in 59.7% of the patients who reported use of this method.



COMMON SENSE HEALTH.

By Lucius M. Bush.

Liveright Publishing Corporation
\$2.50 5½ x 8¼; 310 pp. New York

This book poses as a health manual but it is no more than a tract proclaiming the virtues of the cult of osteopathy. It is full of ridiculous unfounded therapeutic claims such as characterize writings of all the faddist groups. More serious in the harm they may do are the false statements with regard to diseases in which medical treatment is of great value. Examples of this sort of thing are to be found in passages opposing vaccination against smallpox, immunization against diphtheria, and the use of insulin in diabetes. An indication of the nonsense

of which the author is capable may be gathered from his statement that in insanity "the most definite curative measures so far have come through osteopathy."



MODERN MOTHERHOOD.

By *Claude Edwin Heaton.* *Farrar & Rinehart*
\$2 5 x 7½; 271 pp. *New York*

This small book, intended for expectant mothers, is an example of the best type of popular medical book. It is written with the aim of giving the patient a clear understanding of the medical conditions involved so that she may cooperate intelligently with her medical advisor. The author also does the commendable deed of informing the mother in detail of what she has a right to expect from her physician so that she may, if need be, demand changes in his procedure. The book is written in a simple clear style and is adequately supplied with index and bibliography.



YOUR NEW BABY: HOW TO PREPARE FOR IT AND CARE FOR IT.

By *Linda McClure Woods.* *Robert M. McBride & Company*
\$2 5 x 7½; 247 pp. *New York*

This volume is a handbook on the care of mother and child during pregnancy and early infancy. It is written by a nurse who has had a great deal of practical experience. The information is presented in a clear style, answering in short paragraphs the questions that come to most young mothers. The book is a valuable addition to the already large number of similar volumes available to the public.

SCIENCE

OUTLINES OF GENERAL PSYCHOPATHOLOGY.

By *William Malamud.* *W. W. Norton & Company*
\$5 5¾ x 8¾; 462 pp. *New York*

Psychopathology is defined by the author of this book as "a science that deals with the recognition, description, classification, and understanding of phenomena of abnormal mental activity." The subject is presented in a systematic manner, developing the various elements of this definition. The book is an unusually valuable reference work with a careful index which adds to its usefulness. The author attempts to present his data in an objective man-

ner without stressing unduly any of the conflicting schools of thought. Dr. Malamud is Professor of Psychiatry at the State University of Iowa.



PROGRESS OF ARCHAEOLOGY.

By *Stanley Casson.* *Whittlesey House*
\$2 5½ x 8½; 111 pp. *New York*

This small book is a brilliant exposition of recent archaeological studies, managing to get into its few pages an amazing amount of information. Without any effort to popularize his subject, the author, who is Reader in Classical Archaeology at Oxford, succeeds in making it interesting and vital. The book is profusely illustrated with excellent plates. Mr. Casson's account covers studies in all parts of the world, including Western Europe, America, Asia, Europe, Africa, and the Pacific islands.



RESEARCH: THE PATHFINDER OF SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY.

By *T. A. Boyd.* *D. Appleton-Century Company*
\$2.50 5¼ x 8; 319 pp. *New York*

The author of this book, whose success as a research worker is attested by his work on the development of ethyl gasoline, gives here an interesting account of the historical development and the present status of research in American industry. He describes its role in industrial progress and considers what training is necessary for a person planning to enter research. The young student who looks forward to the glamour of a research career will do well to read this book carefully.



WHY THE WEATHER?

By *Charles Franklin Brooks.* *Harcourt, Brace & Company*
\$2.50 5½ x 8¾; 295 pp. *New York*

This book is a revised and enlarged edition of a work which appeared originally in 1924. The author is Professor of Meteorology at Harvard University, and as is usually the case when a book for the layman is written by a master, this volume is both instructive and well-written. Dr. Brooks gives in charming and entertaining fashion the scientific basis of the daily phenomena of weather changes. There are numerous excellent illustrations. The subject is considered in all its phases, including such varied topics as a discussion of weather proverbs,

descriptions of stratospheric flights, and the role of aviation in the study of the weather.

FOREIGN AFFAIRS

ROAD TO WAR: AMERICA. 1914-1917.

By Walter Millis. Houghton Mifflin Company
\$3 6 x 8½; 466 pp. Boston

Here is the credible case history of an incredible adventure in American diplomacy, when one step forward constituted two backward, the negative total leading to the scarlet abyss of war. Something of the story has been told before, but this volume for the first time catalogs all the manifestations of hysteria, ignorance, prejudice and insanity which brought the United States into the bosom of that strange yet wily family of nations, the Allies. Colonel House wanders benignly through the pages, stumbling, bowing, stumbling again, finally falling flat on his face as the fury of war strikes the country he first sought to keep from entanglement abroad. The remainder of the international cast stands in the wings, waiting their cues. They are all present: Wilson, Bryan, Lansing, Sir Edward Grey, Lloyd George, von Bernstorff, each impaled on a cork and pin in the world gallery of futile figures. Their best efforts produced only calamity. The book will be a valuable source for future historians who attempt to solve the puzzles of the Great Crusade.



CLASHING TIDES OF COLOUR.

By Lothrop Stoddard. Scribners
\$3 5½ x 8¼; 414 pp. New York

Lothrop Stoddard, America's leading exponent of the flesh-creeping school in political writing, abandons his former idea that the white race is in danger from a rising tide of color, and turns instead to prospective clashes among the colored races themselves. He still believes that in 1919 he was right in his view that the West was weakening and that Asia might unite against it. But at that time he "failed to note that the effects of Western technique, methods, and ideas upon the Orient were more disruptive there than in the West itself." As a result, "East and West are today subject to the same process of disintegration." Whatever dangers this may involve, it does mean that the colored can no longer unite against the white. He reaches this conclusion after surveying the dis-

ruptive effects of the machine in the West, where it has shattered the unity of European civilization; in Asia, where it has broken down century-old life-patterns; and in Africa, where Mr. Stoddard fears a black revolt, which will, however, be limited to Africa and will have relatively slight chance of success. He offers no panacea. The book is written in Mr. Stoddard's usual interesting style. An index is lacking.



THE MURDER OF THE ROMANOVs.

By Paul Bulygin. Robert M. McBride & Company
\$3 5¼ x 8; 286 pp. New York

Striking enough in its horror, the end of the Romanov family becomes even more gruesome in the light of this official investigation, here set down in a simple, graphic manner. The author, one-time officer of the Guards, tried vainly to rescue the imprisoned family only to be trapped by Rasputin's son-in-law. After the wholesale murder he became assistant to the third and only successful investigator of the Ipatiev tragedy. Captain Bulygin recounts in detail the events leading up to the final crime, stating his belief that this was the indirect outcome of Rasputin's influence over the royal family and particularly over the highly emotional and almost fanatic Empress.

MISCELLANEOUS

THE TWO SOURCES OF MORALITY AND RELIGION.

By Henri Bergson. Translated by R. Ashley Audra and Cloudeley Brereton. Henry Holt & Company
\$3 5½ x 8½; 308 pp. New York

Bergson's work, here presented in an attractive translation, is essentially a modern instance of what used to be called Natural Theology, and his thesis, simply stated, is that Christian mysticism will save the world. Being a well-informed person and a subtle psychologist, as well as an artist with both imagination and common sense, the author is able to make critical use of recent findings in biology, anthropology and the history of religions, and still contribute something *spirituel* (not merely witty) of his own to point a moral or adorn an argument. Those who accept his biological and metaphysical premises may easily be carried away by this eloquent development of them. Even one who is not a Bergsonian will find himself diverted and profited by trying to distinguish

between what is strictly logical and what is skilfully metaphorical in this suggestive study of man's individual and collective relation to a universe, the "function of which", Bergson holds, is "a machine for the making of gods." There is an index.



A MIND THAT FOUND ITSELF.

By Clifford W. Beers. Doubleday, Doran & Company
\$2.50 5½ x 8½; 434 pp. Garden City, New York

The twenty-fifth anniversary of the first appearance of this remarkable book has been made the occasion for the publication of a new edition which includes a valuable description of the mental hygiene movement in this country. Both the book and the account of the development of this movement, which was an outcome of the publication of Mr. Beers' work, are of absorbing interest. The author, who passed through a severe mental illness, was able afterward not only to remember what went on during the years of his illness, but also was able to apply himself to the correction of abuses which he and other patients had been suffering for years. This book is an important sociological document and the effect it has had on the attitude of the medical profession toward mental illness is of great significance.



THE ROLE OF MONEY.

By Frederick Soddy. Harcourt, Brace & Company
\$2 5 x 7½; 214 pp. New York

The Nobel Prizeman in Chemistry for 1921 and Professor of Chemistry at Oxford University, has long been known for the versatility which enables him to write with intelligence and a degree of authority on economics as well as on his own specialty. He began his career as an economist with *Cartesian Economics* in 1922 just after taking the Nobel Prize; continued it with *Wealth, Virtual Wealth, and Debt* in 1926; and now reappears with this new book. The role of money, as Professor Soddy sees it, is purely to function as a medium of exchange, not as a counter in a form of legerdemain to make bankers rich. Our present system of bank credit he regards as fundamentally a fraud. Money, he complains, "serves only the convenience of a parasitic and

upstart plutocracy." Our present monetary system is "poisoning the wells of Western civilization." He would like to have the issuing of money made wholly a governmental function, and the banks required to keep "pound for pound of national money against their currency accounts drawable by cheque." He does not, however, believe in nationalizing banks. There is a short bibliography but no index.



ADULT INTERESTS.

By Edward L. Thorndike. The Macmillan Company
\$3.25 5½ x 8; 265 pp. New York

This book by Dr. Thorndike is a sequel to an earlier volume entitled *Adult Learning*, in which it was shown that learning ability after the age of twenty-five, contrary to the popular assumption, decreases negligibly and not in rapid strides. Now Dr. Thorndike further substantiates his important thesis by producing the results of tests given over a period of three years; these results should be of considerable interest to all workers in adult education. Learning, he believes, must be supplemented in every case by interest or desire if the adult is really to profit from the effort he puts forth. "Adult education," in other words, "including self-education, should be guided by a sound psychology of adult interests." The book contains numerous charts, and also appendices.



EVERYMAN HIS OWN HISTORIAN.

By Carl L. Becker. F. S. Crofts & Company
\$2.50 5½ x 8¼; 325 pp. New York

A collection of short essays and reviews, for the most part concerned with subjects of a historical and political nature. Although himself a professor of history, Mr. Becker writes with little of the priggishness which usually accompanies the academic mind. Santayana more than anyone else appears to have influenced his thought: particularly in such essays as *Liberalism — A Way Station*, and *Everyman His Own Historian*. Other papers in this volume include a brilliant study of Henry Adams, a Socratic dialogue on the Marxian philosophy of history, and an interesting and illuminating essay on Kansas — which, in Mr. Becker's opinion, is a veritable "America in microcosm." The book is tolerant and urbane.

THE OPEN FORUM

[Letters from readers, on any subject, will be welcomed to these pages]

A TIMELY LETTER FROM LORD MACAULAY

(Written in 1857 to a correspondent in America)

SIR: The four volumes of the *Colonial History of New York* reached me safely. I assure you that I shall value them highly. They contain much to interest an English as well as an American reader. Pray, accept my thanks, and convey them to the Regents of the University.

You are surprised to learn that I have not a high opinion of Mr. Jefferson, and I am surprised at your surprise. I am certain that I never wrote a line, and that I never in Parliament, in conversation or even on the hustings—a place where it is the fashion to court the populace—uttered a word indicating an opinion that the supreme authority in a State ought to be entrusted to the majority of citizens, in other words, to the poorest and most ignorant part of society. I have long been convinced that institutions purely democratic must, sooner or later, destroy liberty or civilization, or both.

In Europe, where the population is dense, the effect of such institutions would be almost instantaneous. What happened lately in France is an example. In 1848 a pure democracy was established there. During a short time there was reason to expect a general spoliation, a national bankruptcy, a new partition of the soil, a maximum of prices, a ruinous load of taxation laid on the rich for the purpose of supporting the poor in idleness. Such a system would, in twenty years, have made France as poor and barbarous as the France of the Carlovingians. Happily, the danger was averted; and now there is a despotism, a silent tribune, an enslaved press. Liberty is gone, but civilization has been saved.

I have not the smallest doubt that, if we had a purely democratic government here, the effect would be the same. Either the poor would plunder the rich and civilization would perish,

or order and property would be saved by a strong military government, and liberty would perish. You may think that your country enjoys an exemption from these evils. I will frankly own to you that I am of a very different opinion. Your fate I believe to be certain, though it is deferred by a physical cause. As long as you have a boundless extent of fertile and unoccupied land, your laboring population will be far more at ease than the laboring population of the old world, and, while that is the case, the Jeffersonian polity may continue to exist without causing any fatal calamity. But the time will come when New England will be as thickly populated as Old England. Wages will be as low, and will fluctuate as much with you as with us. You will have your Manchesters and Birminghams, and in those Manchesters and Birminghams hundreds of thousands of artisans will assuredly be sometimes out of work. Then your institutions will be fairly brought to the test. Distress everywhere makes the laborer mutinous and discontented, and inclines him to listen with eagerness to agitators who tell him that it is a monstrous iniquity that one man should have a million while another cannot get a full meal.

In bad years there is plenty of grumbling here, and sometimes a little rioting. But it matters little, for here the sufferers are not the rulers. The supreme power is in the hands of a class, numerous indeed, but select; of an educated class; of a class which is, and knows itself to be, deeply interested in the security of property and maintenance of order. Accordingly, the malcontents are firmly yet gently restrained. The bad time is got over without robbing the wealthy to relieve the indigent. The springs of national prosperity soon begin to flow again;

work is plentiful, wages rise, and all is tranquillity and cheerfulness. I have seen England pass three or four times through such critical seasons as I have described.

Through such seasons, the United States will have to pass in the course of the next century, if not of this. How will you pass through them? I heartily wish you a good deliverance. But my reason and my wishes are at war, and I cannot help foreboding the worst. It is quite plain that your government will never be able to restrain a distressed and discontented majority. For with you the majority is the government, and has the rich, who are always a minority, absolutely at its mercy.

The day will come when, in the State of New York, a multitude of people, none of whom has had more than half a breakfast, or expects to have more than half a dinner, will choose a Legislature. Is it possible to doubt what sort of Legislature will be chosen? On one side is a statesman preaching patience, respect for vested rights, strict observance of public faith. On the other is a demagogue ranting about the tyranny of capitalists and usurers, and asking why anybody should be permitted to drink champagne and to ride in a carriage, while thousands of honest folks are in want of necessities. Which of the two candidates is likely to be preferred by a workingman who hears his children cry for more bread? I seriously apprehend that you will in some such season of adversity as I have described, do things which will prevent prosperity from returning; that you will act like people who should in a year of scarcity devour all the seed corn, and thus make the next year a year not of scarcity, but of absolute famine. There will be, I fear, spoliation. The spoliation will increase the distress. The distress will produce fresh spoliation. There is nothing to stop you. Your Constitution is all sail and no anchor.

As I said before, when a society has entered on this downward progress, either civilization or liberty must perish. Either some Caesar or Napoleon will seize the reins of government with a strong hand, or your Republic will be as fearfully plundered and laid waste by barbarians in the 20th Century as the Roman Empire was in the fifth — with this difference, that the Huns and Vandals who ravaged the Roman Empire came from without, and that your Huns and Vandals will have been engendered within your own country by your own institutions.

Thinking thus, of course, I cannot reckon

Jefferson among the benefactors of mankind. I readily admit that his intentions were good and his abilities considerable. Odious stories have been circulated about his private life; but I do not know on what evidence those stories rest, and I think it probable that they are false or monstrously exaggerated. I have no doubt that I shall derive both pleasure and information from your account of him.

T. B. MACAULAY

Holly Lodge
May 23, 1857



MORE NEWSPAPER AUTHORS

SIR: Mr. Stanley Walker, who rallies with a yodel to the defense of newspaper offices as a clearing house for authors who are on their way to arrive, presents a plausible, but hardly an air-tight, case. For one thing, most of the writers whom he mentions as having arrived, were not, I submit, at any time real newspaper men. By this I mean that most of them drifted into the racket via propinquity or the sophomoric yen, and as casually drifted out, having other interests to occupy them, the most important being an ability to write sound fiction, instilled in them at birth. This ability, I further submit, was not nourished by jotting down names, addresses and telephone numbers on copy paper, or by interpreting police reports for the first city edition, or by writing Sunday feature stories for \$20 each.

If Mr. Walker wants to admit that newspaper offices of a decade or more ago were better proving grounds than those of today, I might meet him half way. But since the war a colorful, well-written news story is no longer the rule; it is the exception. If Mr. Walker has the stomach, I dare him to rifle the copies of a half dozen newspapers of today and compare them with the pages of 1920.

As a newspaper man who has been in the racket for twenty years, I have yet to discover an instance of real literary talent being brought to the surface by back-breaking chores on the rewrite desk, or any other desk. Those authors of my acquaintance who have arrived were on the threshold before they ever entered an editorial room. Time and mental maturity, not newspaper experience, pushed them through the celestial gateway.

And if you want another gag, Mr. Walker, indite for me an indexed history of the actual, day-to-day newspaper experience of the following, all selected from your own list: Nathan, Cabell, Hemingway, Dreiser, Roche, Greene, Kaufman, Sandburg, Lewis, Poe, Crane, O. Henry, Wells, Shaw, Bennett and Kipling.

I don't mean piddling; I mean honest-to-God, sweaty toil.

RALPH J. KENNARD

Chicago



DEATH IN THE AIR

SIR: "Our Reception for Bombers" in your June issue demonstrates conclusively that the morale of our anti-aircraft forces is all that it should be. But Captain Kernan goes a little too far in claiming that available weapons of defense dispose effectively of the menace of aerial attack. Some stubborn facts remain which are not as easily riddled as trailed targets in peace-time experiments.

The 105 millimeter gun probably has a vertical range of 45,000 feet. Its destructive reach, however, is a matter of effective rather than extreme range. At certain altitudes the matter of fuse-setting becomes annoying. It would be interesting to know whether the 105 millimeter gun achieves satisfactory results above 20,000 feet, or even at that level.

The Sperry-Wilson data computer may be helpful in efforts to shoot down a plane by firing at a point ahead of the target. But the little matter of having the target keep the rendezvous is obtrusively important. A bombing plane nearing a small, definite objective is compelled to fly a fixed course with respect to its mission, and its future position can be anticipated. But what of attacking planes that have large areas as objectives over which they can maneuver at will?

Assurance that an adequate aerial defense is now provided for our coastal cities is pleasing. But such defenses for all such points would require too much money and equipment. It is not unreasonable to suspect that all the available anti-aircraft strength we now possess might merely suffice to throw a fairly formidable defensive zone about a city the size of Hartford, Connecticut. Shall we ever be able to protect every vital point simultaneously?

The United States is still sufficiently remote

geographically from possible enemies to possess certain inestimable advantages. An aerial attack on our country from over seas would require so much preparation that secrecy could not be maintained, thus eliminating the tremendously advantageous element of surprise. Hence our navy and its air forces would presumably endeavor to locate and destroy the attackers far from our shores. If they failed, the army air service would engage the enemy off our coast. If the enemy prevailed again, he would yet have to face whatever zone defenses existed to cover the objectives attacked.

But we cannot depend forever upon aerial remoteness. Some day nations abroad will be our next door neighbors via the sky. And to prevent the possibility of any military unpleasantness, we shall need something much more effective than auxiliary ground defenses against aerial attack. It will become imperative for us to have as a defensive precaution an independent air force so strong offensively that it will give us complete control of the air in any conflict.

LOUIS A. SIGAUD

Brooklyn



GLASS HOUSES

SIR: I am a German. And I have to laugh. Did you read the manifesto condemning my Fatherland issued by the Council of the League of Nations? The one where they said "Germany has failed in *the duty* which lies upon *all members* of the international community to *respect undertakings they have contracted*." And the one where they condemned "*any unilateral repudiation of international engagements*." I mean did you read the names of the countries signed to that holier-than-thou blast of hot air? Thirteen names, headed by France, Italy, and England. *And every one of the thirteen, by defaulting on the debt to America, has unilaterally repudiated an international engagement*. Every American newspaper swallowed this rubbish, hook, line, and sinker.

You ought to print an article giving the low-down on the most perfect propaganda factory ever constructed by man — *la belle France*. There she stands — the Empire of Napoleon Bonaparte, yet the coyest pacifist; the invader and despoiler, in times past, of Germany, Italy, Russia, Spain, Belgium, Holland, Switzerland, Austria, Hun-

gary, Africa, and North America, yet bleating in fear for the rest of the world to rush to her aid if she is ever attacked; the first to disown her debt to America, yet the leader of such fake moralistic mouthings as "unilateral repudiations." The land of the perpetual squawk, the home of the international chiseler, and how it works! Yes, sir, I am a German. I have to laugh.

MAX SNYDER

Milwaukee, Wis.



DOGGO WAR

SIR: Commenting in THE OPEN FORUM on Oland D. Russell's article on Japanese military tactics, Captain F. W. Kernan makes a rather amazing statement: "It is extremely unlikely that any first class power will ever revert to the 'warfare of position' which produced the stalemate on the Western front. . . ."

Does Captain Kernan actually believe that the combatants deliberately chose a warfare of position instead of one of maneuver? Is it not the fact that this static warfare was *forced* upon the combatants by the very mass of the men and materials used? The first World War demonstrated clearly that the most powerful army can maneuver and advance only until the opposing force can stay that advance; then, as in the past, the continuous front will come into being. As General Douhet writes: "These fronts will be widely extended, easy to weld in case of partial penetration, very difficult to break through. They will destroy all the will to maneuver. However strong may be the morale, however confident, however well prepared, the weaker adversary, less confident and less prepared for war, will not fail to avail himself of the priceless advantage of a defensive attitude. He will impose his will on the other, who, though stronger, will not be strong enough to carry all before him in a single push. The spirit of the offensive and the will to maneuver are impotent in the face of these conditions."

Captain Kernan gives a clue to his peculiar state of mind when he writes: "The reason lies of course in the tremendous developments in the mechanization of war which have taken place during the last decade." Undoubtedly the opposing commanders will utilize the slightly increased mobility of armies to maneuver them

into advantageous positions, but that power of movement will be vouchsafed to them only in the opening weeks, perhaps the opening days, of the war. Even the poorly equipped Chinese 19th Route Army gave the Japanese a taste of modern land warfare when they put up a determined resistance at Shanghai. With any kind of equality of arms and supplies, and adequate support, the Chinese and Japanese would still be sitting there, peeking out at each other over the tops of trenches.

CY CALDWELL

New York



DON'T WRITE--TELEGRAPH

SIR: In reading a news dispatch from Washington the other day, predicting the President's probable course on the bonus question, I winnowed the following gem:

"Certainly the passage of the bonus over a veto would strengthen the President's position in 1936. His opposition to the Patman bill in the face of the *deluge of telegrams* that has swamped the White House during the last few days could hardly fail to win the admiration of the conservative forces which oppose the measure."

The italics are mine. What does a deluge of telegrams mean? Does it signify that the American masses arose in wrath and trooped to the nearest Western Union office? Does it imply that thousands, maybe millions, opposed the grab-of-the-month at the U. S. Treasury? Does it reveal a nationwide campaign to protect the Federal credit and condemn Buddy poppies?

No. For the *deluge* numbered some 30,000 wires, these from a national population of 130,000,000 persons. You can figure out the adverse percentage if you care to; I haven't the heart. But I would like to offer the following surmise as to the sources of the telegrams:

- 20,000 — organized, professional money grabbers.
- 5,000 — inspired by the American Legion and its competitors.
- 3,000 — crackpots.
- 1,000 — Federal job holders, mostly Coughlin-ites.
- 990 — professional soldiers.
- 10 — honest voters, who still have the price of a telegram.

CHARLES WOODRUFF

Memphis

THE FIRST AMERICAN AIR MAIL

SIR: I have come across the following little known facts which may be of interest to aviation enthusiasts. It seems that in the year 1859, John Wise, who was probably the most eminent balloonist of his day, conceived the idea of a flight from St. Louis to New York carrying a mail bag for the United States Express Company. On the morning of July 1st his balloon, the *Atlantic*, inflated and ballasted, swayed in the humid breeze before the excited citizenry of the river metropolis. In the basket were Wise, scientific director; Al Mountain, aeronaut; O. A. Gager, navigator; and a Mr. Hyde, historian (added to the party at the last moment, to represent the press). The mail bag contained forty letters from the Pacific Coast, one bearing a draft for \$1000 on a New York bank, and many letters from St. Louis citizens to friends in the East. It was securely sealed, and labelled "T. B. Marsh, Agent United States Express Company, No. 32 Broadway, New York. This bag is sent from St. Louis by the aerial ship *Atlantic*, July 1st; please forward to destination from landing of balloon by express, as above directed. C. W. Ford, Agent, St. Louis."

The balloon ascended and moved majestically eastward, propelled by favorable winds. On the morning of July 2nd it was sighted over Fort Wayne, Indiana, and later over Sandusky, Ohio. Soon after, it was out over Lake Erie and still behaving perfectly. It passed directly over Buffalo, New York, over Niagara Falls, and drifted out over Lake Ontario, the wind from the west still holding. By this time, however, the balloon's buoyancy was becoming expended, and the party decided to come down at Rochester, New York, and let Hyde and Gager off to continue with the mail by train to New York City. Wise and Mountain in the lightened balloon would continue on to the New England coast.

Before this could be accomplished they were caught in a violent storm. On they went over Lake Ontario, unable to rise above the disturbance because they had already thrown overboard their ballast. Now they cast away every movable thing, including the mail bag, to keep from coming down in the lashing water. It was a harrowing experience, but they kept aloft, and finally were blown ashore, the low-flying balloon dashing into a wood, breaking down small trees, tearing off branches, and at last

coming to rest, torn to shreds, in the top of a large tree near Henderson, New York.

Strangely enough, only one of the party was injured. Two days later the mail was fished out of the lake about seven miles from Oswego, and delivered according to instructions, its contents practically unharmed.

With a complete lack of consideration for future stamp collectors, the cachets were not especially cancelled indicating air mail. Probably because the flight is today practically unknown, it has thus far escaped the notice of philatelists, and none of the covers is now extant. Doubtless some must still exist, and there are rich rewards awaiting the fortunate collector who unearths them.

No records for mail delivery were broken, but Wise and his companions did set a distance record for continuous flight, 809 miles, which was not broken until 1900. Such was the first American Air Mail.

RALPH BAKER

Santa Ana, Calif.



BREAD AND STONE

SIR: The most striking feature of the average newspaperman's career is its own requiem. When the scribe dies, no matter how lowly his position, no matter how badly paid he has been during the years of his serfdom, he rates an obituary almost as long as the list of his debts. The death notice of a reporter gets more space than the obituaries of three bank vice-presidents and a college professor; it serves as a sort of inexpensive conscience fund for the publisher.

Writers also are highly thought of by the press — after their death. More than a dozen times this year I have read long obituaries of half-forgotten writers who died penniless.

My suggestion is this: Let us by law provide that any underpaid newspaperman or impoverished writer may apply to the great journals or news associations, *before his death*, for payment, at space rates, for the obituary which is to appear after his demise. Thus a man who has fallen upon such evil days that he can no longer earn money for food and lodging with his pen, may at least recompense himself slightly for the future profit to be made by publishers from his last story — the obituary. A lot of us could use the money right now. . . .

A WRITER

New York

THE CONTRIBUTORS

T. R. CARSKADON was born in West Virginia, graduated from Stanford University in California and now lives in New York City. He has written for a number of magazines, and his short story, *Nigger Schoolhouse*, was included in the anthology, *Story in America*, 1933-34.

MIRIAM ALLEN DE FORD, a resident of San Francisco, is a frequent contributor of prose and verse to magazines, and the author of *Love Children: a Book of Illustrious Illegitimates*. In private life she is Mrs. Maynard Shipley, whose late husband was president of the Science League of America and the author, as has been Mrs. Shipley, of articles for *THE AMERICAN MERCURY*.

JEROME W. EPHRAIM, an authority on consumers and their purchasing habits in this country, is the head of a manufacturing and technical service in New York which supplies subscribers with various products made and described under the banner of the new "buymanship." He is a constant contributor to *THE AMERICAN MERCURY* and the author of *Consumer's Guide to Scientific Buying and Saving*. Other articles by Mr. Ephraim will appear in forthcoming issues of this magazine.

WILLIAM FAULKNER, the Southern novelist who occupies a high place in contemporary American letters, was a recent contributor to *THE AMERICAN MERCURY*, his story *Golden Land* having appeared in the May issue. Among his distinguished books are *Pylon*, published this spring, *The Sound and the Fury*, *Light in August*, and *Sanctuary*. Mr. Faulkner's home and workshop is in Oxford, Mississippi.

HUGH RUSSELL FRASER, who hails from Cornwall-on-the-Hudson, N. Y., is an American journalist of wide experience and a contributor to various magazines. Now a resident of Memphis, he was recently elected president of the new Andrew Jackson Society of Tennessee, "a

fighting organization dedicated to correcting the lies told in school books about Jackson's record as president."

KATHARINE FULLERTON GEROULD, one of America's best known essayists, is a native of Brockton, Mass. In 1900, while at Radcliffe College, she began a literary career which has led to national repute. She is a frequent contributor of stories, essays and verse to American magazines.

DRAGOSLAV GORODINATZ, a native of Serbia but more recently an American citizen, joined the Serbian army in 1914 while a freshman at Belgrade University. He was wounded, gassed and finally made a prisoner of war, escaping his Bulgar captors by swimming the Danube at night. In 1924 he was graduated from the University of Pennsylvania, and is now a resident of Philadelphia.

PRESTON LANGLEY HICKEY, newspaper man and writer, launched into an artist's career at the age of eighteen, but lost interest when the first picture he painted was sold. He has done publicity work for various film corporations and has also been successful as a magazine contributor.

IRVING KOLODIN is a music critic on the staff of the *New York Sun* and a commentator on the arts. He has recently completed a history of the Metropolitan Opera House, which will be published during the fall. Numerous articles by him have appeared in theater, music and art reviews.

EUGENE LYONS won his spurs as an American newspaper correspondent when he was invited to leave Italy in 1921 by the pre-Mussolini regime. Since then he has worked as a journalist on both sides of the Atlantic, being stationed in Soviet Russia for six years by the United

Press. He has also compiled and edited *Six Soviet Plays* and published his Russian impressions under the title *Moscow Carrousel*.



EDGAR LEE MASTERS, whose volumes, *Spoon River Anthology* and *Lincoln — the Man*, have brought him lasting literary renown, is a resident of New York. His most recent work is *The Tale of Chicago*. Other essays by Mr. Masters will appear from time to time in THE AMERICAN MERCURY.



DAVID FREDERICK McCORD reports that he is a Mid-Westerner, and a newspaper worker in those parts as well as in the East, including New York. His main interests at the present are "witchcraft, comic strips, cats and murder."



NATHANIEL PEFFER is a writer on international topics, especially those affairs concerning the Far East, where he has lived for many years. He is the author of *The White Man's Dilemma, China: The Collapse of a Civilization, and Must We Fight in Asia?* The latter was published this spring. Mr. Peffer also conducts a course, at Columbia University, on the Far East.



WILLIAM C. SCHAPPA, 28 years old and a native of New Haven, has turned to writing, he says, after trying his hand at nearly everything. *Harvest at Night* is his first published story.



JAMES STEVENS lives in the Midwest, where his terms of residence have been divided

between the Michigan woods, Detroit and Gary. He is at present gathering material for a bulky novel on art among laborers and laborers in art, which he predicts will run to seventeen volumes. Mr. Stevens also can lay claim to some fame by being the organizer of a Doctor Wirt-for-President club.



MARK VAN DOREN, writer, educator and editor, is an authority on poetry, having published a number of critical volumes on this subject as well as numerous poems under his own imprint. Among his books are *The Poetry of John Dryden, Spring Thunder and Other Poems, Now the Sky and Other Poems* and *7 P. M. and Other Poems*. His latest volume is *A Winter Diary and Other Poems*. Mr. Van Doren, a native of Illinois but now a citizen of New York, was formerly literary editor of *The Nation*.



E. B. WHITE has for eight years been one of the editors of *The New Yorker*, in which publication has appeared much of his work. He is also a contributor of prose and verse to other magazines, and has published several books.



LORD MACAULAY, whose letter of 1857 appears in THE OPEN FORUM, wrote his views on American political institutions to Henry S. Randall of New York, author of the *Life of Jefferson*. The missive was one of four written between 1857 and 1859 in answer to correspondence from Randall. They appeared in the one-volume edition of *Macaulay's Life and Letters*, edited by his nephew, Sir George Otto Trevelyan.



THE ESSAY CONTEST

College men and women everywhere are responding to THE MERCURY's \$500 prize competition. Essays are being studiously composed in dormitories and classrooms throughout the land. The subject is a wide one: all American undergraduates have been invited to write what they think about the way their elders have managed the federal government in the past few years. It is youth's great chance to criticize age. The rules of the competition are as follows:

1. The best essay received prior to September 1, 1935, on any subject related to the present

troubles of the country, will win its author \$500. No paper received after midnight, August 31, will be considered.

2. No essay may be more than 2500 words in length.

3. All undergraduates of American colleges and universities are eligible to compete.

4. MSS. should be addressed to Contest Editor, THE AMERICAN MERCURY, 730 Fifth Avenue, New York.

5. The judges, whose decision will be final, are H. L. Mencken, Laurence Stallings, and Paul Palmer.

THE AMERICAN MERCURY



AWAY FROM THE HEAT AND HURRY OF THE CITY

Well-known to the city dweller is the recurrent longing for green fields and growing things. For the peace and comfort of a house by the side of a quiet road. Where the air is fresh and clean and tall trees shade the day.

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THE AMERICAN MERCURY



THE NEW FICTION

(Continued from page vi)

But in the sense of adherence to a tradition which he elected to follow in his early work, his new book is founded on a convention. He is still concerned with degeneracy, idiocy and sadism among the poor whites of the South, and if this particular brand of poison happens to be the reader's meat, he will fare sumptuously here. Although the author has not devoted his skill and startling dynamics to new or unfamiliar material and thereby enlarged his own creative scope, he has by no means exhausted his favorite subject—human depravity being what it is. There is something which redeems these stories of Caldwell's from the merely morbid or decadent. While Faulkner's febrile novels seem written in an epileptic trance, these stories of Caldwell's stand definitely as the emanations of a healthy and vigorous mind, despite their horror. The jacket reviews tell us that Caldwell writes like Poe or de Maupassant. That is not so. He lacks the evocative poetry of the one and the quality of inevitability, the stinging Gallic wit of the other. Caldwell writes like Caldwell and, fortunately, he has not yet become, like the grand old man of the hard-boiled school, Hemingway, his own worst imitator.

Time — *The Present* by Tess Slesinger (Simon & Schuster, \$2.50). In contrast to the high level of talent shown in the Caldwell stories, these of Miss Slesinger's are of singularly uneven merit. It is too bad that a single successful novel should betray a young and gifted writer into the mistaken belief that her every written word is worth publishing, and that stories which may meet the not too exacting standards of the casual magazine reader are necessarily deserving of a cloth binding. "On Being Told That Her Second Husband Has Taken His First Lover" is a sorry effort in the Cowardly manner without dear Noel's blithe wit. Most of the stories are far too long for their content. But a few are excellent. "The Times So Unsettled Are" is a sincerely conceived and movingly written story of Vienna during the socialist riots and New York during the depression as embodied in the lives of three young people. "Mother to Dinner" shows a fine understanding of the tragic conflict of a bride's love for her husband and for her mother. The young authoress specializes in sophistication of the up-to-the-minute variety but

risks above the third-rate only when she allows genuine feeling to find outlet in direct channels.

The Snow by Philip Freund (Pilgrim House, \$2.). There is always something exciting about making the acquaintance of real talent in the person of a new author. Such stimulation is in *The Snow*. There is imagination, color, atmosphere in these stories and something which we can only call an emanation from the fine quality of the author's mind. Things happen in Mr. Freund's tales, but, ultimately, it is the spiritual adventures that the reader remembers. The author ranges from an Italian village where a demented prince of the Church raves day and night "There is no God," to a snow-bound shack in Utah where a group of Mormons and a Catholic priest have found refuge, to Mexico, to Murray Hill, to the docks of Sutton Place where piracy still flourished before the war — and may yet for all I know. But with all their variety of background and violence of action it is the moral overtones, the clairvoyance of the poetic mind which give these stories their significance, and make the reading of them a High Encounter.

The Man Who Had Everything by Louis Bromfield (Harpers, \$2.) is only just not a short story, and a short version of it has appeared in a magazine. The custom of expanding magazine stories into full-fledged novels is another kind of inflation which I am "agin." A balloon soars because its contents are lighter than air. Not to carry the analogy to an ungracious extreme, there are too many cocktails and jazz bands and too much capital ess success in this book. When Mr. Bromfield takes us to France, he again shows his happy feeling for environment, and he gives, in Eliane, an excellent portrait of a middle class French woman, a character solidly conceived and completely clothed in reality.

Sentence to Life by Mary Agnes Hamilton (Houghton, Mifflin, \$2.50) is a solid novel, good of its kind in spite of faulty construction and a style that runs to clichés. The central figures are Jerry, an Englishman just old enough to have gotten into the war, and Rosny, a very earnest young woman. Ardent, militant Pacifists, they plan to murder Naseby, who has been their leader and who, having left them for a ribbon to stick in his coat, has become for them the incarnation of war. The gesture fails, Naseby is

(Concluded on page xii)

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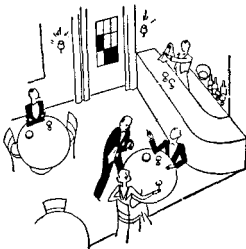
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The NEW FICTION

(Continued from page x)

slightly wounded, and Jerry goes to jail for a year. When he comes out, there are spiritual adjustments to be made and the bulk of the novel is taken up with them. For this spiritual re-formation, Jerry and Rosny separate and here the novel seems to me to split rather too sharply in interest. Rosny goes to America as secretary to a fool and becomes involved in the New York world of musical débuts, publicity, vicious Jewish art-patrons and so on. Jerry lifts up his eyes to the Hungarian hills. Spiritual regeneration for both comes at the hands of a Christlike violinist, a heartening and believable figure. There are, however, too many secondary characters who appear to have influenced the young people. All are very well drawn, but as a crowd they confuse. Rosny is a good picture of the arty young know-it-all, "afraid of the old conventions only to be straight-jacketed by the new." But she and Jerry are less sympathetic than some of the minor characters. Mrs. Hamilton's own evident sympathy for them scarcely carries over to the reader who loses patience with their humorless intensity and their egocentricity.

Paths of Glory by Humphrey Cobb (Viking, \$2.50) is a book which can be read in a couple of hours and which is not likely to be put down during the reading. It is a war story, and between it and the genteel war scenes of *Three Englishmen* there could be no greater contrast. You will find that the jacket reviews compare *Paths of Glory* to *All Quiet* and *Sergeant Grischka*. It is like neither. Those were novels dealing creatively with the whole war, large in scope and vast in implication. This is the record of an incident, of a false report which had to be made true, a general who knew his business, a regiment that could not perform the unperformable, and executions for cowardice. It is neither a novel nor a piece of creative writing at all, but a very fine reporter's account of what happened somewhere, sometime during the war. The scene is French, the characters unmistakably Frenchmen. The brief, dreadful record is made vivid by those characters, six or eight men whom we see for an hour and remember as we remember a striking photographic likeness. The style of the book is photographic; sharp, economical, hard to forget. This is quite a book. I recommend it.

THE *Widow*

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So you meet "The Widow" in Baroness Lili Hatvany's witty, sophisticated tale of that name in the July **GOLDEN BOOK** Magazine. "The Widow" appears here for the first time in English.

"The Curious History of Lady Hester Stanhope" by Lytton Strachey; "Confessions of Benvenuto Cellini;" "She" the glamorous romance by H. Rider Haggard; "Beryl and the Croucher" by Thomas Burke; "Claustro-

phobia" by Abbie Carter Goodloe; "The Mouse" by Saki; "The Gilded Pheasant" by Stephen Morehouse Avery and "St. Peter's Difficulty" by Frank Harris are among the other famous stories appearing in this top-notch July number.

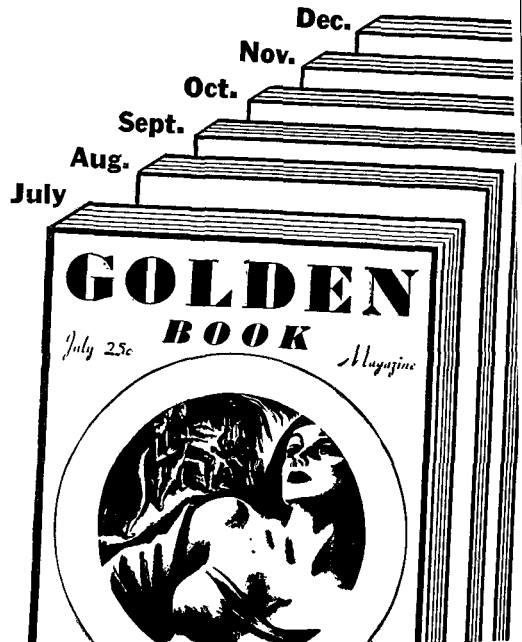
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RECORDED MUSIC

BY IRVING KOLODIN

OVERTURES AND WALTZES.

By Johann Strauss. R.C.A.-Victor (Nos. 8650-8654)
\$10 10 parts; 5 12-inch records Camden, N. J.

More of the same kind of enterprise that has established Eugene Ormandy and the Minneapolis Symphony Orchestra as one of the most progressive collaborations currently recording in America gives us this month the first album of music by Johann Strauss originating in this country. Though Mr. Ormandy's choice of music from the vast Strauss storehouse is unassailable on a basis of quality (included are the *Blue Danube*, the *Tales from the Vienna Woods* and the *Acceleration* waltzes, the *Fledermaus* and *Gipsy Baron* overtures) it is a little bit unfortunate that he did not take cognizance of the previous recordings available, and divert his attentions to certain of the lesser known overtures or waltzes the merit of which is but the merest shade below these masterpieces. Further, though Mr. Ormandy's conducting is enlightened and painstaking, he does not approach the results achieved by such masters of the genre as Bruno Walter, Erich Kleiber, Jules Prüwer or even Felix Weingartner with their respective continental organizations. Mr. Ormandy treats these works sheerly as concert-pieces (which is perhaps the only valid approach for phonographic reproduction); but a bit more ebullience would not be amiss in the waltzes. The overtures, too, are invested with a touch of the garish which is not inherent in them. The recording is admirable.



SONATA FOR VIOLIN AND PIANO (*Opus 47, A Major*).

By Ludwig van Beethoven.

R.C.A.-Victor (Nos. 8642-45)

\$8 8 parts; 4 12-inch records Camden, N. J.

This second or third duplication of the Kreutzer sonata possesses a secondary interest through the fact that the performers are Yehudi Menuhin, the youthful violinist, and his even more youthful sister, Hepzibah, at the piano. Factually, this is the primary interest of the recording, for the performance itself does not compare, as an interpretative achievement, with the now

eight-year-old recording by Bronislaw Huberman and Siegfried Schultze. Young Menuhin does not sense the grandeur of the work, of which the notes of his part are but an implication; and it is understandable that his conception dominates the performance by his enormously talented sister. This is but one of a number of recent performances which has given me the impression that Menuhin is well-advanced on the road to becoming a first-rank pedant and musical puritan — a deplorable maturity for a lad so genuinely gifted. Technically the playing is excellent; and the recording, while not brilliant, is nevertheless satisfactory.



MUSICAL OFFERING (ON A THEME BY FREDERICK THE GREAT).

By Johann Bach.

R.C.A.-Victor (No. 8660)

\$2 2 parts; 1 12-inch record

"AUS DER TIEFE RUFE ICH ZU DIR."

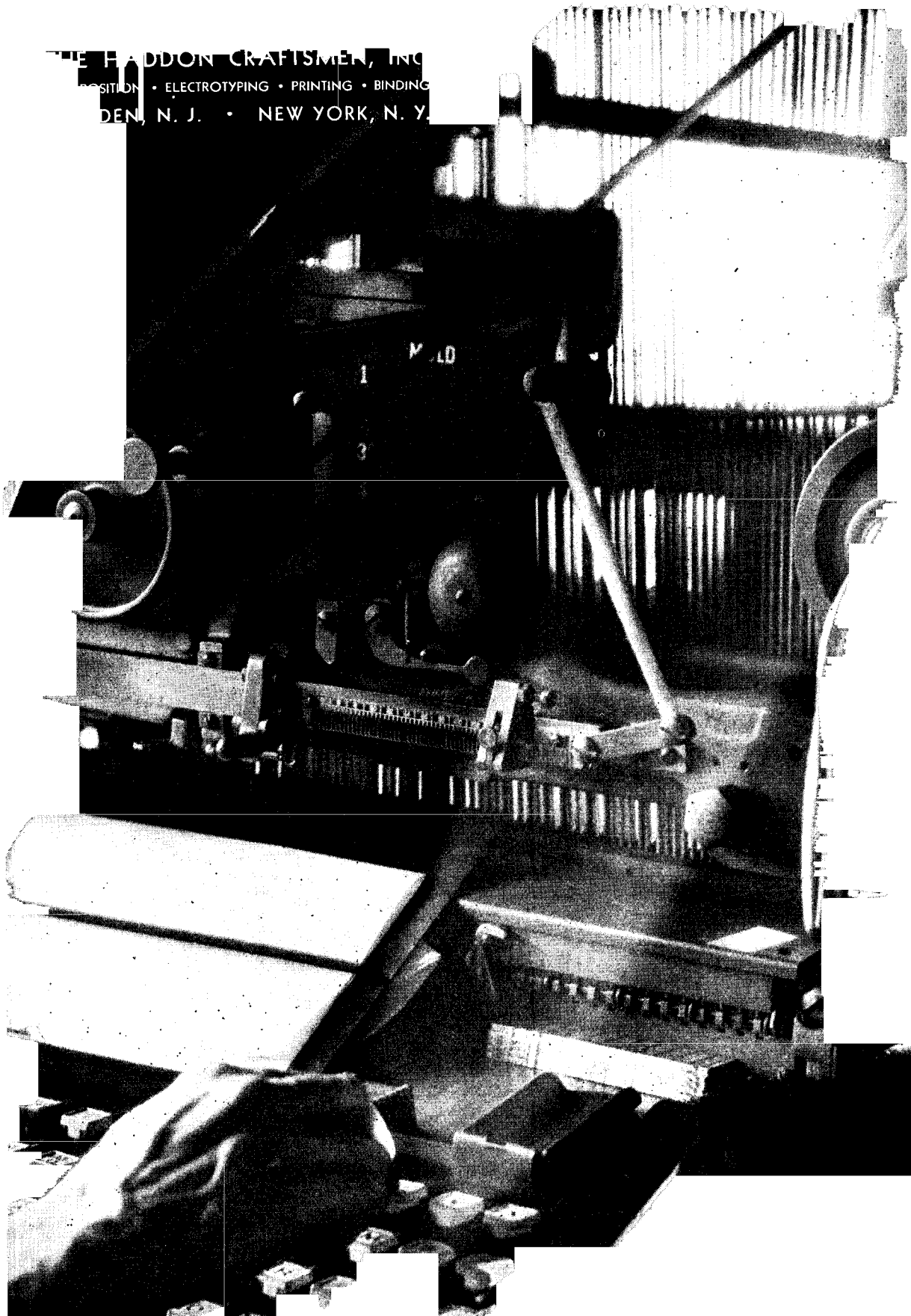
By Johann Bach.

R.C.A.-Victor (No. 36165)

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This six-voice *Ricercare* is a magnificent example of Bach's contrapuntal mastery, and a highly engrossing piece of musical creation as well (not necessarily a tautology). It is not impossible that Frederick the Great may be remembered longer for this motive (assuming that he actually wrote it) than for all his triumphs, on the field of battle; for it has the stuff of enduring greatness in it. Bach has responded to its suggestions with that superb oratorical strength which characterizes his most magnificent works. The record is another example of Edwin Fisher's profound musicality, in his less well-known role of conductor. The chamber orchestra is good, the recording likewise. As for *Aus der Tiefe*, little more need be remarked than the information that the performer, Archer Gibson, was Charles M. Schwab's personal choice as a resident organist in his home. The playing is strictly neo-Roxy; apparently a "mammoth Wurlitzer" has been used, and the recording is much too veracious.

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The Fifth Avenue buses are rightly called "The Shoppers' Motor." During the past 12 months 284,294 passengers were carried to the Wanamaker store by the Fifth Avenue buses, 366,918 passengers were carried away from Wanamaker's. A survey made by the Fifth Avenue Coach Company a few years ago when the coaches were carrying only 46,000,000 passengers a year, showed that based on a month's tabulation the buses delivered to

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